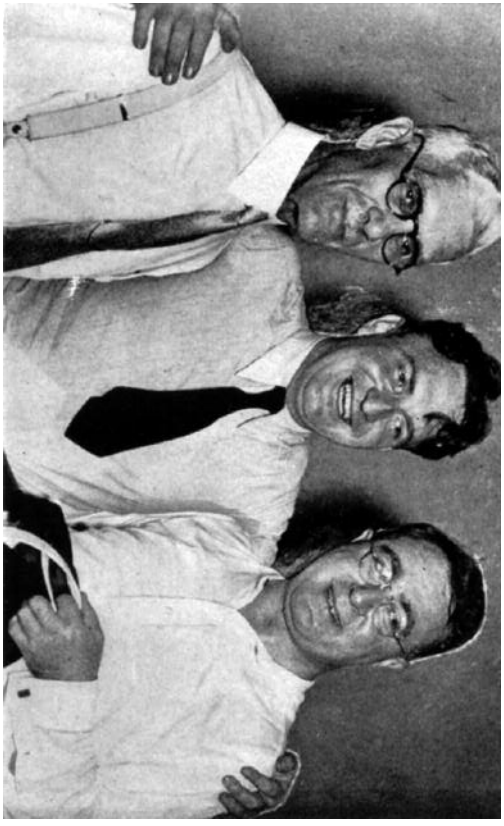


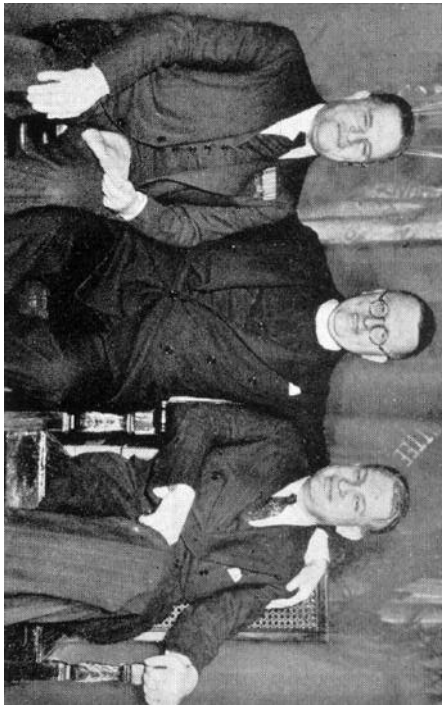




Top: *Der Jugendschaft* parades at Bund Camp Siegfried, summer, 1940. See Chapter VII, Book I.
Below: The thundering herd of Coughlinite Mothers parade on the Capitol grounds in the summer before Pearl Harbor in protest against Lend-Lease aid to our allies. See Chapter XIII.

Above: The thundering herd led by "herd leader" Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling (middle) is warmly received by Representative Clare E. Hoffman of Michigan (left, holding flag) and colleague, Roy Orchard Woodruff. Appeasement, not national defense, was their battle cry. See Chapter XIII. (*All photos by "George Pagnanelli"*)



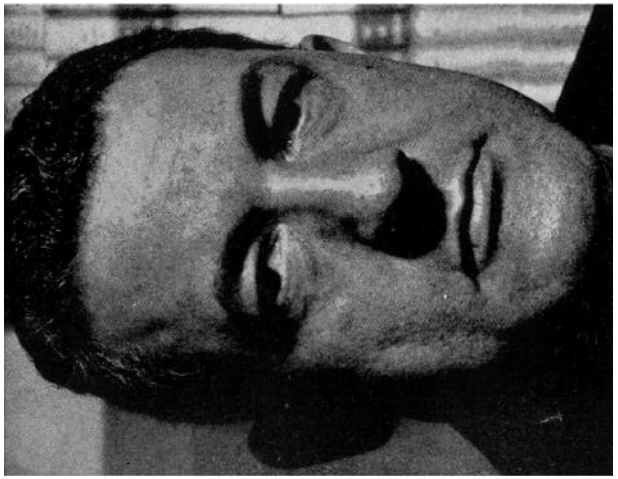


FRIENDS: *(Top):* The Reverend Edward Lodge Curra (middle) one of Coughlin's closest collaborators in "patriotism," with his arms around Martin Dies (right) and George U. Harvey, once an ardent Coughlinite and former Borough President of Queens, New Yokr. The trio spoke in 1938 on "patriotism" at a meeting tendered by Brooklyn veterans. See Chapter XIII, Book II. (*Photo courtesy Irving Haberman*)

(Below): Gerald L. K. Smith (middle, with sweat-stained shirt) with his arms around (left) Francis E. Townsend, author of an original ham-and-egg movement; and Father Coughlin, promoter of clerical fascism. These three musketeers of unorthodox politics spoke on July 16, 1936 at Cleveland and announced the merger of the forces comprising the Townsend Plan, Share-the-Wealth and Coughlin's Union for Social Justice. See Chapter IV, Book II. (*International News Photo*)



Laura Ingalls, convicted shortly after Pearl Harbor for neglecting to register as a Nazi agent, was a prominent America First speaker and friend of super-patriot Catherine Curtis, president of Women Investors in America. See Chapter X. (*CLICK photo by Gus Gale*). "I am a truer patriot than those who convicted me," she cried out in court.



The super-Aryan Lawrence Dennis, leading intellectual exponent of American National-Socialism; friend of Dr. K. O. Bertling, a director of the *Amerika Institut* and of Nazi agent, Viereck, for whose propaganda organ, *Today's Challenge* he wrote regularly. See Chapter XIV, Book II. (*Photo by LIFE*)



Edward Aloysius Rumely as he looked on July 8, 1918 when arrested as an agent of Imperial Germany. He was convicted, served a term in Atlanta Penitentiary, but made a comeback to become executive secretary of the Committee for Constitutional Governmnet. See Chapter XIII. (*Keystone View Photo*)

also appeared at the reception desk outside, with a cluster of evergreens at the base. On Klapprott's desk were copies of the *Nationalist Newsletter* published in Detroit by the National Workers League.

Elmer heiled his way out, and I turned again to Klapprott:

"The war can be made to come our way if we play it right. The Bund is American," he said, rising. "We've always stood for Americanism. For the Constitution. For America First! We have always told the truth."

Klapprott saw me to the door and on parting gave me the informal Nazi salute. "Heil," I answered, returning it.

I stopped at the Germania Bookstore across the street and saw Stahrenberg huddled in conversation at the rear of the store. I noted that the more flagrant Nazi propaganda had been removed from the shelves, but *Deutscher Weckruf, Social Justice* and other seditious organs were still on sale. I hung around until Pete had finished talking, then we walked out together.

"What are we going to do now?" I asked. "Go along with the war, buy bonds and everything?"

He stopped and wheeled on me: "What's the matter with you," he shouted. "Have you been hanging around Jews? You're talking like one! Buying bonds!!"

I apologized. "What'll we do now, Pete?" I asked. "I'm confused."

"We're going to do everything we did before, but we're not going to advertise it. We're working quietly. Catch on?"

I certainly did! While Japan and its Axis partner stabbed at us from without, Stahrenberg and Klapprott, Moran and their gangsters were going to stab us in the back from within. While this was no surprise, it left me so furious that I had the impulse to smash in Pete's face. I realized that from now on it was going to be doubly hard to play along with these saboteurs of Democracy.

I made an excuse to leave Stahrenberg, after which I tramped through Yorkville's streets long into the night, thinking and planning. I realized, as perhaps very few did at the time, that a bilious, underground, Nazi-minded mob of Americans could do a devastating fifth-column job, which

could greatly endanger our war effort and shatter national unity. I slept fitfully that night.

The next morning all thoughts of volunteering for the United States Army were gone. We had an enemy to fight here at home and trained soldiers with three years' experience in psychological warfare weren't plentiful at the time.

I sent out a batch of letters to my fascist "friends" throughout the country. While awaiting their replies, I went to several sessions of the Citizens Protective League, which had been meeting regularly since Pearl Harbor. I hadn't been to them in more than two years although I had periodically investigated Kurt Mertig at his home. Heretofore, the League had been too addicted to "pussyfooting," but I had hardly sat down when I received a jolt. Mertig was speaking:

"This is nothing more than a Roosevelt war. All your tax money is being turned over to the Reds and the British. And what are you going to get out of this war? Nothing but misery and more taxes. Russia has as much chance of stopping Hitler as the earth has of meeting the sun and the moon. What we should do is to give up the Philippines and fighting in the South Pacific. We have no business in Guam, Java and the Dutch East Indies. Let us call our boys back, and make our navy guard our shores only."

Mertig went on in a flurry of guttural English and with an eye on the forthcoming elections, observed: "It was the traitor Congressmen and Senators who passed the Lend-Lease Bill. They are traitors to America. We should kick them out of office and elect only those who are willing to follow the voice of the American people."

I looked around the audience and felt immediately at home. I recognized Mrs. Schuyler wearing what seemed to be the same black dress and hat. I saw mustachioed Hans Hannicke, but he was without his upper plate tonight and his English, already lacerated with interpolations of Germanic words, was impossible to understand. Carl Halder, one of Stahrenberg's right-hand men, sat a few chairs to my right and smiled over at me in greeting. Before the meeting was over, a large, burly man, with florid face, eyes bulging and yellowish, came reeling down the aisle and slumped in the chair next to me. I became aware of a strong odor of whiskey.

Now I was perfectly at home—for I had never attended a Christian Front or Mobilizer meeting without encountering at least one drunk. I recognized my inebriated neighbor as Edward James Smythe and I nudged his arm. Smythe merely stared at me with glassy eyes—then went back to listening to Mrs. Schuyler.

She had thrown off her coat and was bombarding the hall with a violent attack on our war effort. "We have made mistake after mistake," she said, "but Japan has not made a single mistake so far." She had begun by referring to a "certain island nation" with a "progressive and dynamic people" who had a perfect right to "expand normally," and now Mrs. Schuyler identified it.

"Japan is the only civilized nation in the Orient. The Chinese are not civilized; they have no culture; they do not know what Democracy is. If Japan had been given control of China, she would have made China a powerful nation and made a garden paradise out of her. Wherever the Japanese go they transform even barren ground into a garden."

She tossed back her head and resumed her "patriotic" speech in a high, screaming, piping voice, waving her arms wildly. Kurt Mertig asked me in a whisper whether I'd care to speak. I declined graciously, saying that I'd be in the army soon and there might be some "investigators" in the audience.

JANUARY 5, 1942 SOCIAL JUSTICE

Any honest person will concede that Hitler and Hitlerism were protests against the old order dominated by Britain and the United States; were spearheads of a "new order" to overthrow imperialism. Because the Axis new order is diametrically opposed to imperial Britain's and America's most cherished political, commercial, industrial and financial ideals, the British and Americans (through their governments) oppose it.

the victors. This means that the signatories of the *"Atlantic Charter"* abhor Hitler's Aryan blood superiority but support the British and American imperial superiority.

It is illogical for us, as world reformers, to seek the restoration of the *status quo* in Europe or elsewhere. View our enemy, Japan, if you care to see how illogical and impractical it is. In Japan there live 75-million persons. Japan is smaller than California. It is one-twentieth the size of Australia. Japan is almost barren of natural resources. Her people are prolific.

Is there not another law, mightier than the *"Atlantic Charter,"* which permits a people to expand to unused territories? Is it not true that *"the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof"*

The Royal Oak American Fascist set the pace for post Pearl Harbor "patriotism." He denounced our war aims, while he condoned Tojo's. He denounced our traditional Democracy while he approved Hitler's New Order.

"I hope not," Mertig said and went over to Horace Haase, formerly in charge of the Speakers Bureau of the Brooklyn America First Committee.

Haase agreed to speak. A cold-blooded propagandist, Haase knew exactly how to pull the propaganda cords. At the end of a carefully-worded delivery, he concluded: "I justify completely the protests of the Axis nations. The next question is, if one accepts as just these protests, may we not also consider as equally just methods the Axis nations have been compelled to follow to rectify the injury done to them? . . . My answer is, Yes!"

"Heil!" a woman in front of me yelled.

After the meeting I introduced myself to Haase and was invited to visit his headquarters. He was organizing Americans for Peace and solicited my help.

Mertig approached me as I was talking to Haase.

"So you are going into the army, well, well, well!" he started. "You'd better take some patriotic literature." He urged me to help myself from the table, and refused to accept money, but I pressed a few coins into his hand.

I bought copies of *Social Justice, The X-Ray* and a reprint from *Action*, organ of the British Union of Fascists. Edward James Smythe's virulent *Our Common Cause*, and leaflets by California fascist David Baxter regarding the statements of Nazi worker, Kurt Bernhard von und zur Lippe, were also pressed in my hands. Mertig ran to the door after me and handed me a batch of Representative Clare Hoffman's "Judas" speech, seductively titled *Don't Haul Down the Stars and Stripes*.

"These are very good," he said. "Very patriotic. Pass them around to your buddies. You can't get in any trouble."

I went home loaded down with post-Pearl Harbor propaganda.

I decided to look up the Nordic front of my "Aryan" pro-Japanese "friend," Robert Jordan, to see if he was continuing meetings in Harlem. I found that Jordan had taken on an assistant, an alien from the West Indies named Lester Holness and was rooming with him. In addition to Holness the Harlem firebrand speaker, Robert Friedrichs, was present.

"Still holding any meetings, Jordan?" I asked.

"You're damned right we are. There's one tonight."

Jordan was in a jubilant mood. Japan had been scoring initial successes all along: "The war is over in the Pacific," he said. "Japan has all the territory she wants."

Friedrichs broke in passionately:

"We all know Japan is fighting for an ideal. That is why she keeps winning. Japan has the courage of her convictions. This war is just getting to be good now and it's going to get better for Japan and for us. As a matter of fact, the whole of European civilization is going to crumble. White will kill white, cities will be blackened to the ground. Japan will come strong from the East and with Japan the Negro will rise triumphant in Africa. We are blood brothers with the Japanese. When white kills white, then we, with the Japanese, become rulers of the world."

His eyes shone with a glazed, fanatic ferocity.

"What you say interests me, Friedrichs," I said calmly.

"The Negro soldier will kill, but he will not kill a white man for the benefit of another white man. He will kill a white man only if it does him some good as a Negro. But he will kill no Japanese soldier."

And this only a few weeks after Pearl Harbor—in New York City, at 14 West 119th Street, Apartment 5!

As we walked down to the meeting hall, I asked Holness: "Will the nationalist Negroes in America join up with white nationalists and help along?"

"Of course," he replied: "That is what we are working for. We have all got to work together when the time comes for a revolution."

I asked if the Japanese agents who had collaborated with Jordan were still about.

"They have all been apprehended," Holness answered. "But the groundwork has been laid. We are going ahead. Already in St. Louis and other cities the movement is starting up. We hope it will sweep the nation. The groundwork has been laid!"

Friedrichs, Jordan, Holness and Reverend Ralph Green Best all spoke at the meeting. The surprise of the evening was the presence of Joe Hartery as speaker. The same Hartery—with the criminal record who had been a henchman for Joe Mc-

Williams—was introduced as "Mr. Ashley." He was in top form and I wished there were a dictaphone machine to record his seditious speech:

"We think the cause of the Axis nations is just. I don't have to tell you Negroes what to do in so many words. I'd be pinched if I did. But you are not dumb. You know what's going on. Go out and do it and gain your freedom. You deserve it. We white nationalists are with you one hundred per cent."

He and I were the only white men in a hall crowded with about one hundred Negroes. In the half-light of the room, gaudily decorated in deep green and purple coloring, their features seemed to become progressively more fierce as the "Little Napoleon" craftily inflamed their racial feelings: "Get after them stinking white Christians who are persecuting you. Show them you are men. Show them which side you are on. Show them you are with the Japanese and the other Axis powers."

I walked out into the night. After making sure I wasn't being trailed, I took the subway home.

A few days later I went to see Louis Helmond, secretary of the Christian Mobilizers, and heard him paint an ugly and defeatist picture of the national scene. The Mobilizers had just had a meeting to which I hadn't been invited, and Helmond minimized it purposely:

"It was just a social gathering run by the women. I was there. I'm an honorary member of the women's group."

I asked Helmond if the Mobilizers would be revived later on.

"Of course. When the people ask for us we'll be there to organize them. We've got to lay low now, but the minute things look good for us we'll be in there again with our Americanism."

At Kurt Mertig's meeting, I had seen Mrs. Schuyler sell a copy of George E. Sullivan's book, *The Road to Victory*. I obtained a copy and I found it to be a sly and vicious attack on national unity. Sullivan had contrived to revive many of the anti-Semitic canards popularized by the Nazis and applied the poison of the infamous *Protocols* to a current issue.

I also received the literature of David Baxter, the California fascist, whose poison-pen writings I had first seen at Mertig's meeting. In writing me Baxter used military terms to apply to psychological warfare, showing the close relation between the two forms of war. His letter read:

> Yes, I've heard of you from various sources and I understand you have been quite a fighter in the Nationalist movement.
>
> My opinion of things as they are? Very optimistic. It is merely that stage of the operation when the patient suffers most. . . . All that is necessary is to retreat temporarily to our "winter line," ride out the storm as best we can (though some of us are bound to be wounded) and carry on a sort of guerilla warfare to harass the enemy, meanwhile getting our forces organized for a grand offensive. What you can do is to be prepared for the time when public sentiment will swing around. If you know Norman Wilson he might be a good man to cooperate with.

I was amazed at the tolerance shown in a Democracy toward Baxter's inflammatory bulletins which now began to arrive. I established the fact that he was associated with the ring of Los Angeles Nazis which had its center in the local Bund. As friend of the Nazi agent, Prince Kurt Bernhard von und zur Lippe und Weissenfeld, Baxter seemed to be a mouthpiece of official Nazi propaganda. It became apparent that with Bund cells closed down, native American talent was being used to do Hitler's dirty work.

Baxter issued a series of tracts called *Study Course of the Social Republic Society*. The society was a secret organization with headquarters at Colton, California. One of the "study courses" devoted to "The Corporate State—A Practical Plan for American Nationalists," was decorated with a masked figure and the emblem of the Society, the fasces, accompanied by the Latin words *Semper Paratus* (Always Ready). It concluded with:

> Once the Corporate State is pushed through and all enemies of the people and saboteurs crushed, the way is open to put into effect the whole New Order, including a more satisfactory basis for our foreign trade.

Tactics was another "study course" which laid out the tactics for the American Nazi revolution. The tactics ad-

vanced were identical with those Hitler's Brownshirts used. Here are excerpts from Baxter's "patriotic" literature distributed only a few months after Pearl Harbor.

In America the revolution will no doubt be staged by the American Fascistic forces (patriotic American Nationalists). . . . A revolution cannot be *made*. It can be directed, though, when it does come. It can even be hurried up. . . . The actual revolution itself may come through the ballot or it may break out in a violent rash, but the revolutionary must be prepared.

Baxter held reforms in contempt:

A reform is merely an attempt to put a blow-out patch here and there in the old system to hold it together and make it run a little easier. A revolution means complete destruction of an old house and the erection of a brand new one. . . . REVOLUTION ALONE can accomplish the necessary rebirth.

Who will LEAD the revolution? . . . Those who are prepared for it. All of the various nationalist groups hope to lead it. . . . In Germany the National Socialists were only one small minority party out of some fifteen parties. The Nazis had Hitler for leader, just an ex-corporal who had been thrown in jail for trying to start a revolution before the Germans were ready for one. All of the German nationalist parties were reformers except the Nazis, who were revolutionaries. Prepared for revolution, the Nazis, while a small minority, had *secret* members in vital key spots all over Germany. . . . The Nazis simply TOOK leadership, forced the other confused groups to either come in with them or get out of the way, and placed themselves in the saddle.

The Patriotic Nationalists are still thinking and talking about REFORMS. Only one nationalist group, a Social Republic Society, with headquarters in California, Chicago and New York, is preparing for REVOLUTION. They are not concerned with patching up and reforming the old system or with reforming schemes and fantastic plans. They are concerned with the coming REVOLUTION, for which they are trying to prepare. . . .

Baxter urged his revolutionary friends to "engage in a wide circle of correspondence" to "keep alive agitation for nationalism when the flames of liberty burn low." He published a select list of "nationalists" among whom "George Pagnanelli, editor, *Christian Defender*," shared honors with the

Klan, Hudson, Haase and Smythe. I was alarmed at the virulence of Baxter's other "study courses" in revolutionary doctrine.

Making a revolution is one thing—what to do with it when it breaks is another. . . . A secret society is the best means of organizing leadership to take the revolution into American hands when it breaks. To make an open target of oneself while preparing for a revolution is disastrous.

Baxter closed with the warning:

WARNING—To District Memberships. Do not neglect your arsenals. Buy arms and keep them in a place where they are readily accessible. No immediate emergency foreseen but there is no time to prepare like NOW. Also keep a plentiful supply of ammunition and do not let it become over a year old or it will deteriorate.

While Baxter was engaged in instructing potential Quislings by mail, I also received *personal* instructions on how to be a "patriotic Quisling." And I was aware that the thousands who were being similarly instructed throughout the country, after the attack on Pearl Harbor, were not all investigators. My mentor was Hubert Schmuederrich whom I hadn't met since the America First Rally at Madison Square Garden.

Hubert was in a voluble mood as we sat in his room on East 79th Street. He was working as a butcher earning $40 a week, and boasted that since seeing me last he had mailed 800 copies of the booklet, *National Socialism—and Its Justification* to United States Army men, each stamped with the swastika imprint of the Grey Shirts.

"Did you get replies?" I asked.

"You bet I did," he answered.

From under the bed he pulled out a padlocked leather brief case, but before opening the lock, he went to the window and pulled down the shade. He then rummaged through the interior and pulled out a half dozen appreciative letters—including one from a corporal in Louisiana and another from a sergeant in the air corps.

"As soon as the war is over," Hubert said, "I'm going to

send their names to Goebbels. I want him to know these fine nationalist Americans."

Prompted by a newspaper clipping he dug out from the brief case, Hubert suddenly decided to tell me his personal story.

"That's my former wife, the trash," he exclaimed, showing me the clipping. Her maiden name was Heddy T . . . , a full-blooded Aryan of Hubert's own picking. Together they had come to America in 1926. Eight years after that their child was born.

"I became suspicious of her when she named the child George."

"What's wrong with that?" I asked. "My name's George."

"You don't understand. I am a good German. She should have named the child after Adolf Hitler. Instead, she goes and names him after George Washington!"

I sat back, trying to keep from laughing out loud.

But Hubert had not neglected little George's education. He was beside himself with glee as he recounted how he had taught him to sing the *Horst Wessel Lied* and say "Heil Hitler." When I asked if a child three years old could say "Heil Hitler," Hubert answered:

"Why, of course, that's the first thing I taught him."

"When comes The Day (a favorite phrase of his), I will send the child back to Germany. I will make a good National-Socialist out of him."

Hubert recounted the episode while in his underwear, his bare, unwashed feet dangling over a dirty rug.

"Let's get something to eat," he said suddenly.

He dressed and we walked over to a one-arm joint in upper Lexington Avenue. As customers came in, Hubert lowered his voice and told me in confidence that he had never filed an income tax return, or registered for the Selective Service Act. I asked if he wasn't afraid of being caught.

"They'll never catch me," he boasted.

The proprietor, a close friend of Hubert's, bent over the counter and boasted how he, too, had cheated the tax collectors. With an income of $3900 he had gotten away without paying a cent.

"That is the way to do it," Hubert commended. "I don't want to do anything with this thing they call the 'defense effort.' I'm waiting to see the swastika fly from the White House . . ."

"What were you saying?" I asked absently.

"I was telling you about Quisling. Look at him. At one time, George, he was like you and me, putting out leaflets. He was the editor of a small paper just like you were. No one paid any attention to him. But look at him today. Like us, he worked his way up from the bottom."

"Honestly, now, what do you think of Quisling?" I ventured to ask, finding it odd to ask someone what he thought of a traitor to his country.

"Quisling is a great man. He looked ahead and saw what was coming. I'd like you to be a patriot like him, George. You are young. We need smart men for the leadership of the New Order in America. How about it. . . ."

And now, answers began to come to my letters from all over the country. From Edmondson who had "retired" to the quiet of a cabin at Grass Valley, California, came this call to arms:

> . . . Patriots should not forget to keep the home fires burning on the Altar of Truth, as far as may be possible legally. . . . During the process of correction and reconstruction (after the war) in the scapegoat-hunt the real culprits will be exposed with the assistance of patriots in the know; and let us hope that punishment of the guilty will then fit the terrible crime. The patriotism now awakening, to defend America against outside attack, should become broadly resurgent—and Patriotism is Nationalism. . . . Those who know the answer, must acquire patience and deepen resolution.

And from Norman H. Wilson, one of the first in New York to promote the impeachment of the President as a Nazi device of stirring up discontent, came this broad policy:

> For the time being, we are in a state of quiescence, waiting for events to shape themselves. The trend of things is already becoming less obscure. . . . You can be sure that very few of those who were with us before have changed their minds—although they may have become more cautious for the present.

Wilson merely confirmed reports which had been reaching me from all over the nation. Just two days after Pearl Harbor Herman D. Kissenger, a Kansas City, Missouri, attorney who in 1938 provided *World Service* with an American mailing list, circularized Congressmen and newspapers with a letter: "I think it is the Congress and the President that ought to be court-martialed—that is, impeached. . . . The main responsibility for the attack by Japan rests on the shoulders of 'Grandpa Knox.'"

At the Embassy Auditorium in Los Angeles, about 200 people were present when Ellis O. Jones, fuehrer of the National Copperheads supporting Lindbergh, made a speech. "The Japanese have a right to Hawaii," he shouted. "There are more of them there than there are Americans . . . I would rather be in the war on the side of Germany than on the British side."

The main address came from a slick-haired, ranting orator named Robert Noble. "Japan has done a good job in the Pacific," he screamed. "I believe this war is going to destroy America. . . . We are for Germany and for Hitler." Noble and Jones even passed out handbills which began: "Young Man, your lowest aim in life is to be a good soldier."

"Germany and Mr. Quisling," declared Noble, "are doing a fine job of liberating Norwegians from the aggressions of England. I am for the Axis powers because they are the liberators of the world."

A remark made by Mrs. Lyrl Clark Van Hyning, president of the Chicago We, the Mothers Mobilize for America, flashed through my mind: "Our battle really began with Pearl Harbor."

And *our* battle on the home front, I realized, was just beginning also. What I had seen so far was child's play in comparison. The real test of Democracy's fibre lay ahead. Now that the "patriots" had been sent scurrying to underground activity, they would be more vicious than ever before. These were the thoughts which obsessed me as I pushed my way through the milling crowds in Yorkville where until so recently Hitler had been openly heiled and the President cursed. I wondered what was being said right now in Yorkville bars and in those back rooms that were so familiar to me. I was afraid I knew.

Chapter II

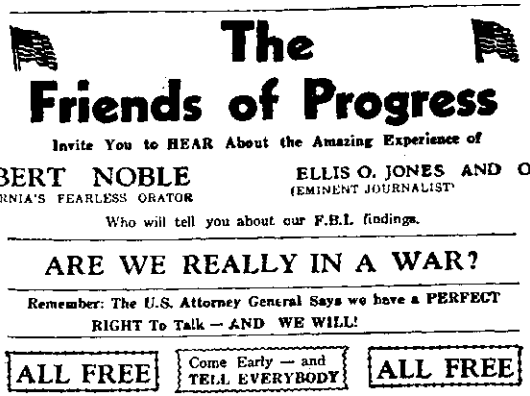
THE BILL OF RIGHTS—HEIL!

"Little things . . . every day and every hour, coming from somewhere, the finding of fault with something that is immaterial . . . are injuring our cause, and making it more difficult for our brave men to achieve on the battlefield the victory which we expect eventually."

Senator George Norris

Shortly after our entry into the war, Robert Noble, Ellis O. Jones and Herman D. Kissenger were arrested by F.B.I. agents for "alleged seditious utterance," and a few weeks later were suddenly exonerated with the official statement "free speech as such ought not to be restricted." It was obvious the Department of Justice had not yet formulated an official policy regarding sedition.

Attorney General Francis Biddle adopted the democratic view that "at this time every reasonable attempt should be made to maintain both free speech and public safety, and that freedom of speech should be curtailed only when public safety is directly imperiled."



America's enemies within took this as blanket permission to resume the work only temporarily interrupted by Pearl Harbor, and after the disbandment of the America First Committee. Ellis O. Jones wrote me exultantly: "We have already arranged to resume weekly meetings. We have a lot of ideas. are not in any way terrified and will not pull our punches.'

"Biddle ain't a bad guy after all," I heard my "friends" say.

But a few months later—when Attorney General Biddle cracked down on those who had abused the privilege granted them under a Democracy—he was vilified bitterly, called a Jew, a Communist, a "tool of the internationalists." Until that time, however, America's vermin press took advantage of the green light to committing sedition. The Nazis and their camp followers wrapped around themselves the folds of the Constitution and the American flag. Kissenger's example was typical. This Bund patriot wrote me on January 14:

The only restriction I recognize was laid down by Alex Hamilton: "The Liberty of the press consists in publishing the truth FROM GOOD MOTIVES and FOR JUSTIFIABLE ENDS tho it reflects on the Government, on magistrates, or individuals.' I am a citizen of the Republic and not a subject of the Chief Executive! . . .

During December, 1941 and January, 1942 the Bill of Rights was heiled as lustily as had been the swastika at Bund rallies. It became the wedge by which America's enemies converted liberty into license; and freedom of speech into freedom to propagate defeatism, anti-Semitism, appeasement, distrust of the national leadership, indiscriminate Red-baiting, anti-British propaganda, and the defamation of Democracy as a way of life. Far from ending subversive action, the war merely served as a signal for redoubled effort—for another Pearl Harbor attack on the psychological front at *home*.

Lip service was rendered to placate the Department of Justice, and satisfy the technicalities of law, while all-out sabotage was aimed at national morale. That became the war-time "party line" of former America First-ers, Bundists, Christian Front-ers, Mobilizers and followers of various "shirt" movements. Pelley took the initiative and blanketed the nation with confidential wartime bulletins:

THIS WAR IS QUITE ALL RIGHT! It is going to work the economic and social miracles that never could have been otherwise, and all of us are going to be a personal part of them. . . . Get over your doldrums if you have them.

Hitler's friends took heart. Some of them became so bold that they lost all semblance of decency. George W. Christians sent out a series of leaflets threatening violence:

When the MAD MOB gets in MOTION make sure that they dig all of the blood-sucking banksters out from under their piles of rock and steel. Line them up against a wall and SHOOT them. . . .

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the World's Greatest Humbug. . . . Now we are to give up our LIVES for the delusions of Grandeur of a Merciless Monster, FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT. SOME NECK—for a ROPE.

Waiting till the all-clear signal had flashed, Kullgren released the January issue of *The Beacon Light*. Kullgren "saw in the stars" wishful omens of "grave danger of assassination" of the President during 1942:

Which of the two courses [death or impeachment] will take place I am not prepared to say. I prefer to paint the picture to show you the forces in operation, and to leave the responsibility with you. . . . And you will reap as you have sown: and the sins of omission are as deadly as those of commission.

Those Coughlinites who had suspended individual activity in order to join effort with the America First Committee, now

To the
Attorney General of the United States:

I am well aware that your Secret Political Police can rub me out whenever you say the word but just remember that unless THE ECONOMIC LIBERTY MOVEMENT has sufficient aggressive and capable leadership to STAB it through the coming confusion and chaos you will get a REIGN of TERROR that will make you scream for the Japs to come and save you from your own insanity.

Geo. W. Christians.

THE WORLD REVOLUTION FOR ECONOMIC LIBERTY MARCHES ON

went back to their individual cells and set up shop to do business precisely as before. In the name of post-Pearl Harbor "patriotism" they added to the worries of a nation mobilizing for war.

Mrs. Agnes Waters, a professional mother from Washington, branded sugar-rationing as a Jewish plot to "Communize America." Warming up to her subject, she screeched: "There are 200,000 Communist Jews at the Mexican border waiting to get into this country. If they are admitted they will rape every woman and child that is left unprotected."

Mrs. Mary Tappendorf of the ultra-patriotic Chicago Mothers became greatly excited over the plan to raise a women's army auxiliary for war duty. "What do they want to do with girls in the front lines?" she demanded. "I'll tell you—it's SEX—and that's Mrs. Eleanor's idea, too. They teach it to the boys in the army. They tell them they'll go insane without it. The Administration has sold out the flower of our womanhood. . . ."

In Chicago, the Citizens Keep America Out of War Committee which under William J. Grace had sponsored Lindbergh, shortened its name to Citizens Committee and continued its routine of agitation against the war effort.

I went to see Horace Haase and found him busily at work on the next issue of his organ *Americans for Peace*. With his New York unit already functioning, Haase was contacting former American First-ers in cities throughout the country for the formation of secret cells, and had sent two urgent letters to Lindbergh who on December 19 had already addressed a gathering of former America First Committee officials at the swank New York home of Edwin S. Webster.

"We can't win this war," Haase kept telling me over and over. "What is the use of trying? Japan could capture Hawaii if she wanted to. I hope none of our boys get killed, but at the same time I hope we lose every ship in the Pacific."

Haase set me to work filing name cards of those to whom he had already written. I filed about a hundred and was not surprised to see a large listing of America First-ers, including the name of the notorious Boris Brasol. Haase told me he had visited Joseph P. Kamp, and had also been received by America's leading intellectual fascist, Lawrence Dennis.

"How did you get to see him?" I asked.

"I just called him up, told him who I was and he told me to come right over."

"Were you with him very long?" I asked.

"More than two hours."

Haase asked me for the present whereabouts of Cathrine Curtis and I told him all I knew about her, recounting my experience in Washington.

Shortly after my visit Haase apparently obtained enough funds to print, instead of mimeograph large quantities of *Americans for Peace* and sent out bundles of it to cell leaders in key cities. While not yet a dangerous organizer of appeasement and defeatism, Haase worried me greatly. I looked upon him as a symbol of a resurgent and even more sinister nationalist-fascist movement than any we had had so far. Such a disruptive and revolutionary force hacking away at

AMERICANS FOR PEACE

An organization of rank and file Americans united for effectiveness in voicing their desire for peace, freedom and independence for all mankind and for the preservation of American institutions through the establishment of the security only a just peace can bring.

1164 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

HORACE J. HAASE
Temporary Chairman

Mar. 27, 1942

Dear Mr. [redacted]

Our idea is to get the organization set up so that when events and conditions make a more specific program possible we shall be there to jump in, whereas if we were not organized the opportunity would be lost while we set about getting members and leaders. As things are we cannot expect any outstanding person to lead us now. But if we build up the organization and have it ready we shall always be able to get the leader we want when we what him. I don't have anyone particular in mind but there are several amongst whom we can choose when we are ready.

Of course we must be very careful what we do and say these days. We must avoid the errors America First made. So far we have been mighty careful as you can see from our literature. We must continue to be cautious but firm. We must use our rights without exceeding them and without fear.

Yours most sincerely
Horace J. Haase
Horace J. Haase.

Appeasement lives on. America First-er Haase lays the groundwork for another A.F.C. which, he cautioned, "must avoid the errors America First made."

the heart of a nation at war could conceivably shatter our morale, and help Hitler win his most decisive victory.

And in Congress, the obstructionists whom we dignify by merely calling them "isolationists," jumped back to their old dissensionist tricks.

"Perhaps nothing but a march on Washington will ever restore this Government to the people," said Clare E. Hoffman.

Representative William P. Lambertson gave an American voice to Nazi lies broadcast nightly from Berlin: "I voted for the declaration of war. Nobody would have told me that I would on the sixth of December. . . . We were maneuvered into it."

"Let us save America for Americans." Thus on February 28 John E. Rankin ended his speech with Stahrenberg's fascist slogan.

Discord, dissension and defeatism had not died down. My findings showed that unity on the psychological front was still a myth. Those who had been its vehicles prior to Pearl Harbor were still at it, prompting the venerable Senator George Norris to declare in the Senate:

> Little things, little by little, every day and every hour, coming from somewhere, the finding of fault with something that is immaterial and which does not amount to anything, no matter which way it is done, are hurting us, are injuring our cause, and making it more difficult for our brave men to achieve on the battlefield the victory which we expect eventually.

I was by no means the only one to worry. The Americanism Committee of the American Legion in Los Angeles, had investigated the resurgent fascist groups and summed up the national picture in a brilliant report, concluding with:

> All up and down the vital Southern California coastline there still exists a shrewdly laid network of enemy propaganda activity, eating away at civilian and military morale, and attracting subversive-minded individuals, amongst whom recruits for espionage and sabotage are most readily found. While the public is apathetic, lulled by a false sense of security into the belief that we are a 100% united people, enemy propagandists grow in numbers and boldness. Their public meetings are multiplying and their inflammatory speeches are delivered before an audience of increasing size and growing bitterness. . . . They must be stopped now.

I was burning to tell America what was going on, but as an investigator there was little I could do. Of course I turned in the evidence to the proper authorities but at this time it was essential I should remain an under-cover worker.

Then one morning in March I received an urgent telephone message from Russell Davenport of *Fortune* and found that he, too, had been worrying. He asked me to see Roger Butterfield, national affairs editor of *Life*. Roger wasn't convinced until he had been shown stacks of the printed evidence of seditious activity. I helped Roger with the preparation of his splendid article *Voices of Defeat* which appeared in the April 13, 1942 issue of *Life*, and helped awaken official circles to the menace of psychological saboteurs.

At the same time I was asked to do a similar piece for *The American Mercury* which seemed to be one of the few "highbrow" magazines willing to publish an article which would "name names" and withhold no punches. *Our Fascist Enemies Within* appeared in the March issue. As with my article on the America First Committee in the January issue, I had again decided to risk exposure in order to tell America of the scandal of treason parading as "patriotism."

As I had anticipated, some of the data in the article was

LIES - Made in Japan (via short wave)

Americans breaking into the homes of Japanese citizens have pointed their pistols at young Japanese girls and assaulted them before the eyes of their aged and helpless parents.

LIES - Made in Germany (via short wave)

Whatever Japan's aims are toward the Southwest Pacific, these aims concern Americans only as far as F.D.R. has tried to bully Japan into giving up these aims... Thank Roosevelt. It is his war.

LIES - Made at home (via the vermin press)

Were it not for the unwarranted interference of Mr. Roosevelt in foreign affairs... the Japanese Government would have no incentive to attack us. - FRANCIS P. MORAN, December, 1941.

I think history is going to convict him [the President] of being personally and individually responsible for this war... With the Nipponese controlling our western coast, mayhap Hitler will be welcomed not as an enemy but as a friend. - WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY, January, 1942.

LIES - Made at home (via the Congressional Record)

The Commander-in-Chief, of course, got us into this thing, when he himself had failed to prepare to meet it. - CLARE E. HOFFMAN, January 27, 1942.

traced to me. I determined to continue my work outside New York in order to let the matter "blow over" hoping in the meanwhile, that the news of my investigations would not reach "patriots" outside the city. And it happened that the moment was auspicious for a trip West where a job was crying to be done.

On August 4, 1938, the *Deutscher Weckruf* published the following:

At the celebration of German American Day in Detroit, recently, Mr. Parker Sage advised German Americans to organize on "a nationalist basis" by which presumably he suggested, with well-meaning intent, that the basis of such organizations should be devoutly in harmony with American ideals and institutionalism.

Sage and his work had interested me and I had corresponded with him since January, 1941, when I first learned of him through Colonel Sanctuary. He headed the National Workers League, a Nazi front organization, but our correspondence was confined to mere routine—payment of my dues in the N.W.L. and to receiving the weekly *Nationalist Newsletter*. I was cordial in my letters and on one occasion sent Parker Sage a copy of a booklet reprinted by the Klan from the *Dearborn Independent*.

On December 27, 1941, I received a lengthy letter from Sage. In it he made overtures which immediately placed me on guard:

One of our greatest troubles here is to secure stable leaders. The war has terrified some of our list—to the point of leaving this part of the country. We need experienced men here badly, and have reason to believe that if suitable material is available that we could guarantee a position in *private* employment at an American wage.

Our needs call for an experienced, able speaker and organizer. Well qualified to handle the racial problem (both Jew & Negro). He must be versatile enough to handle any place in private employment that we find him at a satisfactory wage. Most of his spare time would have to be devoted to the Cause here. Must be American-born, and preferably without a German name.

If you are able to fill the place or places please do so. . . . I realize it is a mighty difficult task to locate such men, but . . . I know there are many such mob-leaders available. . . . You have never informed us whether you are American-born.

I did not answer at once. Instead, I began to ask myself: is this a trap to get me to Detroit? Has Sage learned that I wrote *The American Mercury* articles? Or is it a ruse to get me to leave New York State and visit the stronghold of the Black Legion?

You will remember the Black Legion from the movie and the numerous articles written about it. Its membership was composed of Klansmen, strike-breakers, convicts, rapists, released murderers and variously assorted thugs convicted of assault and battery. Functioning mainly from 1935 through 1936 and calling itself "patriotic," it was a secret, hooded, revolutionary terror-group. Organized along military lines and linked with Pelley's Silver Shirts, it had a membership estimated at more than 100,000 vigilantes pledged to an oath of secrecy. Its multiple units bore such names as Black Guards, Bullet Club, Silent Legion, Modern Patriots.

The regiments were divided into squads for special duty: death squads, arson squads, flogging squads. Each was given special "patriotic" assignments—bombing labor headquarters, burning the home of an "enemy" or murdering a political rival. Discipline squads supervised each job and recalcitrant members were disciplined with the lash and pistol.

Anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, anti-Labor, the Black Legion left a trail of lynching, flogging, arson and murder across a half dozen mid-western states. Fifteen murders were ascribed to it—many of them still unsolved. When finally an attempt was made to clean up the Michigan scandal, only a few of its members were convicted of murder. The real leaders were never brought to trial and the matter was mysteriously hushed up. Who was protecting the ringleaders?

I knew that when the National Workers League was founded by Parker Sage in 1938, remnants of the Black Legion gang flocked to it. In addition, the N.W.L. attracted assorted strong-arm patriots from the local Bund, Silver Shirts, Klan and Christian Front. Since its founding, the League had earned a high reputation in "patriotic" circles for its anti-union, anti-Negro, anti-Semitic, anti-British, anti-Administra-

tion, anti-Democracy and avowedly pro-fascist and pro-Klan leanings. It was obviously arranged along the lines of the Black Legion, and now Parker Sage wanted me as organizer of the N.W.L. I had no illusions about the job—it was dynamite! My strategy was to get as much information as I could from him, for the purpose of turning it over to the proper authorities. On January 6, I wrote Sage:

I agree with you that it is difficult to find capable leaders. Your letter interested me greatly. I shall certainly keep your request before me. Let me think over the whole thing, if you will, and I'll write you again very soon. In the meanwhile, perhaps you would be willing to tell if the wages involved for such a leader are anything a man can hope to live on.

What would the estimate be? Will there be any legal protection? Would the job entail any travel? Does your "private employment" offer include factory or office work? A person who can do office work cannot always work in a factory, or vice versa. I think this is easily understandable. I'd like to have the above information so I may better classify.

In regard to your question as to whether I'm native-born, yes—definitely native-born. My mother also was born in this country, but father came over while a mere infant. We do not even use our language at home, hence I myself do not speak it well. We're as Americanized as the native-born American. Col. Sanctuary knows me pretty well. By the way, I think you ought to get hold of his new book. . . .

Sage did not reply as promptly as I had hoped, and I began to worry. When he finally wrote on February 22, he explained the reason. The Dies Committee investigator had called on him for questioning. "Our Dies Committee hearing went off satisfactorily everything considered," Sage explained, and went on:

The newspapers here stated that you were in charge of the Christian Mobilizers. Is this correct? Have you any connections official or otherwise with German or Italian societies? I ask for a special reason.

Regarding the work contact. . . . We need a good strong type. The work would be more of the factory type than office. Could get at least $40 a week, if hours could be handled. Much of the factory work here is 7 day work. A man has got to be healthy enough to work in private employment at least 10 hours a day, still have enough energy left for organizational work.

Do you think organizations such as ours should co-operate with the Klan? They are very decidedly a strong factor here and have, as far as we can learn, confined themselves to the Racial Problem—Jew & Negro. . . . E. J. Smythe wants to come out here and talk. What do you know about him? Is he anti-Catholic. . . . Hope you are passing on our N. L. (*Nationalist Newsletters*) to McWilliams.

I answered all of Sage's questions as he expected me to answer them, and asked for the clipping which had described me as being "in charge" of the Christian Mobilizers. I had a hunch that news of my correspondence with him had leaked out, which made me doubly cautious about going. And Joseph McWilliams definitely suspected me of writing for the magazines. Sage's next letter made it clear that this was no tea party, and I was in no position to expect any help from McWilliams in solidifying my position with Sage.

Enjoyed your letter of March 6th very much. *The job awaits your arrival* & as far as we are concerned the sooner you get here the better. Would like to have you bring or send direct credentials from McWilliams. Also send in advance your picture if possible—or snapshot fairly recent. . . . Bring all your old clothes. On arriving here come after 8:30 P.M. to 5144 Canton (rear porch entrance).

Not only would McWilliams refuse to give me such a letter, but I felt sure he'd write Sage that I was not to be trusted. At any rate, I had made up my mind against going to Detroit and wrote Sage a discouraging letter. But he hung onto me like a leech and a few days later I received another letter, sent by air mail, postmarked March 26:

Judged entirely by the information you have sent us, will definitely say that I consider you *very well* qualified to fill the place we have for you both in private employment & political work. . . .

Your real value to us is probably greatest due to your years of experience and your connections in the East. More than one per-

son here has heard of George Pagnanelli. . . . A fictitious name would destroy much of this, & besides sooner or later would be found out & be turned against us.

Dies does have a large nuisance value BUT we feel that the real reason he is against us probably is because he is a politician. Hell, we found that Dies is or was a Klansman. *We* have nothing to fear from him. The F.B.I. have never bothered us & we never concern ourselves about them. We expect no trouble from them unless we break a Federal law.

If you can't reach McWilliams or Sanctuary have Brasol send a letter of endorsement direct to me . . . and a snapshot. . . . We hoped to have you here April 1st and I certainly hope it will be for the meeting April 10th. The doubtful draft situation makes it appear in our eyes wise for you to get here at once. Our work contact for you happens to be of draft age. . . .

Would also rather talk than write to you. I think you are safe in coming if your personal qualifications ennumerated are 51% accurate. You can start your private employment the day following arrival here.

His words now made me think in terms outside my own personal safety. Newspapers were filled with reports of sabotage in factories, in railway terminals, of mysterious plane crashes, and ships burning at sea. How much of the sabotage was going on in Detroit's own factories? What was the connection of the Klan and the anti-union, slow-up activity of the Klan and the National Workers League? What were the links between the N.W.L. and the local Bund? Where did Gerald L. K. Smith enter the picture? To what extent was defeatism and appeasement rife in the vital war city? How strongly had Father Coughlin influenced his sheepish followers? Was Mrs. Rosa M. Farber of the Detroit Mothers still active? Why did Sage whitewash Martin Dies? A thousand questions ran through my mind. I wanted to find the answers, but I was still hesitant. . . . Sitting down at my desk I reread Parker's taunt, still greatly puzzled by his insistent letters and what really lay behind them.

Just a line to say that we hope the Administration's war of nerves against Nationalism, as evidenced by their arrest of Pelley and others, has not undermined your morale. Your job is still waiting for you. . . . Are you coming?

Late that night I wrote him:

Just received your letter. You undoubtedly have received mine. No. It'll take more than the F.B.I. to tamper with my morale. It's just that I have to start a new life in a new world, so to speak, and having obligations and things it'll take a bit longer to settle my affairs here. One must be ready for any consequence once he comes out there, and prepare for everything. Once my affairs are in order, I won't give a damn what happens.

I wasn't lying about putting my affairs in order. With the help of an attorney I made a will. I cleaned out my desk of all my personal papers. In the meanwhile more letters from Parker:

Your letter of April 10th at hand. Now about work. . . . The best place here for one would be in some branch of machine shop work. Dirty, hard, etc., but there lays the best money. . . . In what branch of the nationalist work do you feel best qualified. How about speaking ability, organizing work, conducting meetings, etc.? Saw your future employer yesterday and he seemed as anxious as I that you get here. . . .

Who was he? Parker wouldn't tell. Instead he asked:

Will you care to make a special address here for us at our meeting May 1st? We might get a respectable little crowd. Would need information about your background of value in advertising the meeting.

We have started a Pelley Defense Fund here for him since we think he has an excellent chance of beating the charge. We want to throw a Nationalist Rally for him, bring him to Detroit & perhaps bring in at the same time a couple of other nationally known figures—say McWilliams or Deatherage. All for the purpose of helping him fight, as well as try to develop a little solidarity in the cause. What do you think of the idea? . . . Can you definitely make it May 1st?

I began to pack for the trip.

Just as I was about to leave, I read the news of Sage's arrest and indictment with Garland Alderman, Secretary of the N.W.L., on charges of complicity in the rioting against the attempt of Negroes to move into a federal housing project.

Newspapers reported that 1200 people armed with knives, clubs, rifles and shotguns were at the project grounds on moving day. Scores were hurt. Many, seriously injured, were taken to hospitals. Was the Black Legion riding again?

I wrote Sage anxiously about coming. . . .

He explained that both he and Alderman were out on bail, that the N.W.L. was not involved officially, and closed curtly with:

If you are going to come please do so without further delays. I simply cannot find time to continue writing every week. The job is waiting.

I left for Detroit on the six o'clock bus, on April 22.

Chapter III

INNER CIRCLE OF THE N.W.L.

"The peace will be negotiated by Hitler, Mussolini, the present Japanese Government . . . and by patriotic Americans such as General Moseley, William Dudley Pelley, Father Coughlin, Colonel Lindbergh, and Senator Nye. It will be a just peace. . . ."

Garland L. Alderman

The National Workers League was one of many Nazi-front organizations operating in America. It wasn't the largest. But its influence was far-reaching, and its work of sabotaging the war morale was effective. It struck at the most vulnerable sector of America's war effort—Labor.

The League organized an extensive campaign to sow dissension among factory workers of vital war industries. It flooded Detroit with Nazi literature. Its publicity director, William R. Lyman, made his own reprints of the literature originally issued by Colonel Sanctuary, Stahrenberg, the Bund, Klan, Edmondson.

It held frequent meetings, addressed by a choice selection of rabble-rousers who offered to speak "on any phase of the Nationalist movement for private gatherings in homes. . . . There is no charge for this service in the Metropolitan area," according to the *Nationalist Newsletter*. The League promoted the appeasement drives of the America First Committee by distributing its own seditious literature at America First and American Mothers meetings and urging "all patriotic-minded" members to attend the "nationalist rallies" at which Burton K. Wheeler and Gerald L. K. Smith spoke.

I arrived in Detroit at three o'clock Friday afternoon with no credentials other than those for George Pagnanelli, publisher of *The Christian Defender;* "associate" of Joe McWilliams and August Klapprott, the professional merchants of hate. I had neither my social security nor draft card. In case of trouble I would take the rap as George Pagnanelli.

I had arranged to correspond with my "sister." I had no sister, but would keep in touch with a middle-aged lady whom I trusted implicitly with my mission. I would write addressing her as "Jeanette" and Jeanette was to write me in care of Parker Sage. I left with her samples of letters she was to write in longhand and mail from our "home" at 100 West 86th Street, New York. As a matter of precaution, she was to begin writing immediately that "mother's illness" was becoming worse.

It was almost eight o'clock when I walked up the squeaking stairs of the back porch of the ill-kept, corner house at 5144 Canton Street and knocked on the door. A burly man with a fierce countenance and wild black hair opened the door.

"I am George Pagnanelli," I said. "Mr. Sage asked me to see him."

"Come right up. He's expecting you," said the man.

I passed through a shabbily furnished living room, climbed the side stairs and found myself in a small lobby, with a large round table at one side, and a half dozen chairs lined against the wall. Standing at the entrance of one of the rooms was a tall, gaunt man, dressed in blue shirt and black suit. He was more than six feet tall, with a wiry frame, rugged features, thinning blond hair.

"Where is Mr. Sage?" I asked, looking first at the burly man, then at the immobile figure in the doorway.

"Hello, George," the man in the black suit called out suddenly. "I am Sage."

"Who is this other guy?" I asked.

"Otto Fritz. He's okay—lives here with me."

I shook hands with Sage and the German and laid down my suitcase.

Sage's face was that of a zealot. His mouth a mere thin slit, eyes cold-gray, his face clearly reflected characteristics I had seen often in New York: hate-frozen determination. Parker spoke in a cold, unemotional, deep-throated monotone. A grating voice. He impressed me as a man utterly without feelings, without warmth, unyielding and unbending, an uncompromising machine devoted to a fanatic cause.

He showed me a large batch of clippings from Detroit newspapers publicizing the investigations of the League.

Among them was a clipping describing George Pagnanelli as a leader of the Christian Mobilizers. I had just finished reading the clippings when Parker suggested that we go to Gerald L. K. Smith's meeting. I welcomed the idea.

"Take your suitcase along," he ordered. "You'll meet your future employer at the meeting. You'll go to his place with him tonight and start work tomorrow morning."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"You'll find out tonight," Parker said mysteriously.

I checked my bag at a near-by hotel. Smith's meeting at Maccabee's Auditorium had already started, and close to 2000 people were on hand. Parker seemed to have many friends there and kept nodding continually. Anxious for my first look at Smith, I found him a tall, well-built man, the evangelist type; a continual dynamo of motion. His voice rose and fell —bellowed and whispered—in rabble-rousing of a high order. He impressed me as a master salesman of ideas, a Joe McWilliams type but infinitely more cunning and more intelligent.

Smith praised Representative Roy Woodruff of Michigan as a "patriot beyond reproach." With great pomp and long-winded build-up he read good-will messages from Senators Nye and Reynolds on the publication of *The Cross and the Flag*. Senator Nye had said: "I have received issue number one of the new magazine. It is excellently done." And Senator Reynolds, who had permitted the publication of an article from his *American Vindicator*, had written as follows:

> Let me congratulate you with my full heart upon your first edition. It is well you did it in black and white. It is just the right size; it hits the bull's-eye with every paragraph; it is straight from the shoulder; it is gotten up in a conservative manner; it should have its appeal; it speaks the truth. We have arrived at the hour when we must have more "two-fisted" talking and real action. America must be saved and America must be saved for Americans.

Smith's magazine automatically replaced *Social Justice* which had been banned from the mails by Mr. Biddle, who by this time had become a "Communist Jew." Heir to the Coughlinite following in his own bailiwick, Smith made an eloquent plea on behalf of the "persecuted, Christian Father Coughlin." Then he bellowed: "I would rather die tonight, rather be dis-

emboweled tomorrow, or hung at dawn, but let me have my say in the Spirit of Christ. Give me liberty or give me death."

The mob howled at this technique. The familiar device of a demagogue exploiting the name of Christ for political purposes has always disgusted me. But the mob swallowed the entire hook when Smith proceeded to paint a tender picture of himself as a mother's boy. His "Christian mother seventy-six years of age" had allegedly told him: "Son, I don't want you to go into politics. I want you to serve Him as your conscience dictates and carry on your crusade without running for public office." But circumstances, Smith hinted broadly, may compel him to go against his mother's advice.

"Ain't he good?" Sage nudged me.

"Swell," I answered. "He's even better than Joe McWilliams. He's got more heart-throb stuff that goes over with the women."

Smith reached the heights of emotional appeal just before a well-trained corps of ushers passed the plate.

After the meeting Sage and I went out to the lobby. A big, flabby loose-mouthed tub of a man stretched out his hand. His eyes were greenish. His face dull and vacuous, riddled with whiteheads and blackheads. A dirty, gray felt hat flopped over his head. He wore a gray mixture suit, a bizarre blue tie; both his shirt and tie were askew. He reflected weakness and infirmity and confusion and seemed held together by loose, flabby flesh, not bones. Garland Leo Alderman was a mess.

"Shake hands," he said. "I sure am glad to see you."

I grabbed a limp, moist hand and dropped it quickly to shake hands with Russell M. Roberts, my future employer. I was also introduced to his wife, to a little German fellow named Otto and another German named Zimmerman.

"I'll be back in a minute," Garland yelled and disappeared.

On my way to the hotel to pick up my bag, I saw Garland talking to Gerald L. K. Smith in a darkened section of the street. I was surprised to see them talking together. Garland introduced me to Smith. In parting, Smith cordially shook Garland's hand and nodded to me.

"I know Smith well," he boasted. "I've met Smith before. He knows us at the N.W.L. He is with the League in spirit, but he can't come out with it in the open."

"Look at this," Garland interrupted suddenly and held out the May issue of *The American Mercury*. My heart missed a beat.

"Look! They published the letter I wrote in answer to an article by a guy named Carlson. They even made it better by cutting it down a little. Here, George, read my letter." I maintained a poker face as Alderman pushed *The American Mercury* into my hands. His letter read in part:

> The F.D.R.'s, Peppers, McNutts, Churchills, Stalins, Edens, Winchells, Dorothy Thompsons, Rabbi Wises, Morgenthaus, Carlsons, Hulls, Kaltenborns, fan dancers, movie actors, and other warmongers who brought this war to America are not worth the life of one American boy, even if they throw in "campaign orator" Willkie for good measure.
>
> The peace will be negotiated by Hitler, Mussolini, the present Japanese Government, and by Sir Oswald Mosley of England, and by patriotic Americans such as General Moseley, William Dudley Pelley, Father Coughlin, Colonel Lindbergh and Senator Nye. It will be a just peace for all and not a peace for the benefit of international parasites and traitors.
>
> Garland L. Alderman
> National Secretary, National Workers League

Alderman and I walked together back to the lobby. Sage, Roberts, Otto and Zimmerman were waiting for us. Roberts took charge of me from then on, and with Mrs. Roberts I followed him to their car. We drove swiftly away.

Roberts knew all about Pagnanelli. He had read my letters to Parker and had agreed to give me a job in his machine shop. He explained that Otto (the one I met at Smith's meeting) had been in charge of a Bund Camp outside Detroit and Zimmerman was linked with the Christian Front. Both were German-born.

Roberts lived eight miles out of Detroit at St. Clair Shores, a suburb. We had left the city behind by this time and had turned off from the main road. It was past midnight and unlike New York, the lights in most homes were out. After negotiating a series of turns and twists, we took a bumpy dirt road which was inky dark. Roberts slowed down the car, and

as it stopped he said: "Well, George, here is where we work and plot against the powers that be. It's safe. No one bothers us out here." The location was grim and desolate and all I heard was the barking of dogs echoing eerily in the night. Preceded by Roberts' searchlight, I walked into the house.

I found myself in a tiny room which seemed to be the interior of a shack. At one end was the kitchen consisting of a gas range, sink and icebox. Near the other end was a davenport. At the extreme end of the "enlarged piano box"—as Mrs. Roberts later called it—was a curtained door. This proved to be the entrance to the sleeping quarters of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts. A large, sleek Doberman was spread on the davenport. Several Doberman pups were curled in a basket near the stove. The place—living room, bedroom, kitchen—stank like an unkempt kennel.

"Here is where we live," Mrs. Roberts said.

I asked where I'd sleep.

"On the davenport," she answered, cheerily. "We'll take Spottie in our room."

Roberts suggested we have beer. I still was not sure that I was among "friends"—that is, fellow "patriots." Lurking in my mind was the suspicion that I was being led into a trap. But I took a chance and drank down the beer. Roberts dripped and breathed hatred. As we talked on, it became apparent that he was essentially a violent man. He loved violence. He spoke continually of it. He cited the instance of beating up a laundry delivery man.

"What happened after that?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said. "Only twenty-five per cent of assault cases are ever prosecuted. The rest are let go. And only one out of every ten murders is solved. When the cops can't find the guy who did the murder they call it a 'suicide.' "

His conversation implied that it was not so risky to commit murder after all. I added that a good lawyer was a help. "All you need is some brains of your own," Roberts corrected.

I observed Roberts more closely. He was tough. A former sailor in the merchant marine, he was thick-set and bullish, with watery eyes, and florid face. He had a "beer nose"—red-purplish in color, spotted, the shape of an elongated potato. He chewed snuff and spat it out. He swore continually in the presence of his wife. His attacks on Jews were much more vicious than most I had heard during my investigations.

"What we need is a secret nation-wide organization to teach those sons of bitches the first lessons in Americanism," Roberts cursed. Bending over, he breathed in my face: "The only way to get at these sons of bitches is to bore from within in the F.B.I."

He expressed disgust with Americans and "this thing they call the American way." Hesitating momentarily, he added that the "nationalists" of Europe "know what this is all about. What we ought to do," Roberts asserted, "is to place some American nationalists in office."

He now began telling me of his own part in the founding and promotion of the National Workers League. He had paid for the distribution of thousands of leaflets. He had helped it financially. He had visited George Deatherage and induced him to join its Advisory Committee. He had bailed out Alderman and Sage. "Why we've done more for the League than anybody else."

But Roberts had remained completely in the background. "The reason I stayed away from meetings was because Parker was operating in the open," he said. "You're not going to win this thing by sticking your neck out. You've got to learn to work underground."

In other ways, too, Roberts had boosted the cause of the League. William R. Lyman whom he called an "ambassador of ill will"—due to his effectiveness as "publicity director"—had worked for Roberts and earned a livelihood while blanketing Detroit with vicious Nazi propaganda tracts. And when Garland Alderman was refused a job by every other concern, Roberts had taken him on. And now, he was harboring what he thought was a fascist who was expected to devote his spare time to the promotion of the "nationalist" cause in America's key defense city.

I realized with a shock that while Sage, Alderman and Lyman acted as the "fronts" and took the "rap," he remained in the background and pulled the strings. Roberts impressed me as the brain truster behind the N.W.L., and member of that inner circle I had come to expose. He gained recruits for the nationalist cause, to replace those who were indicted or

exposed, by giving them employment. I recalled how Sage had urged me to bring with me anyone else for whom I could vouch. Roberts would harbor them—in return for work for the N.W.L.

Roberts and I finished our beer and retired for the night, he and his wife going to their tiny alcove and taking Spottie with them. I sniffed at the davenport and quickly pulled my face away. I threw a sheet over my "bed." I had no alternative but to place my head at about the spot where the Doberman's hind quarters had nestled. I was anaesthetized to sleep!

I was awakened at seven-thirty. As we ate breakfast, I learned the Roberts' home and machine shop were located on a three-acre plot of farmland. Roberts had been the first to move into the wild region. Nestling in a clump of trees only a few hundred yards from Roberts' domicile was Bund Camp Schwaben. Roberts and I walked to the machine shop adjoining his home. It was built sturdily of cement blocks, at one end of which was a shooting range. "We do our target shooting on Sundays," Roberts said. "Stick around. You'll see it."

Roberts already knew that I had never worked at a machine. But he was willing to train me under conditions of my bargain with Sage and I spent my first day puttering around the shop. Unable to find a room for myself, I spent Saturday evening again with the Robertses. I went for a walk after supper and when I returned I found Roberts seated at the kitchen table, a large green tool box filled with cartridges of various sizes in front of him. He was cleaning a gun, an ugly looking thing with a long barrel.

"Sit down, George," he invited, as I wondered if the gun was loaded.

"Things are getting to be so bad," he started, "that we'll have to have a conference about them niggers." He was referring to the Sojourner Truth Defense Housing Project and the rioting which followed when Negroes tried to move in. "The more I think of it the madder I get," Roberts exploded.

He held the gun in the light. It was a Luger automatic, with an unusual twelve-inch barrel. He had bought it from a German whom he suspected of having smuggled it out of Mexico.

"What do you think of this one?" he asked.

Reaching over to a yellow, canvas mackinaw jacket, he pulled out a Colt-45 and handled it gingerly. The bullets had thick, blunt noses.

"The bullets from this baby will blow a six-inch hole in you," he said. "I'm ready if anybody makes trouble. . . . Now coming back to the niggers."

He outlined a plan which would "raise hell with the niggers." Drawing up his chair, he explained how pelting the roofs of the Project homes with rocks would break windows, keep the tenants awake and make a veritable no-man's-land of the Negro community.

"You do it at night and raise hell with their nerves. It's been tried elsewhere, under similar conditions and it has worked."

The missiles would be fired from the open windows of an adjoining white neighborhood, Roberts explained, and the barrage would continue systematically until dawn. I asked if he would use a rubber slingshot.

"No," he said, "better stuff." I presumed that he meant steel springs. "That's strictly off the record," Roberts warned.

"Oh, sure. Don't worry about that."

Roberts had other firearms. Pointing to the bedroom he said he kept two rifles there. "I'm short of ammunition," he added. "But I'm stocking up. I expect a shipment soon."

He said he could make shells right in the shop.

"We can make the molds in the shop, and after that it's easy."

"How about gunpowder?"

"All those things can be made in the shop when we have to." After a while Roberts added: "You know, George, the only thing to do is to organize rifle clubs. Then we can teach those sons of bitches a lesson."

On the kitchen table were copies of Representative Thorkelson's and Senator Nye's speeches, both from the *Congressional Record;* copies of the *Protocols* and Ford's *The International Jew.* These were Roberts' reference books.

Sunday afternoon a Mr. and Mrs. Darling arrived in a lumbering large green Packard. They brought along a pile of *Social Justice* magazines for the Robertses to read. Roberts introduced me to them.

"This is Pagnanelli from New York. He's here to help us do some Jew-baitin'."

"Tsk, tsk," Darling said with mock seriousness. "How can such things be!"

Darling was in his sixties, with a crafty face, and was said to be a close friend of Father Coughlin. His wife belonged to one of the Mothers groups.

"Let's go to the shop," Roberts suggested.

It was time for their Sunday afternoon shooting. They fired several rounds, after which Darling bent over to Roberts' ear and whispered something.

"Sure, he is okay," I heard Roberts say, looking at me.

The reason for caution became apparent when Darling declared that he wanted some ball bearings for "experimental purposes." He did not amplify, but Roberts remarked: "They'll come in right handy for making guns." The two walked off to the cabinet where the ball bearings and small tools were kept. They returned in a few minutes and I saw Darling fondling eight small ball bearings in his hand. If his experiment worked, he explained, he would have to get larger quantities.

After the Darlings had left, Roberts—who apparently was taking a liking to me—said:

"Now, Georgie, we'll go meet one of the other boys. Everybody around here who knows things knows that 'Slim' was a member of the Black Legion."

We drove over to the service station kept by Leroy "Slim" Hampton. Slim was tall and rangy. His complexion was sallow. His face was long and lean, reflecting secretiveness and an air of conspiracy. His language matched Roberts' unprintable quality and his political ignorance was equally venomous. "The Goddamed Jews run this country from top to bottom," was his theme and he, too, urged a "damned secret" organization as the only solution.

On leaving, Roberts remarked: "It's nice to have a fellow like Slim. When things get too tight we can always count on some parts for the car. He can even steal some gas for us."

With Slim's help I found a comfortable room only a few blocks away from his garage, and a mile from Roberts' machine shop. Ready for my first serious assignment on Monday, April 27, Roberts set me to work on a lathe. My job was to polish off small metal tubes from the inside and outside. I had never worked on a lathe before and the whirling metal tubes bothered me at first, but I soon caught on to it and surprisingly enough, finished off more than 100 tubings, each measured down to a fraction of an inch, in record time. It pleased Roberts immensely, and it surprised Garland Alderman who was operating the milling machine.

But I wasn't called to Detroit to work only as a machinist. Sage wanted me to organize and I had to make a show of some interest. Monday night I called at Parker's home and learned that he was employed by the Active Tool and Manufacturing Company. He boasted how his comparatively small organization had raised "more hell than many of the big ones." It was quite true and I was eager to find out what had made it tick so effectively. I was quietly formulating a plan which would not only answer the question, but at the same time give me the excuse to investigate all affiliated groups and individuals. Most important of all, it would delay—for the time being at least—Sage's insistent demands that I start to organize. That night we worked together on the new issue of the *Nationalist Newsletter*. One paragraph Parker inserted interested me greatly:

> Friends of the N.W.L. have rallied. Contributions to the Defense Fund are being received. The Michigan branch of the well-known independent union, Society of Tool and Die Craftsmen at a general mass meeting on April 22nd passed a resolution to give moral, financial and political support to the THREE defendants, including Virgil Chandler, in the Sojourner Truth court case.

I wanted to know more about a union which according to Sage had pledged "moral, financial and political support" to three men indicted by the Department of Justice of a grave offense against Government property. I asked Parker to tell me about the Society of Tool and Die Craftsmen.

"I've been a member of it for three years," Parker said. "It has a membership of more than 15,000 in the tool and die works. It's an independent union and a damned good one. The best there is."

Then I asked Sage to tell me about those he knew in the

Detroit "patriotic" movement. I averted his suspicions by saying that I was keenly interested in my work as organizer, and wanted to get the background so as not to approach the wrong people or make the wrong move. Parker readily admitted knowing Mrs. Rosa M. Farber and Mrs. Beatrice Knowles of the Mothers groups; Robert Vietig, Alfred P. Adamo, John T. Wiandt and many others. I asked him how important each was in the movement.

"Why do you want to know that?" Parker asked.

"I'm thinking of organizing an advisory committee which will remain in the background," I explained. "It would be secret so that if they catch us guys, the committee can remain intact." The argument appealed to Parker and I followed it up quickly with an adaptation of Roberts' own views:

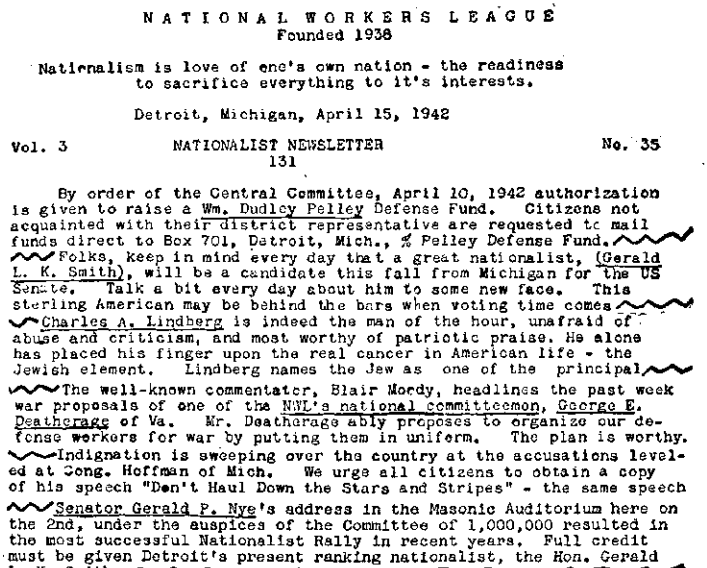
"Look Parker," I said. "You and Alderman have been indicted. You've got your necks out. You want somebody to organize for you to get the old members back and new members in. You asked me to come down to do the job. But we've got to work it differently because the enemy is on our trail. You can't afford to be seen with me, and I can't afford to be seen with you. The minute they spot me as Pagnanelli I'm no good as organizer. The brains of the N.W.L. has got to remain in the background."

"You're right there," Sage nodded. "If they get Russ [Russell M. Roberts] we can't go on, that's sure. He's everything."

"There you are. Roberts is underground. We're at war. That's the only way to work it now. I want to know who is important in the movement, so I can get them on the secret advisory committee."

Parker agreed: "But you'd better not take too long," he warned. "You can't let this thing stretch out indefinitely."

I won an initial victory by postponing the date of our next meeting to a full week ahead. From this point on this, in brief, became my counter strategy. I'd work for Roberts as machinist and try to keep him pacified. After work I'd attempt to look up Parker's friends without necessarily letting him know whom I had interviewed. At the same time I must impress him that I was earnestly engaged in organizational work. It was my job, too, to "pump" Alderman for all the information I could get out of him, and eventually get him to arrange



NATIONAL WORKERS LEAGUE
Founded 1938

Nationalism is love of one's own nation - the readiness to sacrifice everything to it's interests.

Detroit, Michigan, April 15, 1942

Vol. 3 NATIONALIST NEWSLETTER No. 35
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By order of the Central Committee, April 10, 1942 authorization is given to raise a Wm. Dudley Pelley Defense Fund. Citizens not acquainted with their district representative are requested to mail funds direct to Box 701, Detroit, Mich., % Pelley Defense Fund. Folks, keep in mind every day that a great nationalist, (Gerald L. K. Smith), will be a candidate this fall from Michigan for the US Senate. Talk a bit every day about him to some new face. This sterling American may be behind the bars when voting time comes. Charles A. Lindberg is indeed the man of the hour, unafraid of abuse and criticism, and most worthy of patriotic praise. He alone has placed his finger upon the real cancer in American life - the Jewish element. Lindberg names the Jew as one of the principal. The well-known commentator, Blair Moody, headlines the past week war proposals of one of the NWL's national committeemen, George E. Deatherage of Va. Mr. Deatherage ably proposes to organize our defense workers for war by putting them in uniform. The plan is worthy. Indignation is sweeping over the country at the accusations leveled at Cong. Hoffman of Mich. We urge all citizens to obtain a copy of his speech "Don't Haul Down the Stars and Stripes" - the same speech Senator Gerald P. Nye's address in the Masonic Auditorium here on the 2nd, under the auspices of the Committee of 1,000,000 resulted in the most successful Nationalist Rally in recent years. Full credit must be given Detroit's present ranking nationalist, the Hon. Gerald L. K. Smith. The personal hatred shown Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, our fellow-nationalist, by F.D.R. aptly shows the dictatorial nature of our President. The Senator is an able American, and most emphatically pro-American in the sense that he has small patience

Parker Sage defends those whom he regards as champions of native fascism. Sage claims Senator Wheeler as a "fellow nationalist."

a personal meeting with Gerald L. K. Smith. The success of my plan depended on perfect co-ordination and timing.

After I finished at the shop, this became my daily routine. I walked a mile to my room, dressed, then took a tedious eight-mile bus ride into Detroit proper, after which I traveled about in an unknown city to the home of the individual I wanted to interview—spent several hours with him, another hour in taking down notes while my recollection was still "hot," after which I rushed to the post office to mail my precious notes home. The long bus ride back to my room was the final step. And when I missed the last bus, which was not infrequent, I hitch-hiked home. I rarely got to bed before two A.M. and I had to be up early and report for work at seven.

Chapter IV

OUTER CIRCLE OF THE N.W.L.

> "By the time you receive this letter, I shall be on the road to St. Louis and parts north together with a uniformed squad of young men composing what I believe will be the first Silver Shirt Storm troop in America."
>
> Gerald L. K. Smith
> to William Dudley Pelley

Garland Alderman spoke to me with uncommon candor during our lunch hours together. He bared the secrets of the N.W.L. while sitting on the lawn or, on rainy days in his car, and told me how as chairman of the Pontiac chapter he had used the America First Committee to do the "dirty work of the League."

"I used the anti-Semitic stuff put out by the League, and turned it over to America First members for distribution," he said.

Garland loved flattery and I had no difficulty in "pumping" him for information. I learned from him that the "William Randall" punching the time clock at late hours was a policeman. To make sure, I asked Roberts if Randall really was an officer. "Sure he is!" Roberts answered. And from Garland I learned that Roberts' most profitable customer was a large Jewish manufacturing concern. Tactfully I asked Roberts if this was true.

"Sure it is," he said. "And I'm charging the sons of bitches twice the money I would charge others."

Here was the strange spectacle of an important Jewish concern innocently promoting Roberts' anti-Semitism. But Roberts had contrived to keep his underground secret so well that few knew of his connections with the N.W.L. Garland was my informant for the fact that it was Roberts who had paid bail for him and Sage when they were threatened with imprisonment. It was Garland who loaned to me overnight a

copy of Sage's financial statement of the League, enabling me to have it photostated on one of my daily visits to Detroit. From Garland I learned that both he and Sage had associated with Max Stephan, the Detroit Nazi and member of America First, who at this writing is under death sentence for having aided in the escape of a German aviator from Canada early in 1942. From Garland I learned that during the past month alone Roberts had purchased 4,000 pieces of "patriotic" literature, and turned over most of it to him for distribution.

Garland was impressionable and extremely gullible—an ideal and typical tool of fascist operators. He had been graduated from Ohio State University in 1936 with a B.S. degree in agriculture, but he permitted himself to be used as a dupe. In off moments he confessed his fear at the publicity following his indictment, and how neighbors in Pontiac where he lived shunned him. Thoroughly opposed to his views, his German-American wife had threatened: "If one more F.B.I. man comes to my house I'll go back to mother." As to his in-laws—also fine, patriotic German-Americans—Garland said, laughing:

"They went to the draft board and told them they'd take care of my wife and kid if they'd put me in the army. They said a patriotic guy like me ought to be in the army."

I asked Garland how he had got his start. Pelley's *Liberation* and Coughlin's *Social Justice* had been his primers and he had attended special lecture courses given during the winter months by Father Coughlin. He had become involved with the N.W.L. a year ago and become its secretary while serving concurrently as chairman of the Pontiac chapter of America First.

"The work wasn't much different as far as I was concerned," he said. "My home was full of literature of all kinds. I gave out America First stuff at League meetings, and League stuff at America First meetings. The two worked together nicely. We had people from both crowds attending each other's meetings."

The collaboration had not ended with Pearl Harbor. Garland was now visiting his old A.F.C. contacts to collect money for the N.W.L. defense fund.

With parrot-like consistency, Garland remarked daily: "This is a Jew government. It's part of their plot to rule the

world. It's the internationalist banker capitalists and the Communists who are doing it all. Ain't that right, George?"

Garland wanted to be reassured constantly. I sensed that he was paying mere lip service to the routine Nazi ritual, and decided to test him. "Garland," I said one day as we were lunching in his car, "would you be willing to kill a Jew?"

He looked at me surprised: "No, not in cold blood. Not unless he attacked me first."

"And if he didn't attack you first, would you kill him?"

"I'd have no reason to kill him," he said simply.

"But suppose he was a nice big, fat, international banker, Communist Jew," I insisted. "Would you enjoy killing him?"

"No," he said with finality. "I couldn't kill a man in cold blood."

That reaction was not a Nazi reaction. It wasn't the spirit of the Christian Mobilizers, the Bund, the Christian Front. It simply wasn't the "kosher way" of being a Nazi. I regarded Garland as the most perfect symbol of a Nazi dupe, the most impressionable sucker for Nazi guile I encountered in all my four years as investigator.

Together with Garland one day after work we drove over to see Robert Vietig, former chairman of the Detroit chapter of the A.F.C., and supervisor to many near-by chapters. He had worked closely with Garland. Garland recounted that while speaking for the Pontiac chapter Vietig had advised his audience to "buy a gun and keep it well oiled" because they would "need it some day."

"How does he live?" I asked Garland.

"He is an insurance salesman," he answered.

As we knocked on the door of Vietig's home on Tennyson Avenue, he came out stripped to the waist. Athletic and in his late thirties, Vietig welcomed us into his home. He told us how a few months ago Parker Sage had come to him for advice. Vietig had urged him to lay low. But Sage had insisted on sticking out his neck.

"Look where he is now!" Vietig observed.

I asked him if the America First Committee was dead.

"You can't take Americanism out of the hearts and minds of the people," he said sharply. He had placed in a vault a set

of the America First membership lists for future use. Vietig told us of his ambition. It was to found a political unit in Michigan with sufficient strength to hold the balance of power. It was his intention to have a speakers bureau and train speakers who were "one hundred per cent American like Garland here."

"Would you train those speakers along nationalist lines?" I asked.

"That's Americanism," he answered. "Nationalism is Americanism."

Vietig was the type of person I wanted to investigate more thoroughly. He was in the respectable class and seemed to be an important cog in the Detroit machine. I made an appointment to see him a few days later "to talk insurance." Vietig said nothing about having addressed a closed meeting of the N.W.L. in September, 1941, regarding which Sage had told me: "Boy, he sure opened up on the Jews—for the first time in public."

A peculiar "insurance salesman," Vietig seemed not at all interested either in talking or selling insurance. Instead we talked about "nationalist" politics and he told me that he enjoyed receiving the *Nationalist Newsletter*. Sage had offered him the editorship last February, but Vietig had refused pending the outcome of events after Pearl Harbor.

"What should we nationalists do now?" I asked.

"Tread water. That is all we can do," he answered.

Vietig described himself as a promoter. "I represent men," he said, "and I promote ideas." As to his personal future: "I expect to work less and less with the years. Why should I work hard?"

He told me of his close friendship with Laura Ingalls, and of an America First Committee meeting at Lansing, Michigan, where the two had spoken together to a labor audience. He recounted how she had said: "'I can't say everything now because I do not want to go to jail.' Then she stopped," Vietig resumed, "because she was afraid to go on. But I stepped on the platform and said: 'I'll tell you what, men. If we go to war your unions will be shot. Labor will be under a dictatorship. You'll have a revolution eventually—why not have it *now!*'

The F.B.I. framed Miss Ingalls,"[1] he exploded. "She was a fine person."

Vietig also thought that Pelley and Coughlin (both of whose sheets had just been banned from the mails) were being "persecuted." He expressed admiration for both and asserted he was "one hundred per cent for Gerald Smith." Vietig's importance on the Detroit scene became apparent when he admitted associating with two top-rank industrialists whom he mentioned by name.

Vietig was extremely conceited, greatly over-rating himself and I carefully nurtured his vanity to make him talk. He told me of the stunts he had pulled on America First platforms. He had "buried political issues" in a coffin. He had brought bent old mothers and cripples in an attempt to emotionalize the audience against war. Then he said: "I myself talked indirectly and by innuendo, by hinting but not actually saying it. I trained my audiences to understand and interpret me." In New York this was known as the "weasel word" technique.

"I'll tell you the inside story of Senator Wheeler the next time you come around," he said, as I arose to leave. "And I'll tell you about John L. Lewis, too. He is with us now you know." I was not surprised to hear this from Vietig. Lewis was no longer the "Public Enemy Number Two" of Christian Front days. Consistently for the past year Lewis had been lauded by Father Coughlin until *Social Justice* readers were finally urged on November 24, 1941: "Now is the time for labor to stand by John L. Lewis."

Why did Father Coughlin suddenly decide to become friendly toward a man he had hated so violently? What is the inside story, if any, between Coughlin and Lewis or their mutual representatives?

After a particularly hard day's work at the shop, I travelled some three hours by various buses to reach Mrs. Rosa M. Farber's home at 14634 Schoolcraft. Unwilling to talk at first, she finally gave me one of the most vivid interviews of my Detroit trip. Mrs. Farber remembered me from a letter I had written her in Washington. A large, energetic woman, in her early

[1] Laura Ingalls was convicted of being an unregistered Nazi agent on February 13, 1942.

forties, she had a sandy face and fine reddish-brown hair. She spoke calmly and forcefully.

I talked with her for two hours and despite her associations was beginning to believe I had misjudged her. She told me she had worked with Mrs. A. Cressy Morrison, Mrs. Catherine Baldwin, Dr. Maude DeLand, and had read *Social Justice*. Mrs. Farber confirmed my impression of Cathrine Curtis: "I regard Miss Curtis as the most capable woman in the country today. She not only knows politics, but she also knows Washington." Mrs. Farber was also well acquainted with Robert Vietig and was impressed by his abilities.

President of the Mothers of the United States of America, she had known as early as May, 1941, she confessed, that Laura Ingalls was on the Nazi pay roll. "There was a lot more about her than appeared in the newspapers," she said mysteriously. "What was printed was only half the story."

How did she know that?

And *why* had she continued to associate with her?

It was nearly ten o'clock. So far I had learned little from Mrs. Farber that was worth while. Then, as the hour hand on the living room clock pointed to ten, Mrs. Farber suddenly came out with: "There is no other way out for us than through a revolution."

"You mean a revolution with bloodshed?" I asked, surprised at her sudden remark.

She nodded: "It's the only way."

"I was going to start an underground organization last fall," she explained, "but they [meaning gossipy women] would not have been able to keep it secret and I gave up the idea. It's the only thing left to do now—start an underground movement." Mrs. Farber wasn't holding meetings of any kind now. "You only make yourself a target," she said. "They'll shut you down. The only way to work now is through conversation."

She called it that. What she actually did was to outline a whispering campaign. She gave me her formula as she practiced it day by day. She recounted how she had spread defeatism at the local school. One of the teachers giving out ration cards had said that rationing was necessary for psychological reasons. But Mrs. Farber had argued back: "If they want us to know that we are in the war then let them publish the casualty

lists and also send the bodies back." One of the teachers had commented, "Yes, come to think of it, those lists haven't been published, have they."

Mrs. Farber boasted, "You see? I planted an idea in her head, now she'll think of it again."

Thoroughly warmed up to her subject, she went on: "I just plant seeds like that every day. They are little ideas which I put in my conversations day by day. I do it all the time. That is all I do. That is all you can do now. Here, let me show you something." She got up from her chair and went over to the bureau. From it she pulled out a large pocketbook and drew out a newspaper picture of Attorney General Francis Biddle. "Look at that face," she said. "It's one hundred per cent Jewish." [2]

From another folder in her pocketbook she took out a picture of a child whose grand-uncle was captioned as being General MacArthur. She said that his face, too, was Jewish. And then this statement from Mrs. Farber: "People say that MacArthur's little son looks like a little kike."

"Should we, in these conversations you suggest, use anti-Semitism?" I asked innocently.

"What do you think I'm doing when I show Biddle's picture and tell people he looks like a Jew?" she exploded. "Preach anti-Semitism all you can, the more the better."

After this Mrs. Farber lost all self-composure and all reason. Having controlled herself all through the early evening, she now let go and subjected me to a half hour of fantastic delusions. One of these was the amazing statement that Polish Jews had willingly and wantonly encouraged Hitler's attack on Poland. The *Sanhedrin*, or a mythical world Jewish Council (existing only in the imagination of Jew-baiters) had decreed this in order that Hitler devastate all of Europe.

"How would the Jews benefit from this?" I asked incredulously.

Mrs. Farber explained that it was to further a plot of world ruin so that Communist elements might be in a position to offer Communism as the only antidote for National-Socialism. "Hitler," Mrs. Farber said, out of all reason, "is being kept

[2] Attorney General Biddle is a member of the famous non-Jewish Philadelphia family.

alive as a hate object by those who want our civilization destroyed in order to set up an international world order."

I could hardly believe my ears, for here was a woman, hitherto rational, whose blind hatreds and fanaticisms led her to believe and propagate the most fantastic lies. She became just like the crackpots I had met on countless occasions. In her defamation of Jewry, in her attempt to lay the blame of war at the feet of persecuted Polish Jews, Mrs. Farber may have been attempting to absolve Hitler of all blame. In her lumping together of Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Churchill and Roosevelt Mrs. Farber followed another favorite Nazi device used to discredit the national leadership, and sow mistrust toward the national war effort. On leaving, she loaded me down with a huge stack of pre-Pearl Harbor isolationist literature.

I learned from Mrs. Farber that Mrs. Beatrice Knowles, president of American Mothers, was holding underground meetings. Phoning, I told her of my visits to Mrs. Farber, Vietig and Parker Sage. "Come right over," she invited.

Mrs. Knowles lived in a beautiful home in an expensive section of Detroit's suburbs. Vivacious, energetic, I also found her to be a determined and forceful woman, but not blindly fanatic. She was more poised than Mrs. Farber due, perhaps, to the presence of Mr. Knowles, though he proved to be a tame yes-man and agreed with everything his wife said.

Mrs. Knowles admitted she was holding secret "movement meetings" every second Monday in the homes of mothers. When I asked why she referred to them as "movement meetings," she explained that American Mothers no longer had any officers. Her new policy was to have a board of "advisers" who set the policy and passed it on to about thirty subordinate women leaders who, in turn, held meetings in their homes. She explained that her purpose was to make it impossible for authorities to investigate individual officers or to crack down on her organization.

A man's auxiliary to her feminine movement also functioned, and the menfolk met together with the women—just as during the pre-Pearl Harbor era. She and her women had carried on missionary work continually since December 7.

Mrs. Knowles thought highly of Gerald L. K. Smith and said that her lieutenants had distributed American Mothers

leaflets at his meetings. Although Mrs. Knowles referred to the "terrible boys" of the N.W.L. she was no stranger to them, and admitted that William Lyman had not only attended many American Mothers meetings but that she had allowed him to distribute the subversive literature of the National Workers League. Mrs. Knowles had worked with Dr. DeLand, Mrs. Baldwin, Cathrine Curtis and Mrs. Morrison. She "admired" Mrs. Dilling's "courage" and thought Father Coughlin was a great American.

"We don't want any internationalists to dictate at the peace table," she said, and with a shrewd eye to winning the peace, added significantly: "Our real work will begin after the war is over. We patriots must be ready for that day."

I observed that I had met considerable anti-war sentiment in Detroit and that "nationalists" here were militant in the expression of their views. "That's what education has done," she explained. "Millions of copies of patriotic literature have been poured into Michigan. My Mothers are still engaged in such a campaign of education."

In my interviews after work I did not overlook John T. Wiandt, a tool and die maker working at the Ford plant, a veteran in the movement who had received literature from Colonel Sanctuary and Stahrenberg. He told me that he had been a member of the Klan and was also a member of the N.W.L. He had distributed League literature not only at meetings of Gerald L. K. Smith whom he admired, but also at the Ford plant. "I have an audience every lunch hour," he said.

I placed Wiandt in the category of a crackpot. None the less, his hot fanaticism, his tireless tirades against the Administration, and his voluble defeatism among defense workers branded Wiandt as one of the many cogs functioning unobtrusively, but effectively, in Detroit's native fascist machinery.

Among others whom I interviewed was an Italian-American real estate operator, Alfred P. Adamo. Adamo flooded Easter Sunday churchgoers with a vicious little leaflet entitled, "April 5, 1942—Happy Easter" in which the Administration was described as being composed of "poisonous Snakes and Rats that are the Professional Internationalists, Communistic and Foreign Refugees."

A former America First-er and member of the N.W.L. Adamo had received Hudson's, Pelley's, Sage's and Smith's bulletins regularly. He had promoted Mrs. Farber's work. Adamo's views had not changed in the least after Pearl Harbor. He regarded Father Coughlin as the ablest man in the country. He attended Smith's meetings, he told me, and hoped to see Lindbergh and Nye "come out in the open." He told me of "many hundreds of dollars" he had spent for "patriotic" literature.

I was working against time—trying to squeeze in as many interviews as I could before Sage became infuriated at my negligence of my official duties as organizer. It was with considerable difficulty that I placated him when we met again.

"When the hell are you going to go to work for us?" he demanded.

I pleaded that I was still tired from overwork, from lack of sleep, from the exhaustion of a new environment.

"But you're not too tired to see these other people."

I couldn't deny that. But I had to be firm with him.

"Look here, Parker," I said. "I've done organizing for the American Nationalist Party in New York (I had not), and I organized for Joe McWilliams (I had not). Go on and ask Joe (no one knew where he was) about the first-class job I did for him. But the methods I use ain't the methods everybody else uses. You gotta use different methods in different places. I use original methods and my methods always work."

I could tell that he wasn't convinced.

"Here I am in a strange city. I didn't leave my home and sick mother just to get a lousy job that don't pay anything. I've been here only ten days and you want me to go to town for you. I came here to stay permanently and to work for the Cause. Give me a break and leave me alone for a while. If you didn't trust me, you shouldn't have called for me."

"Now, now, George, don't get excited," he placated. "I was just anxious to see you get started. I've read all about you in the papers. We all know here you're a good man, but I was just hoping that you would. . . ."

I was waiting to be appeased some more before I spoke again.

"Look here, Georgie. Here are two tickets for the annual

ball of the Society of Tool and Die Craftsmen. We're going next Saturday. You'll meet some young men there and you can start recruiting for the League."

"Now you're talking turkey," I said enthusiastically. With some authority, I added: "Now let's go to work on the next issue of the *Newsletter*. First thing we got to do is to build up circulation!"

Sage looked upon me as a shining white knight come to reorganize ranks which had suffered through official investigations. Encouraged by my supposed mission, he started off the *Newsletter:*

> The N.W.L. is determined to carry on its legal activities. It will continue to serve the real interests of the American worker to the best of its ability and despite all efforts of the Jewish-Communist interests to destroy it. . . .

In the meanwhile, I had by no means overlooked my investigations at Roberts' shop. I went frequently to the washroom to jot down notes of my conversations with Alderman and Roberts. The shop served as a clearing house for un-American literature. Garland circulated copies of Pelley's *The Mustard Seed*. Roberts gave Alderman a stack of Hudson's bulletins to distribute, and also a copy of Thorkelson's book, *We Must Save the Republic*, published by Pelley. When copies of *The X-Ray* and *Publicity* arrived they were passed from hand to hand. Roberts also bought a huge batch of reprints of Representative Hoffman's "Judas" speech and passed them to some of the male workers, urging: "Just pass them on to some good people you know, not to everybody."

"How about giving some to the women?" I asked.

"No, we don't bother with them," Roberts said. "Women and politics don't mix."

One hundred copies of the *Protocols* arrived from the American Publishing Society, Bremerton, Washington, a notorious American Nazi publishing house. They cost Roberts $18.80. He offered me a copy and I began to walk away with it, thinking it was free.

"That'll cost you fifty cents," Roberts called out. They had cost him nineteen cents each. The profits went into the

National Workers League defense fund. Roberts turned over twenty-five copies to Garland for re-sale. Thus, the sale of a Nazi propaganda booklet became the device by which Garland and Sage reduced their bail-bond obligation to Roberts and at the same time helped along Hitler's cause.

As my room was only a few blocks from Slim Hampton's garage, I stopped there frequently for a chat with the reputed ex-member of the Black Legion, now a member of the N.W.L. Slim was more vituperative than ever at reports that the State militia was helping Negro defense workers move into their new homes.

"Those Goddamed niggers. We'll have to kill those bastards. Kill thousands of the sons of bitches. Fight the militia! Sure, fight the Goddamed Jewish militia. Smoke out the nigger sons of bitches." Slim was a coarser edition of Roberts—if that were possible.

I was accomplishing my mission. My investigations were giving me a clear picture of the inter-relation between the America First Committee, the N.W.L., Smith, the Mothers, Vietig, Adamo and Wiandt, whose co-ordinated efforts had made Detroit such a ripe plum for subversive propaganda.

But my days here were numbered, as I couldn't keep up much longer the sham of being a "nationalist organizer." I worked conscientiously at my lathe. But Roberts was giving me work which became progressively more difficult for an inexperienced operator. At the same time, I was rapidly nearing a point of exhaustion caused by the abnormal hours I kept. Beginning to think of a graceful way to make an exit, I showed Alderman and others in the shop the letters I had been getting from my sister "Jeanette." They were so plaintive that they sounded real even to me. One of them read:

> I sure was glad to hear from you and that you have such a fine job and like the boss, because I think it makes a difference even though any job is good these days. We are all fine here but Ma. Sunday was such a beautiful day Dr. Gardini said he thought it wouldn't hurt if she sat by the window a little while in the big chair, but it was too much for her. Poor ma, she couldn't even get that far and she had to go right back to bed and nearly had a collapse.
>
> Pop and all of us are worried sick about her. I don't want to

worry you too much, George, but I promised to tell you the truth so I guess I'll have to . . . I must go and fix up ma now.

Love and kisses from your
Sis

My major remaining tasks were to arrange to meet Gerald L. K. Smith, and attend the Tool and Die Craftsmen's Ball. Garland volunteered to arrange the introduction to Smith. But we didn't have his private telephone number which was unlisted. Even then, Smith changed his number frequently. Garland and I determined to go down personally to his office and arrange for an appointment.

Immediately after work on Friday, May 8, we rushed to my room to change and arrived at Smith's offices just before five P.M. Unlisted in the directory, Smith was located in room No. 2006 of the Industrial Bank Building. Garland introduced himself to Bernard A. Doman, Smith's office manager, as an officer of the National Workers League. Doman smiled and stretched out his hand. Garland then said he'd like to talk with Smith personally.

"I have a large list of America First Committee names," Alderman said to my surprise, "which I want to turn over to Mr. Smith."

At the mention of the mailing list, Doman's face lighted up. Garland said the names numbered between "three and four thousand." Doman's face beamed to the heavens. He would be delighted to arrange a meeting immediately after Smith's meeting next Tuesday at the Maccabee Auditorium. "But be sure you write him a letter explaining all this, so I can show it to him," he suggested.

Doman shook our hands warmly. Highly pleased and loquacious, he accompanied us to the door.

"You never told me you had those lists," I said to Garland in the elevator.

"That was the first time I told anybody," he whispered. "I'll tell you more when we get out to the street."

Sitting at a quiet cafeteria, Garland explained that he had refused to surrender to the Dies Committee his America First Committee lists, saying he already had destroyed them.

"Keep it quiet, will you, George," he begged.

"Oh sure, don't worry," I answered. "But why do you want to turn them over to Smith."

"Because I heard Smith is going to run for the Senate and I'm thinking of campaigning for him, I want him to use those lists," Alderman explained. "They're all good names. . . . Now here is where you come in, George. . . ."

The lists he had at home were scattered, some typewritten, others on pledge cards. Garland wanted me to assemble them and type them out uniformly. Could I get a typewriter and finish the work over the week end?

"I'll do my best," I said, delighted at the opportunity.

"I'll bring the lists tomorrow morning and pick them up Monday," Garland said. "But remember, only two copies, no more. On Monday we can also write the letters Doman asked about."

Who was this Gerald L. K. Smith I was so anxious to meet?

Smith was no tyro at politics, for his career as a politician began with Pelley's Silver Shirts the year Hitler got into power. On August 5, 1936, H. E. Martin, then executive director of *Pelley's Weekly*, wrote the Reverend L. M. Birkhead the following letter on official Pelley stationery:

Answering your letter of the 3rd regarding Mr. Gerald L. K. Smith's connection with the Silver Shirts, which you say he denies, we have on file certain letters and telegrams from him received during July and August 1933. The letters are all written on Silver Shirts of America letterheads and signed by him. His registration number as a member of the Silver Shirts was 3223 and his wife's number was 3220.

The enclosed extracts from these letters will undoubtedly serve your purpose.

(Signed) H. E. Martin
Executive Director, The Pelley Publishers

Among the extracts sent the Reverend Birkhead was the following from a letter which H. E. Martin declared Smith sent to Pelley on August 15, 1933:

By the time you receive this letter I shall be on the road to St. Louis and parts north together with a uniformed squad of young men composing what I believe will be the first Silver Shirt storm troop in America.

Two days later, according to Martin, Smith wrote Pelley from Hot Springs: "We have held three mass meetings, two street meetings, and appointed key men for literature in six towns; no, seven towns." And some of the lecture topics Smith used in promoting Pelley's cause were: "Some Day 100 Million Americans Will Hide Behind the Silver Shirts for Protection," and "Why I Left the Conventional Pulpit to Join the Christian Militia of the Silver Shirts."

Shortly after this Smith gave up Pelley and went to Louisiana. It was in Shreveport that Smith, then pastor of King's Highway Church, met the late Huey Long. Following that meeting Smith formally severed himself from the pulpit and turned politician by championing Huey's plan. After his assassination, Smith tried to take over the machine but was pushed away by another henchman, Earl Christenberry. Smith turned north in search of greener pastures.

In 1936 when his friend, Father Coughlin, sponsored William Lemke for President on the National Union for Social Justice ticket, and Dr. Francis E. Townsend ran for office on his own version of Share-the-Wealth plan, Smith again found himself in the thick of unorthodox politics. He described himself as a "contact man for the Union Party, director of the Townsend organization, a keynote speaker for Father Coughlin and supporter of Lemke for President." Smith was that kind of a man—a super promoter! In addition, Smith also turned up as speaker at a "grass roots" convention with his friend, Eugene Talmadge, governor of Georgia.

At the same time Smith became ambitious to run for office himself. He set to organizing the Committee of One Million, boasting that it would combine the best features of the Townsend-Coughlin-Long machines for a "nationalist front against Communism." According to a *New York Times* report he set out to "seize the government of the United States," making no secret of his strategy:

> You've got to be in a state of crisis to do things well. That means you've got to look over men and events, convince yourself that there is a crisis. Then you've got the mentality of a soldier in a trench. Nothing stops you. You're ruthless. When you're right and know you're right, you should be ruthless.

PELLEY'S WEEKLY

Published By

The Pelley Publishers

P. O. Box 1776 Asheville, N. C.

August 5, 1936.

L. M. Birkhead,
3425 Baltimore Ave.,
Kansas City, Missouri.

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The enclosed extracts from these letters will undoubtedly serve your purpose.

Sincerely yours,

The Pelley Publishers,

H. E. Martin

H. E. Martin,
Executive Director.

Aided financially by lesser Detroit industrialists, retired stockholders, wealthy dowagers, as well as the nickel-and-dime contributions of his believing rank-and-file followers, the Committee of One Million supported the America First Committee party line to the limit. Senator Nye and Congressman Day spoke for Smith's Committee and Sage's *Nationalist Newsletter* approved:

> Senator Gerald P. Nye's address . . . resulted in the most successful Nationalist rally in recent years. Full credit must be given Detroit's present ranking nationalist the Honorable Gerald L. K. Smith.

Appeasement, obstructionism, a "negotiated peace," all-out campaign against the Lend-Lease Bill and against national

defense; the breeding of defeatism and distrust of our leadership—these were the cornerstones on which Gerald L. K. Smith operated in Detroit. Speaking over radio station WJR he took up where Father Coughlin's hate messages left off—and this in America's most strategic city, the center of our war industries, the home of tens of thousands of war workers.

This was the man I was so anxious to meet personally.

CHAPTER V

DETROIT IS DYNAMITE

> "You talk to the men every chance you get, in the washrooms, during working hours, while going home on the bus. One good nationalist can do a lot of good work, even in a large shop."
>
> PARKER SAGE

SATURDAY NIGHT, May 9, I met Parker and together we went to the annual ball of the Society of Tool and Die Craftsmen's International Union at the Danish Temple.

"I'll introduce you to Tony Bommarito, one of the organizers for the Society," Parker said. "You ought to get along with a fellow Italian."

I can't easily forget Tony Bommarito. As we approached him, he was leaning against the entrance to the dance floor, serving as a bouncer. He had the build and temperament for it. More than six feet tall, powerfully built, with muscles bulging from the folds of a tight-fitting dark green suit, Tony reminded me of the tough guys on New York's East side. His lips were thick and sensual. His hair was kinky and his thick, leathery neck bulged over his tight-fitting collar. Tony's shoes were orange in color and had pointed tips. He wore a stiff-bosom shirt striped horizontally near the neck and vertically lower down. His necktie was a nightmare of color. His accent was a mixture of low Italian and gangsterese and he spoke from between tight lips out of the left corner of his mouth.

Parker wore his "America First" button and introduced me to Tony Bommarito as "Joe McWilliams' right-hand man."

"Glad to meet'cha, kid," Tony grinned.

"How'ya, Tony."

Tony rattled off the names of a dozen New York gangsters and asked if I knew them. I said I knew all "dem boys" and Tony seemed pleased. Characteristic of the petty gangster, Tony loved to talk about himself. He explained he was one of seven brothers. Two had been killed "in action"—dying

glorious gangster deaths; two were "in the clink" (serving prison terms).

"Three of us is out."

As for himself, Tony told me he had been "in the clink" twice—once serving a term in San Quentin for manslaughter. His former associates had been the Gillette Boys, "Lucky" Luciano (convicted white-slaver) and "Dutch" Schultz—ex-bootlegger (riddled to death). "I wuz there when a million dollar deal crossed hands between 'Lucky' and 'Dutch.'" Tony's specialties before going in for labor organizing had been hijacking, bootlegging, and "bumping off the boys."

"How's bumping these days?" I asked.

"Not so good, not so good," Tony said in disgust. "You can't do no killing now. The C.I.O. is too big to buck that way. You gotta work quiet."

I asked Tony how he worked as organizer in the face of stern C.I.O. opposition. He answered in typical gangsterese: "We don't need many guys. We just send one or two in a shop. It takes five or six weeks to organize a joint. Our men talks to the right kind of a guy, den dis man gets a friend to come in with him. You wine 'em and dance 'em a couple nights in a hotel. When you get about twenty you hold a meetin'. You wine 'em and dance 'em some more and say 'how about organizin', boys.' That gets 'em."

I listened attentively.

"You begins your woik by talking against the Jews and the nigger. The Jew got us into the war. You tell 'em that. The Jew is keeping labor down by controlling the money. It's the Jew who hires niggers and gives them low wages. There is angles, see; there is angles. When a guy in a shop gets up and talks against the kikes, and some other guy in the shop don't like it, we call on this second guy. . . . There is angles. You gotta loin 'em." Tony summed up his technique: "You ties in the niggers with the Jew, den you call the Jews Communists. That gets 'em. Catch on, kid?"

Under the guise of fighting Jews, Communists and Negroes, it was apparent that Tony was introducing Nazi gangster methods in the labor field.

"Does Griffin know the way you fellows are working?" I asked. Jack Griffin was president of the Society.

"Of course he don't. Keep 'im blind. Keep 'im blind, is what I say. He don't know nuthin', and you'd better tell Parker to keep 'im blind. Don't tell 'im nuthin'."

Somehow or other the conversation turned to Gerald L. K. Smith and I asked Tony if he knew Smith.

"Do I know 'im? I bodyguarded for 'im back in 1939."

I asked if he had been paid much for the job. "Did you get as much as $25 a week and board?" I wanted to know.

"I wouldn't guard a dog for dat a week. I got $100 a week, with expenses." Tony then made this remark: "I don't know if he still gets money from the manufacturers like he used to. Boy, oh boy! The big dough sure used to roll in."

I reminded him that Smith claimed his contributions did not go over $20. Tony laughed: "I seen plenty of money comin' in. I used to see checks for $2000 and $3000. Woikers don't send them in. No sir, it was de manufacturers."

I asked Tony why he hadn't continued to work for Smith.

"He wuz too tight. He don't let nobody cut in. I don't want to tie up with nobody that don't let you in on his racket. There ain't no future in that."

"I like the way you talk, Tony," I said. "You got guts, I wanna see ye again. Got a little deal I wanna get your advice on."

"Sure ting, kid. Any time, any time. You can get me any time at the office before ten." Tony gave me his calling card. On the back of it he inscribed his home address: "100 Davenport. Apt. 212."

"Listen, kid. If any Jews is interferin' let me know and we'll pay dem a visit."

Tony had not read *Social Justice* nor any other subversive organ. He was not political-minded. Labor organizing on a racial basis was just a convenient new racket for him. Since there was no more bootlegging, killing, or hijacking, a fellow had to make an honest living.

After my talk with Tony, I went looking for Parker. As Parker did not dance, we spent the evening talking. He thought it time for me to learn the methods he had used.

"Whenever I go to a shop, I go to work on the fellow next to me. If he is a nigger I don't talk to him. If he is a Jew I don't talk to him either. I let them know I care nothing for

them. I do everything I can to get them to leave me. You can't get anywhere with niggers and Jews."

This was essentially the same technique that Bommarito had been preaching. Though struck by its similarity, I was not surprised, for I had found that Nazi techniques varied only in the performance of detail. Fundamentally they ran true to the pattern created in the inner sanctums of Nazi propaganda bureaus and projected *im Ausland* (overseas) as "American." Parker went on:

"But if you are working next to a white man, begin by sounding him out. Size him up and ask key questions—Ask him what he thinks of Hitler. You can always tell if a man is a nationalist."

If the victim showed promise, Parker coached, my next step was to cultivate his friendship. In due time I was instructed to give him mild anti-Semitic literature and watch for reactions. If favorable, I was to give the would-be victim a stronger dosage.

"You work on him some more, and then ask him to drop in at our meetings. That's how you do it. You talk to the men every chance you get, in the washrooms, during working hours, while going home on the bus. One good nationalist can do a lot of good work, even in a large shop."

I listened closely, keenly aware that the poison of one man could easily permeate an entire shop in the course of a few months.

"As soon as you learn the trade at Russ'," Parker said, "I can get you a better-paying job with another shop. We have the contacts. Later on I'd like you to join the Society of Tool and Die Craftsmen."

I made arrangements to meet Parker again Monday night.

I spent all day Sunday typing for Garland Alderman a list of about 2,500 names of America First-ers in Pontiac, Royal Oak, Birmingham, Lansing and Detroit. I made a third copy and sent it home by registered mail.

Monday morning—fifteen minutes after starting time—I received a jolt when Roberts approached me at my lathe. Up to this time I had been calling him "Russ." I have never liked the stiffness of formality, even in my dealings with fascists.

"None of this Russ stuff anymore," Roberts began in a hostile voice. "I don't want to be high hat, but from now on you call me Mr. Roberts."

I looked at him silently and said: "Yes, Mr. Roberts."

But my mind was feverish. I was trying to reason just what had brought this complete about-face. It scared me. I knew that Sage and Roberts had intended to meet Sunday. Had Parker said something derogatory, or had Roberts stumbled on to the truth? I wondered if Roberts was giving me a hint that he would deal with me more directly later. Or, I reasoned, was it possible that like so many fanatics I had met in the past few years he had the erratic temperament which at one moment might be friendly and the next violent and cruel? At any rate, I took comfort in the fact that I had already purchased a return ticket which I carried on me, and could leave instantly—in my work clothes if necessary. I had nothing of value in my room.

However, I kept on at my lathe, turning out "pins" which were to be used in the assembly of machine guns. It was a delicate job, and I had to have the arms of the "pin" polished down to a hairline measurement of .873. I was allowed to vary the measurement only by .004 (4/10ooth of an inch).

But Roberts' reception had upset me. The lathe jammed. I spoiled one of the "pins" and dulled the edge of the fine tool which cut the whirling steel "pin." Roberts rushed over and took the opportunity to bawl me out severely. It was without provocation. Even the most expert lathe operators are known to jam the machine and manufacturers allow for a certain number of "spoils." I didn't reply to Roberts' fury, but sharpening the tool, went silently back to my machine. I still had work to do here. Just before closing time I went over to Roberts, as Garland had suggested.

"Mr. Roberts," I said, "may I use your typewriter to type an important letter which Mr. Alderman wants me to do for him?"

"Can you use a typewriter?" he demanded gruffly.

"Yes, sir," I said.

He looked at me sullenly and cleared his desk.

I wanted to type the letter which Doman had suggested we write Smith. Alderman had dictated it during lunch hour and

I improved only the English. Garland stood over me as I typed from the hand-written copy. Then borrowing Roberts' fountain pen, he signed the letter.

I am writing you at the suggestion of your office manager, Mr. Dohmer [Doman], whom I visited last Friday, and asked to have an appointment made.

You may recall my name from our previous meetings, the last immediately following your address of April 24. You may also recall my name in connection with my chairmanship of the Pontiac Chapter of the America First Committee. More recently I have been smeared in the papers due to my former association with the National Workers League. I worked closely with Mr. Robert Vietig, chairman of the Detroit chapter of the A.F.C., and refer you to him for further information about me and my work.

In speaking to Mr. Dohmer [Doman] last Friday I mentioned my background and suggested that I had several thousand live names of America First Committee members in Pontiac, Royal Oak, Birmingham, and outlying districts. These names may well serve you in your campaign for the Senatorship. Mr. Dohmer [Doman] seemed immensely pleased with this idea, and urged that I be sure to write you, addressing you personally, and said he would arrange a brief meeting after your meeting on Tuesday, the 12th.

Tuesday night I should like also to have you meet a trusted associate of mine who is employed in the same machine shop with me at St. Claire Shores. I have worked with him, and can vouch for him fully.

We shall be glad to volunteer our spare time in whatever capacity you deem us best qualified. Wishing you the success which you so well deserve in your Senatorial campaign, I remain.

Respectfully yours,
(signed) Garland L. Alderman

P.S. I am having this letter delivered personally at your office.

"I'll have to rush like hell to get to Smith's office before five," I said.

Garland drove me to my room. On the way over he asked to read the letter again. I gave it to him grudgingly, fearing he would change his mind about sending it to Smith.

"Gee, that reads nice," he said. "Be careful with it, George."

"You bet I will," I answered.

I rushed to Detroit, had two photostatic negatives made of the letter—as well as of the mailing lists Garland had refused to give the Dies Committee—and sent them home separately by registered mail. By the time I finished, Smith's offices had closed and I addressed Garland's letter to Smith's post office box. With the documentary evidence safely on its way home, a sigh of relief swept through me and I treated myself to a hearty meal at one of Detroit's expensive restaurants.

That night I saw Parker Sage again. He didn't know it was to be our last encounter. I outlined an elaborate plan of reorganization of the League, which made his dull and listless eyes shine with anticipation. I outlined three branches of the League in Detroit—each in a vital industrial sector and told him I had induced Garland to start a chapter in Pontiac (I had done nothing of the kind).

"That's swell, George. I've been after Garland to do that for a year!"

"Now this week, Parker, I'm starting to visit new men. I've got the lay of the land now. I know my way around town. I'm ready to go to work for you, and give all I got for the Cause. I'll speak at the next meeting of the League, and we'll soon be hitting on all cylinders again."

"That's swell, Georgie, that's swell." That's all Parker could say. That's all I wanted him to say.

"Now I'll tell you what I've been doing all week," he said. "I've been selling the *Protocols* at my shop. Roberts gave me a batch and I've already sold a mess of them."

"How much are you selling them for?" I asked.

"Sixty-nine cents. That leaves a profit of fifty cents which goes into the defense fund. I want to sell a hundred copies this summer. It's one hell of an easy way to make money if you know how to go about it."

Sage was delighted with the turn of events. I had made a good impression on Tony Bommarito and I had, so he thought, finally begun to work as organizer. He would arrange a lot of speaking engagements for me from now on. Even though he was under indictment, he would arrange it for me to speak for the Seven-Mile Fenelon Improvement Association—the group charged with creating the rioting in the Sojourner Truth Defense Housing Project.

"Wonderful," I said. "That's wonderful. You have no idea how happy I am. Now let's go to work on the *Newsletter*." Sage was in high spirits and he wrote:

> Folks, keep in mind every day that a great nationalist, Gerald L. K. Smith, will be candidate this fall from Michigan for the U. S. Senate. Talk a bit every day about him to some new face. This sterling American may be behind the bars when voting time comes around, and if such should be the case, let us fight all the harder. . . .

"Good night, George," Sage shook my hand.

"Good-bye, Parker," I said, looking straight at him.

Tuesday, May 12, *Mr.* Roberts was again in a surly mood. By this time I was certain it was an indication of an innate cruelty in the man. If he suspected me, Parker would have reflected it last night. But Parker had seemed completely cordial; I reasoned that Roberts had not quite figured me out, so he was set on showing me that he was boss.

On Wednesday Roberts humiliated Garland shamefully, then came over to do his bit on me. In order to prevent an explosion, I suddenly remembered Garland's advice: "Whenever he gets sore at me I talk against the Jew and he softens up." I crowded more rapid-fire anti-Semitism in the next two minutes than Joe McWilliams had ever done in a two-hour speech. It pacified *Mr.* Roberts and he went away without bothering me.

He was never too busy to indulge in vituperative anti-Semitism. He seemed to revel in his hatred of the Jew and time and again I had seen his surliness disappear at the end of an anti-Semitic tirade. He had been surly Friday morning but when the *Protocols* arrived that afternoon he began to beam. His abnormal capacity for hatred seemed pacified with anti-Semitic jibes, he seemed to experience some kind of perverted emotional orgasm through the medium of hate.

I have said before that Roberts had impressed me as essentially a violent man. He was also the type that had to have a scapegoat for his failings. He had to have somebody to bully continually. A world without hating someone was a world intolerable to Roberts. He had to humiliate and bully and

feel superior in order to live. Then, too, he lived in constant fear of the unknown and carefully scrutinized every passing automobile. His yellow canvas-lined mackinaw jacket always hung conveniently on a chair or near his desk, and he took it with him wherever he went. He felt safe only when the loaded Colt-45 was within reach and his vicious Doberman hounds within call.

My sojourn at his shop had proved to be a valuable laboratory for me! I had not only investigated the fascist scene in Detroit, but I had also studied the very epitome of native American fascist-mindedness. Roberts had the most perfectly developed fascist mind it was my ill-good fortune to study at such close range.

How to pacify Roberts for a few more days without bursting into a rage at his bullying, became a vexing problem. As I was determined to make a graceful exit, I tactfully showed to my fellow workers the letter I received from home, hoping the news would eventually get to Roberts. "Jeanette's" letter read:

> Please excuse me for not writing sooner, but we have had such a terrible time with Ma all week. She never seemed to pick up after that last attack, just lay there getting weaker and weaker. It was just awful to see her and she couldn't be left alone for a minute, of course.
>
> And then her mind began to wander. Yesterday afternoon she went into a coma. Dr. Gardini has been wonderful, he did everything he could, but now he says he can't do anything more. He says she may come out of this now but it is no use trying to deceive ourselves and that the end can't be far off. . . .
>
> I miss you so much, George. Bud and Alice have been wonderful, but after all they are just kids, and Pop—well you know how Pop is—
>
> Love and kisses from your
> Sis

When Garland and I drove to my room Tuesday afternoon in order to dress for Smith's meeting, I gave him two neatly typed copies of the A.F.C. names and he was immensely pleased. We had dressed and were getting into his car when I suggested taking Garland's picture, (I had already photo-

graphed Roberts' shop and home). I was undecided about Garland's pose, when he called out:

"Take my picture giving the Hitler salute!"

Alderman was serious, and I was naturally delighted at his suggestion. I asked him to stand next to his car so as to include the license plate, and snapped two pictures of him in the act of giving the Nazi salute.

We got into the car and drove off. In the rear were quantities of the *Protocols*, leaflets entitled *Awake, America, Awake*, stacks of Hudson's bulletins, copies of *The X-Ray* and *Publicity*, as well as reprints of Roy Woodruff's insertion in the *Congressional Record* of Gerald L. K. Smith's leading editorial in *The Cross and the Flag*, Hoffman's "Judas" speech and a pile of the *Nationalist Newsletter*. Garland had taken over Lyman's job of "publicity director."

Armed to the teeth with "patriotic" literature, we drove to Smith's meeting. I asked Garland to tell me more about the America First Committee. He told me such an astounding story of collaboration between the Committee and Nazi interests that I would never have believed it if I had not seen its duplication in the East.

"We had Bundists and Silver Shirters in the Pontiac Chapter," he began. "We didn't care who got in as long as they spoke America First. Ward spoke [Louis B. Ward, one of Father Coughlin's associates] four times for us and we paid him for it. Sage used to come and put a dollar in the plate. I used the meetings to make anti-Semitic speeches," Garland said.

"Why did you have to make them at an America First meeting?" I asked.

"I wanted to keep America out of war," he answered, "and I thought I could do it better by spreading anti-Semitism."

If Alderman were more articulate he would have said that he furthered isolationist views by rallying the mob around a central hate theme: the Jews! Those were his instructions.

"That guy Lyman got me sore," he said. "He went around to my America First contacts, collected their money and gave them League literature. I suppose it came to the same thing in the end, but just the same, he had no business going around collecting from my own people. Did he, George?"

"Of course he didn't," I answered. "But how did he get to know your contacts?" I asked.

"I gave him my A.F.C. list," Garland said, with complete naïveté.

Garland told me more about his activities as America First chairman. Last summer he had spoken at the picnic of a "German social group." I asked him what he had talked about.

"I just built up Germany and knocked down the Jews." Garland's formula was as simple as that. "Hell, I don't want to talk about the past," Garland said after my insistent questioning. "Let's talk about tonight."

He had sold six copies of the *Protocols* over the week end and had also collected nine signatures on Smith's petition for nomination as Senator. He showed me the petition and laughing at his cleverness, remarked:

"Every time I sold a copy of the *Protocols* I also got a signature for Smith's petition."

"To whom did you sell the *Protocols?*" I asked.

"Oh, the America First contacts I still have. They're always good for some money when it comes to a patriotic cause."

Garland parked the car, and we walked to the Maccabee Auditorium. In his pocket was the petition and the America First list I had typed. We weaved through the crowd, Alderman greeting those he knew. Doman called us over and shook our hands cordially. I asked if Smith had received Garland's letter:

"Mr. Smith read it," he said in a guarded voice. "Everything is okay. He'll see you after the meeting."

Garland and I sat down next to German-Americans he knew from Pontiac. Their name was Geliske. They had signed Smith's petition and had bought copies of the *Protocols*. "They gave me $2.50," Garland whispered. "They're good people."

Smith's meetings no longer held a novelty for me. Smith displayed his wife and son and exploited his family ties, then, in a saccharine voice, told how he had gone to his aged Christian mother for advice, more alleged advice. He had asked if he should run for political office in order to save "this glorious Republic from ruin." And his bent old mother,

looking her stalwart son wistfully in the eyes, had said: "Yes, son. The Lord knows best. Go and follow Him." [1]

Sweating and panting, Smith closed in a burst of wild cheering, as he reiterated his intention to run for the Senate, and screamed: "I will defend Father Coughlin all this summer."

As the crowd began to thin out, Garland and I walked down the main aisle to Smith. I watched every move closely. From his inner pocket Garland took out the petition and the America First lists. With these in hand, he approached the smiling and expectant Smith and introduced me as his friend. Smith greeted us cordially, took both the petition and the list and placed them in his coat pocket. Garland stated that he would very much like to work for him in his campaign, but he did not want to be conspicuous because of his background in the N.W.L. Smith smiled knowingly and said: "We can take that up later."

As we finished, Garland went back to talk to Doman while I went backstage to talk to Smith. My object was to get the petition back. I had tried all day to borrow it long enough from Garland to have it photostated. Backstage in the presence of a burly bodyguard, Smith talked pleasantly, but was too smart to part with the petition. Frustrated, I went back to Garland and I found him still talking to Doman. He gave us Smith's confidential telephone number—Raymond 9547. Do-

[1] The Lord apparently did not side with Smith, for Smith lost the primary election. Running as an independent Republican he also lost in the general election.

★ America First Committee ★

PONTIAC CHAPTER, NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS Chicago, Illinois
GARLAND L. ALDERMAN Pontiac Chapter Chairman

553 S. JESSIE STREET.

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
GENERAL ROBERT E. WOOD Acting Chairman

Mrs John Dawson - 166 N. Perry, Pontiac
Mr. Evans - 167 Stanley, Pontiac

Two of more than 2500 names and addresses of assorted America First-ers and Coughlinites which Gerald L.K. Smith accepted from Garland Alderman.

man then asked Garland and me to visit him at the office and talk "for a couple of hours."

"What did you think of the meeting?" I asked Garland after we had left.

"That crowd is with us. And whether they want to admit it or not, they're nationalist," Garland said. He was driving and I was taking verbatim notes with my pencil stub against several sheets of folded note paper. "Nationalism is the same thing as fascism," Garland continued. "That crowd don't want Hitler or Mussolini, but they want the same thing here—an American type of the same thing."

"What do you think of Smith personally?" I asked.

"I think he is doing the same thing Hitler did. He is trying to join all the nationalist groups together. The only groups he does not mention or want are those groups that'll smear him—like the N.W.L." Garland turned to me. "But he'll meet us on the outside," he said winking.

I had seen an illustration of this and needed no further proof of Smith's actual, not *professed*, leanings.

"Smith has the right idea. He wants to win the war for America. He wants to keep our boys right here defending America. Smith is smart. He doesn't stick his neck out like we did. You must think me terrible," Garland said suddenly. "I haven't invited you to dinner or anything. But honest, George, it isn't my fault. It's my wife. I told her about you and she thinks you're a Nazi. Just like me. She doesn't want to meet any new Nazis, she says."

"I guess your wife doesn't know me at all," I said, feeling sure the meaning would escape Garland.

"I was thinking of having some Bund guys and Silver Shirters and you up this week end, but I guess I'll have to let it go for a while."

I reported for work as usual the next day, which was uneventful except for the doubled viciousness of Roberts. But I did not let him "get" me, however. I had laid my plans and wanted to follow them through. . . . Late that afternoon Roberts set me to work on an extremely difficult job. He showed me a sample of it.

"Randall did it last night," he said. He did not explain that

William Randall, the policeman who worked on the night shift, was also a trained lathe worker.

My new task consisted of shaving down a cylindrical block of steel to a specified dimension. That step was comparatively easy and I experienced no difficulty. But after this I was required to bore an extremely fine cone-shaped nipple at one end of the block while it whirred at top speed on the lathe. An expert could do it, but measuring down the nipple to hair-splitting measurements was beyond my limited experience. I had no confidence in myself and frankly asked Roberts if there was not something easier I could do.

"You'd better do what you're told and stop asking questions. I don't want anybody telling me how to run my business."

I tried desperately hard to round out the conical nipple to precise measurements. I failed. The lathe jammed with a roar. I shut the motor off instantly. Roberts came running over, and began to scold me severely before the other workers. I was getting fed up.

"Don't talk to me that way," I said. I did not want to say more because I did not want to spoil my extremely well laid plans for a getaway by losing my temper.

"Why shouldn't I?" Roberts bellowed: "You have been here three weeks and still haven't learned how to use the lathe." With this he turned and walked away.

I tried again. I performed the first step easily enough. Then I checked the tool and sharpened it in order to make sure it would cut smoothly. I formed the nipple successfully and was nearly finished with the final step—the nerve-wracking coning process from the base out—when the lathe suddenly came to a groaning stop. The tool broke. The machine jammed. I turned off the motor and slumped over—completely tired and dejected with it all. . . .

As I heard Roberts running toward me I grabbed a wrench and waited for him ready to smash his face and take the consequences. He came to an abrupt stop a scant six inches from my face. I grinned sardonically as he glared at me, bewildered at having his bluff called.

He backed away slowly, and I went back to the lathe. I disengaged the broken cylinder, laid aside the broken tool,

started the motor to see if it still worked and busied myself with sweeping. It was almost time to quit work and Roberts stayed away from me until I left.

Garland had left his clothes in my room and we drove back to pick them up.

As I entered my room the housekeeper handed me a telegram. I knew what it said because I had sent instructions and specified the exact hour it was to be despatched from New York.

"It may be bad news," Garland said.

"I don't think so," I replied bravely. "If it was they would have 'phoned. Here read it yourself." I tossed him the telegram.

I watched Garland's face. "It's bad news," he said, sadly.

"Let me read it. What does it say?" I grabbed it from his hand. I must have given a convincing performance.

"I guess that means you'll be going home, George," Garland said softly, feeling genuinely sorry for me.

"I guess it does," I answered. "Tell Roberts and Sage, will you, Garland?"

Early the next morning, I left St. Clair Shores—unusually cheerful for a person who had received a telegram reading: "MOTHER WORSE LAST RITES ADMINISTERED COME HOME AT ONCE."

Thanks to my "sister Jeanette," the timing was perfect.

My trip had far outstretched its original purpose and for the first time I could present to authorities a true, all-around picture of the way the gears meshed in Detroit's native fascist machinery.

I succeeded in showing the common denominator between the respectable groups pleading appeasement and defeatism, and the outright Nazi frontists striving to achieve those same goals under identical slogans of "patriotism" and "Americanism." I succeeded in showing the common meeting ground between the America First Committee, the National Workers League, Smith's coterie of followers and the leaders of the Mothers groups I interviewed. From the evidence I had seen it was my conviction that the ringleader of the N.W.L. was Russell M. Roberts.

While shouting "win the war" our enemies within strove by subtle means, when other methods failed, to slow down the march of a mighty nation at war. Through the medium of whispering campaigns, through the dissemination of tracts avowedly seditious, through mass rallies and lone-wolf tactics, their purpose—whether they realized it or not—pointed to the way of greatest aid to Nazi Germany. Whether Mrs. Farber or Vietig admitted it to themselves or not, their course was the course which Hitler would most readily approve and gladly recompense. Multiplied a hundred thousand fold, their tactics could help Hitler win his greatest victory!

In his long-range planning for world-domination, naturally Hitler did not overlook this nation's key industrial city. Evidence that Nazidom's brains and millions had been poured into Detroit to cripple America at her most vulnerable point—Labor—was all too apparent. Production at the assembly lines, and outbound trains filled with armaments, readily showed that we were doing a grand job, but it was conceivable that Goebbels might succeed in Detroit and other cities like it. That's what frightened me. The Silver Shirters, Bundists, Klansmen, America First-ers, Coughlinites, Sages and Robertses had set into motion forces which could only hope to increase America's tensions and anxieties about winning the war. Working underground I knew what harm these vicious forces could in time do to our defense machinery through slowdowns, absenteeism, strikes and other sabotage. I could not stifle the feeling that Detroit was dynamite.

Chapter VI

FAKE YANKEES

> "The only thing we can hope for from now on is for America to lose this war—to be smashed completely. That's the only way to get rid of Democracy. Yes sir, the only way to save America is for Hitler and Japan to smash us."
>
> Edward Holton James

I arrived home exhausted and I had to rest completely for several days before resuming work. I put my notes into final shape, presented them personally over a period of days to the proper authorities and began to catch up with local investigations which had been interrupted. And peculiarly enough, my first two investigations showed that, like cancer, the Nazi plague knew neither race nor creed, poverty nor wealth. Take the case of Edward Holton James.

James came from a distinguished and wealthy New England family. His uncles were the eminent psychologist Professor William James and the famous author, Henry James. Edward Holton James lived in historic old Concord. He was an elderly man with a small round head, a fuzzy growth of white hair and something of the "aristocrat" about him. He was in fact a man of good breeding and correct manners.

As confirmed a fascist as Lawrence Dennis, James was a classic example of how Nazism can pervert and reduce to a Nazi dupe the most unlikely victim. James broke into the headlines in April, 1942, when he was charged by the Boston District Attorney's office for criminally libeling the President in a leaflet he circulated, demanding:

1. The immediate resignation of Mr. Roosevelt.
2. Immediate peace with Germany, Italy and Japan.
3. Immediate annulment of all Lend-Lease Laws.

James branded the policy of Franklin D. Roosevelt as "subversive of Yankee tradition." Even more: "He plotted wars

against nations which had done us no harm. We brand and denounce him, and all his chore-men and yes-men and sycophants, as wasters of the people's money, as wreckers of the Republic, as the bloodstained assassins of our soldiers and sailors."

Voiced less than four months after Pearl Harbor I considered this the act of a traitor. Attorney General Robert T. Bushnell of Boston questioned James' sanity. (Joe McWilliams and Adolf Hitler had also been called insane.) Two psychiatrists, one of the Jewish faith, the other Gentile, examined James—and both pronounced him sane. James was let loose while still under the original indictment of criminal libel.

James' case intrigued me. Eager to establish his status in the American fascist movement, I wrote him while he was in jail, inclosing a copy of my *Christian Defender* and asking about his group, the Yankee Freemen. I received a reply as soon as he was freed on bail:

If you are thinking of joining our movement, please get in touch with Norman H. Wilson, 32 Rockland Avenue, Yonkers, New York. One must belong to a movement, otherwise one does not count for much. . . . I sincerely hope you will join.

I got in touch with Wilson, with whom I had already corresponded. He relayed my qualifications as a "patriot" to James and James sent me my membership button—a large, blue Maltese cross. In my mail a few months later I was startled to receive a post card:

Will be at the Hotel Lexington, Lexington Avenue, Saturday and Sunday. If you are in New York, please give me a ring.—E. H. James.

Edward Holton James awaited me in Room number 2028. I found a man with a healthy, tan complexion, deep blue eyes, dressed in a white shirt, checkered trousers and sport coat. He sized me up quickly, and grabbing my hand, said: "You are a fine Italian type. I can tell by looking at your face."

But James seemed unwilling to talk about the things I

wanted him to talk about. We parried, and I missed every time, as James glossed over my key questions, and kept saying we ought to go downstairs for beer. High above New York's noisy streets, the room was quiet—a good place for an interview—and I tried to dissuade him from going to the bar. Finally, James said authoritatively that he wanted to have a glass of beer.

Once seated at a quiet corner table of the hotel bar, he opened up.

"I'm against the Government," he said earnestly. "I'm for totalitarianism. I stand for a totalitarian form of government." James went on, as if talking about the weather: "I don't like to call it nationalism because they call it that in Italy and in Germany. I call it Yankee-ism."

He spoke in a soft voice, bent over his glass of beer. I asked what he thought of Democracy.

"I have no use whatever for this thing called Democracy," James started. "I want to see a Yankee aristocrat rule this country. Democracy is finished. It gives the drunk and the heroic person the same rights and privileges. It places them on the same footing. Hitler is the prophet of the ages!" he called out. "Hitler is fighting for an ideal. The principle of leadership is there. The people are behind him. The Japs also are fighting for an ideal—but we in America have no principles to fight for."

I asked James if I should join the army when drafted or worm my way out. "You can't do anything alone," he advised. "Join the army. Become part of a national movement. Whoever rules the streets rules the country!"

"Our purpose, then," I asked in order to get him straight, "is to join a mass movement so that when conditions get bad here we can jump right in?"

"That's right," he agreed, shaking his fist. "Get right in and fight. We should have storm troopers just like Hitler did. They must be brutal. If they aren't, there is no use of having any. They've got to be brutal to crush all opposition! We've got to defy the Government, not by publishing leaflets, but by holding secret meetings of four and five persons all over the country."

James told me he was leaving for Indianapolis that night to study the Pelley trial, with a view to helping in the defense of other "patriots."

"George," he said suddenly, "you and I are revolutionists." Then he added: "All we can do now is to help those who are in trouble."

I looked around stealthily. "Yes," I said, waiting for more.

"The only thing we can hope for from now on is for America to lose this war—to be smashed completely! That's the only way to get rid of Democracy. Yes sir, the only way to save America is for Hitler and Japan to smash us." He said it coolly, as if ordering the waiter.

Peculiarly enough, James was not anti-Semitic. He could not be he explained, because it violated the dream of the founders of the Republic. Furthermore, it would not work in America. "You buck your head against a stonewall when you turn against the Jew," he said. James substituted the corollary common to the totalitarian mind: anti-Catholicism. James was violently hostile to institutional Catholicism, and particularly bitter against Boston's Catholic population.

He condemned Jew-baiters and gave me a laudable lecture on the benefits we had derived from the diversity of our immigrant stocks, emphasizing that exclusion based on racialism was un-American. He conceded that Jews as well as Negroes could be good Americans as long as they remained *Yankee* in spirit. His viewpoint made sense with respect to a Democracy —which James wanted to *destroy*. His perversion, politically, lay in the belief that it could work under an American Hitler.

Strongly influenced by *Mein Kampf*, James' passion was to see Americans live the heroic life and die the heroic way. He wanted "heroic Yankees" to rule, and through "heroic self-sacrifice" die for their country. I was curious to know if he had met Lawrence Dennis, for James' ideas were strikingly similar.

"I used to have lunch with him every time I came to New York," he said. It helped explain who had been his mentor.

We finished our beer, and James accompanied me to the door. The large Maltese cross stood out prominently on the lapel of his coat. "Wear the membership button I sent you," he urged. "It is our symbol. We've got to have a symbol, just like Hitler did." He shook my hand warmly. "I want to see you again, George, so we can go deeper into this thing."

This was the man who Attorney General Robert L. Bushnell had tried on grounds of insanity. Possibly it is *we* who are insane to allow such a man to be free. It is *we* who are insane for not recognizing the fascist mind, for not understanding its fanatic vigor and its revolutionary ardor. To me, James was a shrewd, intellectually inclined fascist, all the more dangerous because he did not mouth the usual trite phrases of anti-Semitism, which most of us have come to accept as shibboleths of Nazi doctrine.

Robert Jordan, my Negro "Aryan friend" was in trouble. His pro-Japanese tirades had got him into hot water and he delegated me to find him a "good white" lawyer. This was my motive in visiting John Wise, a New York attorney who had defended Robert Edward Edmondson. I traced him to his apartment on West 16th Street, and after I had introduced myself as a friend of Colonel Sanctuary and Edmondson, he received me warmly. Wise wasn't interested in defending any Harlem "Aryans." He was occupied with the defense of White, equally staunch "patriots."

As I was leaving, he tossed over a copy of Pelley's most recent booklet. "Spiridovich sent it to me. He is working with Pelley." I was surprised to learn this, as I thought he still lived at his ramshackle home on 9 Sheriff Street.

"Where's his wife?" I asked.

"She's still on Sheriff Street. Spiridovich hasn't seen her in months and she's pretty sore about it."

I had seen Lieutenant-General Count V. Cherep-Spiridovich's name frequently at Stahrenberg's. The "Count" deemed himself quite an authority on anthropology, announcing that "the Asiatic-Jew Bolshevists" had crossed "orangoutangs with white Russian women in an effort to produce a hybrid-elemental servant lower than their masters."

In 1939 when I first visited him, I found this eminent scientist living in the squalor of a grimy tenement in the heart of New York's slum district—an emaciated, coarse-featured man, toward whom I experienced an instant dislike. The "Count" had worked closely with Edmondson and Pelley; he knew

Henry Curtiss and Colonel Sanctuary. He boasted of having helped Mussolini in his march on Rome.

But I knew better. To begin with, Spiridovich was not his legal name and he was neither a lieutenant-general nor a count. He got the titles from a White Russian officer who allegedly had adopted him as a foster son. The original Major-General Spiridovich had been a veritable Svengali in his world intrigues against Jewry, his most infamous book being *The Secret World Government*. His "adopted son" was an impersonator—an ex-patent lawyer from Indiana, named Howard Victor Broenstrupp, alias the Duke of St. Saba, alias Colonel Bennett, alias J. G. Francis.

At one time Broenstrupp collected $87.50 monthly from the United States Government for his W.P.A. job as research worker on the Aeronautics Index project. When his work was over, he hurried home to his multigraph machine to turn out Nazi-line leaflets. One of them titled, *Intelligence*, included an attack on the President and called the W.P.A. a "Mongol-Jewish Project."

Declaring himself "a soldier fighting under Major-General George Van Horn Moseley," promoting subscription sales for Hudson's *America in Danger* and distributing bulk copies of the infamous cartoon *Your Crucifixion*, Broenstrupp also flooded the mails with enormous quantities of his own literature. One of them claimed a circulation of 800,000 copies while another, devoted to the "Revolution in America," issued this direct call:

> Every pure Aryan American to his post, to save the Country from apathy, hesitation, jealousy, all the elements of utter unfitness to win, and bring to fulfillment the ancient prophecy that "from the North will come a man to save our Country and Civilization."

And now in the summer of 1942 I knocked again on Apartment 24, on the fifth floor of the drab, walk-up tenement near the heart of the New York slum section. The door was flung open in my face. I confronted a large, fleshy woman, her hair, in disarray, hanging in little wet ringlets about an ample neckline. She wore a bathrobe. Water trickled down

her ankles into her slippers. She had evidently just come out of the bathtub.

"I remember you," Mrs. Broenstrupp said gruffly, as she opened the door. She did not invite me in, but I walked in—keeping up a chatty monologue. I had hardly seated myself, facing the wild-eyed woman, when she burst out in a torrent of words: "I'm finished with him. I'm finished with all of you. I'm going to turn him in. He's nothing but a racketeer, a cheap racketeer. All you men are racketeers. I'm finished with you all."

She made a move toward the door, a hint for me to leave her premises. I began to calm her down. It was obvious that she had quarrelled with the "Count," and I had a hunch that she might furnish valuable information on his contacts. If I could only placate her to get her full story. . . . Rapidly I began telling her that I, too, was finished with all the racketeers, that I had not been impressed by her husband at all—which was the truth.

"That's the reason I haven't been around in three years," I said.

This seemed reasonable, but she grumbled on for a while longer, after which she settled back and told me the story of her life with the bogus "Count." He had left her last September and she had not seen him since, even though he had come to New York four times. He had not sent her money, and had not cared whether she lived or died, whether she was ill or starving.

Her complaints poured out of her in a torrent. As she spoke, the mop of stringy wet hair shook in all directions, at times hiding her eyes and sticking to the sides of her jaw. "My husband neglected me completely. I got along as best I could. I sold the typewriter. I sold the multigraphing machine. I sold some of his books. I had to live. I had to eat. For almost ten months he hasn't given me a cent."

I began to pity this woman, for she seemed sincere and was not putting on an act. Where had the "Count" been all these months I asked.

"He's been with Pelley in Indianapolis," she replied in passionate anger. "He and Pelley are both in New York now. He was within six blocks of this house Thursday night and

he didn't even come to ask if I had enough to eat. God knows how I've been getting along since September."

Her face broke into a sneer as she went on: "Don't worry. I'll make him wish he had never treated me this way. I'll make it so hot for him that he'll never be in a position to treat anybody the way he treated me."

When I asked her how she knew of Pelley and Broenstrupp being in New York, she said the two had spent the evening at the home of a friend and this woman, also abused by her "patriotic" husband, was likewise ready to turn in her spouse to the authorities.

"My husband and Pelley have been living royally, going around in a car driven by a chauffeur."

In a voice that seemed to explode at me, she said that he dressed expensively and carried on with women, while he let her rot in a cockroach-infested tenement. I sat back, carefully taking mental notes and letting her talk. She recounted how Pelley had used her home as a hide-out. "He's slept on this davenport many times," she burst out.

I asked Mrs. Broenstrupp how Pelley got his money.

"From rich women," she answered. "He and my husband and others in the gang went around to rich old women, played up to them and got their money. That woman who is supposed to be Pelley's secretary. . . . She's with him all the time."

As her attack on Pelley grew, her wrath against Broenstrupp subsided for the moment. "He's gone in for a cheap brand of mysticism that fools some people. But it can't fool me. I know Pelley. I know what he is. I know his racket."

She came back to her husband. "He is the most self-centered man in the world and does not care anything about anybody else." I asked if he had ever been brutal to her, since Broenstrupp had impressed me as cruel.

"Of course he was brutal to me," she answered bitterly. "He slapped me once with his ringed finger and I was knocked out for an hour. When I came to, there was a two-inch gash on my face. I've done more for my husband than any wife could. I went around begging for money so that he could carry on his work. I believed in him and believed in his work at the time. I tortured myself for him. I even invested my own money in his work."

"If he was so mean," I asked, "why did you do all this for him?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Why does a wife do things for her husband? I loved him at first. As the years wore on and we became more and more separated in body and spirit, I still stuck to him, hoping he was going through a period in his life and would reform. But he didn't. He became worse with the years."

I asked Mrs. Broenstrupp bluntly if their love life had been satisfactory in view of their differences otherwise.

"How could it be satisfactory?" she replied frankly. "He showed me neither kindness nor consideration. He treated me cruelly and selfishly. How can a wife love such a husband?" She looked at the collie sprawled at her feet. "That dog has shown more affection than my husband." Pausing she burst out: "He played me dirty, and he's going to pay for it."

I could not tell her I was an investigator, but upon leaving, I said: "Please let me know if I can help you in any way. You have my address. Write me if you need me."

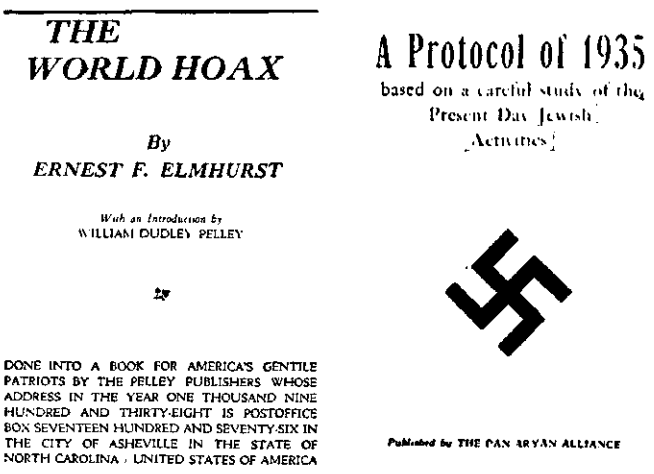
"God bless you," she said. "It has already done me a lot of good talking to you."

I ran to a telephone booth and informed the proper authorities that Pelley was in town, and that Mrs. Broenstrupp was in a mood to "talk."

I hadn't seen Ernest Elmhurst (he changed his name from Hermann Fleischkopf) since the night he spoke at the Christian Mobilizers meeting and sold copies of his book, *The World Hoax*. I was eager to see him in order to gauge his "patriotism" at a time when the Allies were threatened by Japan's early attempts to invade Australia.

Elmhurst was held in high esteem by the Nazi hierarchy of America. He had spoken at countless Nazi meetings the country over since 1934, and he was a close friend of Stahrenberg, Deatherage, Hudson. In August 1937, Elmhurst was sent as delegate to the International Congress of *World Service* and showered with honors. Elmhurst was a prime factor in the psychological agitation against America's war effort.

The man was fantastic. All his teeth were capped in shining bright gold so that when he talked near a light or in bright



Two of "patriotic" Elmhurst's "patriotic" books. *The World Hoax* circulated widely among Pelley, Coughlinite and Park Avenue circles.

sunshine, his mouth seemed to glow with a lurid radiance. Barrel-chested, with squarish features, Elmhurst had a set, stubborn expression. I met Elmhurst at his home on Staten Island where he shared a cozy apartment with one Thomas Quinlan who knew Broenstrupp intimately. Quinlan told me he was a member of the Christian Front, had been active with the American Nationalist Party and attended Bund meetings. Elmhurst was engaged in writing a book that would "expose the Jew for all time."

"Will Theresa Holm help you edit it, as she did *The World Hoax?*" I asked.

"I don't know," Elmhurst replied. "I haven't made up my mind."

On the wall of Elmhurst's apartment was a calendar, the top showing an American Indian facing a Minute Man. Beneath them was a pair of bold swastikas. On the opposite wall was a coat of arms, decorated with a swastika in Nazi colors. Copies of Mrs. Dilling's and Sanctuary's books were on his shelves, in addition to a large assortment of Nazi books in

German and English. A stack of Sullivan's book, *The Road to Victory* and Dilling's and Hudson's current bulletins lay on his desk, with copies of the "patriotic" *Protocols* and Henry Ford's *The International Jew.*

I noted that his desk was unusually clean.

"An F.B.I. agent was here last week, and he may come again unexpectedly," Elmhurst explained. "I don't want them to go through my papers."

I was sure that the swastikas would not be on the wall then.

"What have you boys been doing lately?" I asked.

"We just returned from a trip we took together seeing patriotic friends," Quinlan volunteered.

Touring in Quinlan's car, they had visited Deatherage, Hudson, Charles W. Phillips, Elmer Garner, editor of *Publicity,* and Reverend Winrod's offices. In Indiana they had visited Pelley, and in Chicago paid their respects to Newton Jenkins, the Bund headquarters, and the "Julius Streicher" of Chicago.

"What was his name?" I asked.

Quinlan did not remember and Elmhurst would not tell. "We just went around to see what the boys were planning to do," he said.

"What is your line of work, Quinlan?" I asked.

"I'm a plumber, but I ain't working at it now," he answered. "Ernest and I are digging clams."

"You'd be making good money if you were working as a plumber," I said.

"That's right, but they'd put me to work on a defense project, and I'd be fighting against those who believe like I do. I wouldn't fight against the nationalist countries of Europe," Quinlan answered.

"Why aren't *you* in the army, George?" Elmhurst asked suddenly.

My draft board, of course, had determined my status. But in my investigations I had found it expedient to acquire a series of maladies. "I have a bad case of hernia," I answered, "and a very bad sinus, but they'll be calling me and I guess I'll have to go."

"Don't you do it," Elmhurst urged.

"How can I get away with it?" I asked, curious to know his reply.

"Tell them that the Dies Committee has influenced you and persuaded you against Soviet Russia and you cannot, therefore, fight on her side. Or else, you can tell them you read the Jewish *Bible* and learned to love your enemies. You love the Italians, Japanese and the Germans. Tell them that. They'll think you're a religious fanatic and leave you alone." Elmhurst was deadly in earnest.

Another bit of choice advice from Elmhurst was that I impersonate a soldier or officer. When caught I was expected to say: "I just wanted to know how it feels to wear a uniform."

"They'll put you away and you won't be drafted," Elmhurst explained.

Quinlan joined in with other schemes. "Don't let them take you into the army," he said. "Find some way to get out of it." As to his own plans Quinlan said: "I won't go into the army. I'll find a way to avoid it. Let them look for me."

Elmhurst assured me that he never overlooked an opportunity to "talk to soldiers and sailors." I asked him for more details.

"Since we can't work in the open we've got to work quietly. I just pick conversations with soldiers and sailors and ask them how it feels to be fighting a fake war."

"Aren't you apt to get into trouble that way?" I asked.

"Not if you go about it carefully. If the soldiers don't like it, you just leave them alone, but if they don't say anything you just keep on talking. I'm going to the city and we'll try it on the ferry."

Quinlan brought up the subject of the Catholic Church. "It's taking the side of the Jews and the Administration in fighting this war. Why some of the leaders of the Church are actually criminals. What is Archbishop Spellman but another guy who is looking out for himself?"

Elmhurst moved in. "That name Spellman sounds Jewish to me. He was born and raised in New York's ghetto and has absorbed the Judaic philosophy. Spellman smells kosher to me," he insisted.

"Maybe the Church is against Hitler because of the persecution of Catholics," I observed.

Elmhurst jumped on me. "Nothing of the kind. Germany is not persecuting the Catholics. It is the Jews who are making this propaganda. Jews in Germany became Holy Ghost Catholics, and Hitler told them to shut up but the Jews would not shut up, so Hitler cracked down on these. . . . Jews, not Catholics."

This was the most insanely ingenious explanation I had yet heard of Hitler's universal persecutions of religionists.

"We'd better be going," Elmhurst said. "I've gotta meet Bruno Richter."

Richter was a bartender who worked on Long Island. He and Elmhurst intended to visit a German lady named Munk whose son had been imprisoned for practicing the instructions Elmhurst had given me, and refused to bear arms. En route to the ferry, I asked Elmhurst if he knew General Moseley. "I've never met the General," Elmhurst said, "but he sent me some nice letters which I've locked up."

"Now here is how we work it on the ferry," Elmhurst began. "We go sit next to a couple of sailors and I begin by telling you that the Jews started the war and it is all a plot of the internationalist Jew bankers."

"Then what do I do?"

"You agree with me, and build up on that. Make sure you are talking loud enough for the sailors to hear you. But be careful, George. When they show you they don't like it, just stop talking."

"I get you," I said.

"After we finish with one group, we move to another, and another. Since we can't work in the open as before we'll work quietly," Elmhurst added.

But when we tried to follow out his plan in practice and made several efforts to engage service men in conversation, I felt like a traitor and couldn't go through with it. Elmhurst was furious with me.

"I'm disappointed in you, George," he said in disgust. "How in hell do you expect to win the war for us if you can't do better than that?"

"Give me another chance," I pleaded. "Let us try it again when we get out of the boat."

We tried it again at Battery Park. Elmhurst did not ask for

my co-operation this time. He picked his victim, a clean-cut young chap sitting on the bench, and declared bluntly that the Jews had started this war. The man took it calmly and said it was a matter of opinion. Opinion, hell, Elmhurst countered, the facts proved it. What facts, the man asked. Elmhurst came out with the sweeping generalities which I had heard at countless Bund meetings.

The man was unconvinced. "Those aren't facts," the man said quietly. "You are prejudiced. You are speaking emotionally. I can see you don't like the Jews, but that's no excuse for blaming this war on them. Stick to the facts and be logical about this if you want to get anywhere with me."

"Anyway, America can't win this war with all the Jews here," Elmhurst took off on another tangent.

"I think America will definitely win this war. It'll take us a little while to get started. But once we get going we won't stop till we crush those Nazis!"

This enraged Elmhurst but he controlled himself.

The man said German morale would break down first. Elmhurst said that was impossible. America would crack first. The man said America was as tough as any nation on earth. Elmhurst said it had become soft through movies and women. (Elmhurst did not associate with women.) The man said we were fighting a war to make the world a decent place to live in. Elmhurst said we were fighting for a dying Democracy. The future of Democracy lay in the years ahead of us, the man said, while the future of Nazism was death.

"Democracy is Jewish," Elmhurst raged, his face turning purple. "Democracy is nothing but the political system of the internationalist Jewish bankers. Baruch, Brandeis, Rabbi Wise, Lehman, Frankfurter—all Jews and all of them for Democracy. That proves Democracy is Jewish."

"Then fascism is Catholic," the man said quietly.

"Why do you say that? Look at Hitler. . . ."

"Yes, Hitler is a Roman Catholic. So is Goebbels. Mussolini, Franco and Petain are all Catholic. Does that prove that Nazism and dictatorship are Catholic just because some of the leaders are?"

Elmhurst lost his temper: "Come on, George, let's get the hell away from this guy."

We walked away. I looked back and slyly winked at the man we had left behind. "I guess we didn't pick the right man that time," I said, trying to hold back a smile.

"You're bad luck, George. You're the jinx. That's the first time I've met a son of a bitch like that."

"I guess he's one of Archbishop Spellman's Christians," I said.

"Yes, and he smells kosher to me."

We agreed to meet again. "I want to talk to you about some anti-Jew stickers," Elmhurst said.

When I had left Detroit I was not sure of Roberts' and Sage's reactions to my taking French leave. Immediately upon my arrival in New York I wrote both saying that my "mother" was in a "coma" and that the end might be expected momentarily. A week later I announced that "mother" had "died" and received the condolences of both. On June 14, Parker wrote:

All your letters have been safely received by myself, R. [Roberts]. We are all sorry to hear your mother passed on. As to the job it is still awaiting you. Why not transfer your draft registration here? Machine-shop experience might make it easier to get into non-combatant work. We hope to see you in person instead of hearing from you again. I can't go to bed & keep things moving too.

Roberts, too, wanted me to come back. "If and when you are able to return we'll welcome you to St. Clair Shores." He wrote a second time:

Garland left this week to take a job in Pontiac. . . . Bob L. [William Robert Lyman] sent me a wonderful book "The Secret World Government" by Major-General Count Cherep-Spiridovich. . . . They also list some other books on the cover. Could you drop around and find out if they are still in business and if possible if the Count is still alive? If you can get out here (should you decide to come) we can put you on and would like to have you but no one knows your problems better than you . . .

And with typical candor, Garland wrote:

The fight for an independent America still goes on. I am boosting for Rev. Smith, a fine man . . . and am distributing thousands of pieces of American literature such as Congressman Hoffman's "Don't Haul Down the Stars and Stripes." . . . Smith is going hot. . . . Please keep up the fight and write often. Best wishes for America.

I was delighted to know that I was not suspected. It meant that I could keep up my investigations of the N.W.L. by mail, and, if it ever became necessary, could return to Detroit. I hoped not. I took stock of my earnings while working for Roberts. He had paid me sixty cents an hour and I earned a net total of $91.30 during my three weeks' stay. I invested the money in war bonds.

Awaiting me one morning after my return from Detroit was a mimeographed leaflet from one George E. Hornby. It was an announcement that a convention of "patriots" was to meet at Boise, Idaho, on the Fourth of July. Hornby's leaflet emphasized James' Yankee Freemen theme.

It's our last chance to get together on a definite, unifying program and plan of action before our traitorous, Constitution-violating administration and its fellow-traveller Union Now, pro-Russian, anti-American powers . . . succeed in selling down the river to the British-Yiddish empire. . . .

What more justification do you need, what other incentive is necessary to move you to join other Yankee American Freemen—Ultra Americans all—for the purpose of issuing a re-Declaration of Independence, and to pledge our all for the redemption and purging of our U.S.A.?

I was not sure whether Hornby was in earnest about the inflammatory plans which his mimeographed leaflet indicated. But subsequent events showed that he was serious, and the convention was set to meet almost exactly seven months after Pearl Harbor:

This rally of Real Yankees is to start at 10:00 o'clock the morning of July 4th and end the evening of July 6th in Boise, Idaho.

No noise—no advertising—is being put out about the conclave. We are going about the business in hand quietly and earnestly; . . . Come praying and singing, "God, Help America."

I had first learned of George E. Hornby from an advertisement he inserted in *Publicity* in January, 1942 offering a bargain selection of "patriotic" literature at the special price of fifty cents. I sent him $1 and asked for a double bargain. To my amazement, I received a letter written on the *official* stationery of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, Canyon County Chapter, Caldwell, Idaho. Hornby's name appeared as "State Executive Committeeman."

I cultivated Hornby's "friendship" by mail, for I felt that the injection of the Nazi spirit in an organization of disabled war veterans could be a serious matter in war-time. Hornby wrote back cordially saying that he had enjoyed reading my fine letter, and was sending me under separate cover an "assortment of Ultra-American publications." He apologized because copies of the *Protocols* were sold out.

Upon receipt of his material I found that Hornby was promoting Mrs. Dilling's *Octopus*, Sanctuary's *The Talmud Unmasked* and Charles Hudson's bulletins. He had also reprinted in its entirety Stahrenberg's infamous leaflet *Why Are Jews Persecuted for Their Religion?* The same Nazi doctrine of hate was being used to arouse dissension in the Far West at a time when internal unity was paramount. Hornby also directed the Ultra-American Party, an offshoot of the American Service Brotherhood which "was originally organized and built around the issue of the American HOME." It believed in dealing "with the Jewish Question in accordance with the best American traditions."

The Ultra-American Party . . . is fighting your battle, and not in Europe either. . . . We would hate to think the American people were unworthy of the struggle we are making to preserve our Constitutional form of Government and true Americanism—*Ultra-Americanism.* Read, think, live, act and be Ultra-American. To be ULTRA-AMERICAN is to be AMERICAN and for the U.S.A. 100 per cent—only more so.

Hornby issued a series of Ultra-American books and tracts and spread them in a network throughout the country long

after Pearl Harbor, in addition to peddling Sanctuary's, Hudson's and Dilling's outpourings. On June 15 I received a personal invitation on the stationery of the Disabled Veterans:

We hope that you and any of your friends, who are dependable, trustworthy Yankee Americans ("Yankee" is a localism, a term that originally meant "first-rate" or "top-notch"), will find it possible to come to the convention as per the enclosed S-O-S announcement, which I trust you will take care to see that none of the enemy even gets a glimpse of.

Now with F.D.R. cracking down and telling Biddle to "get tough" with such as us, it is getting to be hard to know how far you can trust some people. . . . Hoping to see you here. . . .

It was comforting to know that Hornby regarded me as a fellow "first-rate" Yankee. I answered him immediately:

I was delighted to hear from you again. . . . I should tell that I'm not a disabled veteran. On the contrary, am not a member of the Legion, as I'm not old enough. I'm 100% American, born here, etc. . . . Are civilians about to go into the army acceptable at your convention? I'd like to know as I'd not like to spend the time and money to come out there and then find I'm not eligible to participate.

I got Hornby's reply by return air mail:

Dear Brother Yankee—

Don't worry about your welcome being in any way affected by the fact that you are not a World War Veteran. From what you say you stand a chance of being a more "seasoned" veteran than any of us and we only wish we could contact more who will be similarly situated before they have to face the horrors of this Jew-launched hell.

Both my son and son-in-law are already in the "service," and of course, I have poured into them all that they seemed to be able to soak up; but now it is risky on account of the censorship to write to them the things I'd like to keep them posted on. . . . If you get to see Sanctuary tell him about the convention, or give him this S-O-S.

. . . You'll find me calling the convention to order at 10:A.M. July 4th and you will learn the place of meeting after you get here, as you can understand WHY. Edward Holton James ex-

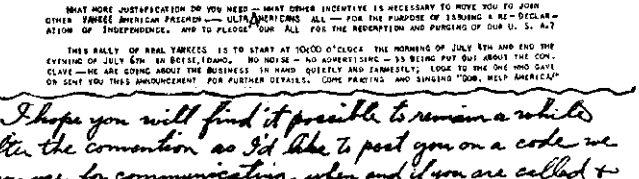
pects to come by plane. After the convention, before you start home, I'll load you up with literature, all you can make good use of.

. . . I feel that you will feel that it has been worth your while to take part in this before you get called. I hope you will find it possible to remain a while after the convention as *I'd like to post you on a code we can use for communicating when and if you are called*, & will be good for you to know it anyway.

My interest was considerably heightened by the secret "code" which Hornby proposed to teach me for our correspondence when I was drafted! Simultaneously, I heard from Edward Holton James who urged: "Go to the convention if you can make it. Anything is good that spells action."

I showed the correspondence and the convention leaflet to several official agencies of our government, and to the democratic group for which I worked. I also consulted Russell Davenport who was planning a comprehensive book on Nazi and native-Nazi forces. All were amazed at the boldness of an apparent group of war veterans brazenly defying the temper of a nation at war. I was urged to "get to the bottom of it."

I began to pack. But unlike the Detroit trip for which I had taken my old clothes and a battered bag, ready to decamp instantly, I felt I ought to dress more respectably. I purchased a khaki shirt, a pair of khaki trousers and took along my leather jacket, determined to look like a "veteran." I took my expensive view-camera. I slipped in a pack of special "process" film used by photographers for reproducing letters and booklets.



WHAT MORE JUSTIFICATION DO YOU NEED — WHAT OTHER INCENTIVE IS NECESSARY TO MOVE YOU TO JOIN OTHER YANKEE AMERICAN PATRIOTS — ULTRA AMERICANS ALL — FOR THE PURPOSE OF ISSUING A RE-DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, AND TO PLEDGE OUR ALL FOR THE REDEMPTION AND PURGING OF OUR U. S. A.?

THIS RALLY OF REAL YANKEES IS TO START AT TOCSO O'CLOCK THE MORNING OF JULY 5TH AND END THE EVENING OF JULY 6TH IN BOISE, IDAHO. NO NOISE — NO ADVERTISING — AS BEING PUT OUT ABOUT THE CONCLAVE — WE ARE GOING ABOUT THE BUSINESS IN HAND QUIETLY AND EARNESTLY; LOOK TO THE ONE WHO GAVE OR SENT YOU THIS ANNOUNCEMENT FOR FURTHER DETAILS. COME PRAYING AND SINGING "GOD, HELP AMERICA!"

I hope you will find it possible to remain a while after the convention as I'd like to post you on a code we can use for communicating when and if you are called & it will be good for you to know it anyway. Also, if you

Excerpt from Hornby's leaflet announcing his fascist convention and a section of his letter offering to teach Pagnanelli a secret code.

I had Mrs. Dilling's *Octopus*, copies of my *Christian Defender*, several membership cards and a small assortment of subversive literature distributed by East Coast Nazis.

As the train rumbled out of Grand Central Station, I fell to wondering to what extent the hate gospel had permeated the West, and to what extent Hitler's dissolvents were at work. I wondered to what extent the Great West would prove to be like the "narrow" East.

Chapter VII

SERPENTS AND VIPERS

> "When the day comes to settle the score and I'm given a reward for my patriotism, I want to be made chief executioner of those guys who are now sticking up for Democracy."
>
> Frank W. Clark

For three days and three nights I travelled 2,500 miles across the heartland of America. Roared past the smoking chimney-cities, with their teeming millions working on twenty-four-hour shifts to forge shapeless metal into armaments of war . . . past the lush virgin valleys of Iowa and the spanless prairies of Nebraska, where Nature was working around the clock to feed a mighty nation in the throes of war, past the "cattle country," and past states rich in precious metals. Wealth! Boundless, immeasurable wealth: beneath the earth and above it, waiting to be tapped—America!

And this was the land of my adoption that Hitler and his agents, Goebbels and his American Quislings would shatter from within, and ripen for his political conquest—if they could. The West inspired me to fight on harder than ever.

As the train came to a jarring stop at Boise, I alighted and yelled a hearty good-bye to a group of soldiers and sailors who had been my companions during the long journey from Chicago. We had exchanged confidences, drunk wine and whiskey and played the harmonica together. They were boys who had been overseas and were home on furlough. I learned all about women in Ireland, England and Australia.

Early in the afternoon I telephoned Hornby's home and learned that he was at the G.A.R. Hall, campaign headquarters.

"Come right over," he invited.

I met a man of about fifty-five, tall and rangy, with a brownish complexion and mustache. Hornby's face reflected the characteristic I had found common in my previous con-

tacts: that of a deep-seated hate frozen on immobile features; a face scarred with an inner, smoldering hate. Hornby had received a leg injury during the World War, and was compelled to use a cane.

I registered as a delegate and asked who else had arrived. The turnout was disappointing, Hornby said. News of the convention had somehow leaked out and he was worried. But two of the staunchest "patriots" in the West, Frank W. Clark of Tacoma and Mrs. Lois de Lafayette Washburn of Seattle, Washington, had both arrived.

"Where are they?" I asked, eager to take a room in the same hotel.

"They've registered at the Grand Hotel, but not under their right names. Clark has registered as William F. Gibson and Mrs. Washburn as Terese N. Thurlow. You'd better use another name, too: the enemy may be watching us."

I registered under the Yankee name of George Paige.

I asked Hornby if the convention were under the auspices of the Disabled War Veterans. It wasn't, he answered with some embarrassment, and he was no longer the Veterans' State Committee Executive.

"How about the letterheads?" I asked.

"I swiped a lot of them and have been using them for my correspondence," he explained. "It makes a good impression and it gives the movement dignity."

"I understand," I said, burying my emotions at the duplicity which had caused me to come out to Idaho.

"The Veterans don't know what it's all about," Hornby went on. "They're dumb about nationalism." He added that there weren't many Jews in Boise (population 30,000) but the Jews "run the city just the same."

Hornby introduced me to his associate in the Ultra-American Party, Joseph P. Spencer. I decided to work on Spencer and suggested having dinner together. Spencer proved to be a travelling missionary of hate and had lived variously at Briggs and Portland, Oregon; and Alexandria, Virginia. In 1939 he had toured the country in an auto, visiting such "patriots" as Deatherage and True. He had carried a load of "patriotic" literature, dropping it on his calls and receiving other tracts in exchange.

"We sure spread that literature around," Spencer boasted. "My wife and I carried that stuff from one end of the country to the other. No one can say I haven't done my bit for my country."

I asked Spencer how he had got his start in the movement. He had studied for the Baptist ministry and insisted that our churches were "outposts of the Jewish Empire." He told me he had been closely connected with the American Publishing Society, Bremerton, Washington, publishers of the *Protocols* and originators of the text for *Why Are Jews Persecuted for Their Religion?* I asked Spencer if he knew Stahrenberg. I explained that I had known him well.

"I've never met him, but we used to get a lot of stuff from the Nationalist Press," he answered.

"Do you know Edward Holton James?" I asked.

"Of course I do. Hornby and I both get his stuff and I agree one hundred per cent with him."

After dinner Spencer invited me to his home, six miles from Boise, where he kept a chicken and goat farm. Here he gave me some of the literature he had published. Its pattern was identical to that in the East. Spencer had a copy of *The Octopus*, quantities of Hudson's bulletins and an assortment of subversive literature already familiar to me. As we sat in the yard, munching fruit, he exploded:

"We'll have to have a revolution. I see no other way out."

It was a familiar cry, expressed in identical terms in the East. The word he used, "liberate," also had a familiar ring. Hitler used it to "liberate" Czechoslovakia. And Hitler "liberated" Poland, Belgium and France. "Liberate America" one of Stahrenberg's leaflets screamed. "Join the American National-Socialist Party."

Spencer outlined his plan for the revolution. It would start from the West, and roll eastward, gathering in force until it reached Washington. This, too, had a familiar ring, for it had originated with Nazi Consul Manfred von Killinger and the idea was promoted by Deatherage and his fascist friend, Mrs. Leslie Fry.

"But it's going to be a legal revolution," Spencer continued: "We don't want to do anything that's out of the way. We'll follow a strict Constitutional course."

"Yes, yes," I said, somewhat bored. I knew what was coming next.

"We'll have a second Declaration of Independence, elect a brand-new Congress and move the capital from Washington to Denver. We'll reshape our Republic and start from the beginning."

I asked Spencer if he would welcome Hitler here, knowing in advance that the answer would be an emphatic NO.

"No, siree, no Hitler here. We don't want any foreign *isms*. They belong in Europe. We want an America for Americans. We want a Yankee American government to rule Yankee Americans! America for the Americans. That's my ticket!"

Spencer showed me the letter he had received from Senator Reynolds, written on the stationery of *The American Vindicator*. On the bottom appeared the line "America for Americans . . . Our Citizens, Our Country First." The letter, dated March 1, 1940, read:

Thank you immensely for your fine letter of February 20, which has just reached my desk, and in appreciation of which I am hastening a response at the earliest possible moment. I do wish we had more full-blooded Americans like yourself in this country today who are actively engaged in helping America. . . .

I also thank you for the folder enclosed entitled *U. S. prospers attending to own affairs*. It is fine. I read it with much interest and appreciation.

With every good wish, my dear Mr. Spencer, and reassurances of my deep appreciation of your fine patriotic American cooperation, I am,

Most sincerely yours,
(signed) Robert R. Reynolds

Whenever something about Senator Reynolds came up I found it difficult to reconcile the fact that he was actually a Senator, and Chairman of the extremely important Committee on Military Affairs at that!

I went back to my room in the Grand Hotel and readied myself for the convention the next day. The presence of Mrs. Washburn and of Clark was a godsend. Even if no one else of importance attended, my trip would have been worth it to learn just what these two co-conspirators in the American Nazi cause had been doing since Pearl Harbor. Hornby had said: "They've been very active, but working quietly."

Himself a World War veteran, Clark was formerly a lieutenant in Pelley's Silver Shirts. But he broke away from the "Goateed Fuehrer" and established his own storm-troop outfit known as the League of War Veteran Guardsmen. Clark had served as underground contact man with important fascists and travelled widely on mysterious secret missions.

Mrs. Lois de Lafayette Washburn, claiming to be a descendant of the French hero, was a veteran worker in the fascist cause. Although she, too, had operated from many parts of the country, she performed her greatest voluntary service to Goebbels' cause in Chicago by founding the American Gentile Protective Association, with Clark as national organizer. She maintained an extensive correspondence and had a mailing list of several thousand key cell-leaders throughout the country. Mrs. Washburn circulated a pledge which included the startling declaration: "I solemnly swear that never again will I vote for a candidate of either of the amalgamated Republican or Democratic parties."

Instead, she urged pledgees to:

. . . help support [the] organization of a NEW POLITICAL PARTY that will help stop this world holocaust, outlaw Communistic, Bolshevistic Judaism, smash the capitalism of international finance . . . and put a military man in the White House as Commander-in-Chief of our Army and Navy.

With Clark, Mrs. Washburn had helped found in 1938 the National Liberty Party with a typical American fascist platform. It wasn't her first experience with Nazi-inclined groups, for she made the following admission in writing:

. . . So I cast about me for male leadership. Finally I hit upon the idea of asking Father Coughlin to undertake to organize the forces of decency—since he was already on the radio battling the money-changers. Thus I really was the original sponsor of the N.U.S.J. [National Union for Social Justice]. I organized Unit No. 15 of the Tenth Congressional District, and helped to organize other units.

Her climaxing effort was the publication of the *Second Declaration of Independence*, in which she urged that "patriots":

> . . . utterly dissolve and break off all political connection that may hitherto have subsisted . . . and work out our own salvation . . . along Fascistic lines under the existing Constitution, which we will fight to defend and preserve.

As I went to bed in my hotel room, I put the light out and pulled up the shade. My eyes stared at what I saw in the room a scant twenty feet across from my window. The shade of the other room was up, and before the mirror in the room was a woman with her back to me. I believe that in such circumstances most normal young men would keep their shade up and await developments. But in this case I had an especial reason. I had never seen her, but I had a hunch that the woman was Mrs. Washburn. I waited till the woman with the shapely spine turned around so I could see her face. She turned around and I looked. Was it Mrs. Washburn? I wouldn't know until I saw her at the convention.

As I went to bed on the eve of Independence Day, I looked forward to meeting the following day those bogus "patriots" who were dedicated to the shattering of the United States in order to leave the pieces for an imported Hitler or a native Laval to piece together in a New Order, with a Second Declaration of Independence, and the "election" of a puppet New Congress.

Yes, the woman who undressed with her shade up *was* Mrs. Washburn.

The convention was called to order at ten A.M., on the Fourth of July after Pearl Harbor. It was a convention in name only. In a sense I was glad to see only fifteen assorted "patriots" present, and except for the principals, the rest were of no consequence in American Nazi politics. Although disappointed at the turnout, I was glad to see that the big-time "patriots" had finally learned to respect the might of the F.B.I. and the Attorney General's office, even though their reactions toward the Dies Committee remained mixed.

Hornby set the pace by reading a long-winded *Re-Declaration of Independence* which he had composed in longhand on a thick pad of yellow paper. He had tried to model it after the immortal document but his attempt was a sickening plagiarism of Jefferson's inspired prose. Hornby didn't even know how the Declaration of Independence began and had to refer to a history book he had brought along.

The "convention" started peaceably enough with Mrs. Washburn giving an emotional harangue about the role "we patriots" were expected to play on behalf of "Christ and Country." She confided to us that she had been in constant touch with Edward Holton James and had evolved a Yankee Minuteman plan of action which would incorporate James' basic idea but avoid its libelous content.

The Yankee Minuteman proposal started the fireworks. Spencer had his own pet scheme to further and the two fell to squabbling. Too jealous to let the initiative rest with a woman, Spencer expostulated about a "necessary national leadership composed of such men as Lindbergh and Nye" to lead a Yankee Minuteman idea. Clark jumped to Mrs. Washburn's defense, and from then on the fireworks began to pop off in every direction.

Hornby sided with Spencer. Clark-Washburn began to woo me to their side. But I played the strategic role of a neutral. My task was to get as much data about each as I could and I could ill afford to antagonize them. The first day of the convention ended amid noise and confusion and we adjourned without having accomplished anything. That night I had supper with the Clark-Washburn clique and found that we had a lot of "friends" in common.

Mrs. Washburn was a short, plump woman of middle age, a veritable shrew in politics. Clark proved to be a rough type with large, jutting jaw, bull-like stance, an air of thorough aggressiveness. He was dressed in a khaki suit, with shoulder straps and wore a ring of opal with the Germanic initial "D" mysteriously imposed on it.

"There's nobody of any importance in the patriotic movement that we don't know," Clark began. True, Sanctuary, Edmondson, Moseley, Deatherage—he was a friend of them all and a hundred others of their kind.

Clark spoke of having had contact in the past "with Ger-

man boys" but he was reluctant about details. He said these "patriotic Germans" had been "ready to come in" on a storm-troop movement in the northwest, but the plan had leaked out and they had been scared off. Clark talked freely of the need for revolution.

"I'm organizing patriotic bands in the Northwest," he said. "My job is to act as co-ordinator between different groups throughout the country. The revolution has got to get going in the West first."

I asked about the supply of arms and ammunition.

"That's being taken care of right now. Almost everybody has a rifle and they are putting away other firearms. The guys that prefer the silent method are stocking up on knives."

Mrs. Washburn interjected that Clark's organization of veterans had many thousands of members. Clark refused to name any specific figures, but merely said: "We can only get this thing rolling with the help of the vets on a nation-wide scale. That's what I'm doing now—organizing them underground."

Clark was one of the most bloodthirsty Turks I had ever met in my work as investigator. He talked incessantly of massacre and murder and pogroms. "The sons of bitches ought to be pushed into the Pacific," he said time and again. He talked continually of "killing, hanging and gouging the enemy." He had but one ambition: "When the day comes to settle the score, and I'm given a reward for my patriotism, I want to be made chief executioner of those guys who are now sticking up for Democracy."

Sitting at the table, Mrs. Washburn kept repeating: "Those serpents and vipers ought to be smashed underfoot." It was her favorite expression and she interjected it on every occasion.

That night Clark invited me and several of the local men to his hotel room and bombarded us for two hours with a harangue against Communism. His speech was based entirely on the fantastic reports of Mrs. Catherine Baldwin, New York director of the Defenders of the Constitution of the United States of America, and author of an eery Jewish-Liberal-Masonic-Communist-Capitalist plot to ruin the "Republic."

I had breakfast with Clark, and when I learned that Clark would not attend the second session of the convention because

he might get into a scrap with Spencer, I suggested we go back to the hotel and "talk things over." The two were planning to leave on the one o'clock bus, thoroughly disgusted at Spencer's sabotage of their proposed domination of the convention. Back in the hotel Mrs. Washburn expressed great admiration for Jeremiah Stokes, a Salt Lake City attorney who had published a booklet, *The Communists' Plot to Purge American Patriots From Congress.*

"If you go down to Salt Lake City be sure to give him my regards," Mrs. Washburn said. "He's doing a fine job against the serpents and vipers."

I wanted to get Clark's views on Hitler.

"I respect him one hundred per cent," he said without hesitation. "Of course, I would not like to see Hitler here, but we can adopt for America those measures which would work in America."

Mrs. Washburn had already expressed Japanese sympathies, and I asked what she thought of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor:

"The New Deal worked secretly with Japan to bring it on," she said. This was the wildest tale, the choicest Nazi lie I had yet heard on the trip, but I acted as though I had suspected the same thing all along. She continued: "Japan is helping us fight off the Jew and the Jewish capitalist system. They are fighting the nationalist cause with us. They are our allies and not our enemies as those internationalist serpents and vipers would have us believe."

I asked Clark if I should join the army or work my way out.

"If I were to advise you as I want to advise you," he said, "I might be held for it." He went on to recite how some of his best friends among the Silver Shirts were being locked up by army authorities. "You can do what you want to do," he said winking.

"The Jews and the F.B.I. have been on my trail," he continued. "I'm having a helluva a time getting my mail. I got to use all sorts of blinds and phony names. Sometimes it takes me a month to get letters." I wondered why a staunch "patriot" should have to resort to such subterfuges.

Clark told me of an attorney with whom he had corre-

sponded in Salt Lake City: "His name's McKnight and he's an okay fella. If you go down mention my name. Before you leave us, George," he said, "let me give you this."

Clark went over to a box on his desk and took out a small white eagle. He seized the lapel of my coat and decorated me with it.

"It's the symbol of the Yankee Minuteman," he said solemnly. Duly "impressed" at the "honor," I observed that the eagle was also Germany's emblem.

"Yes," Clark said, "the American eagle has his head up. Germany's eagle is crouching."

"In order to jump on the serpents and vipers," Mrs. Washburn put in.

Clark remained behind, while Mrs. Washburn and I walked over to the G.A.R. Hall. The crowd had increased by several more local men. It was Sunday and Spencer started off with a "prayer" which lasted a half hour and was filled with invectives against Democracy, Jews, the British, the Administration, the Communists and capitalism. Only Hitler was left out. The harangue was no sooner over than Spencer and Mrs. Washburn who had almost walked out during the "prayer" nearly came to blows over a discussion of the Yankee Minuteman. She moved that the convention be closed.

"That may be a wise thing to do," Hornby said. "News of the convention leaked out and a reporter called up my home for a story."

"I'd better run back to the hotel and pack up," Mrs. Washburn said in alarm. "The serpents and vipers are after us."

This officially ended the Boise fascist convention. From stacks placed on tables, the delegates helped themselves to "patriotic" literature. They went away loaded down with copies of *Publicity*, Jeremiah Stokes' booklet, *The Program of the National Liberty Party*, the vicious leaflet *Your Crucifixion*, copies of *The Ultra-American* and tracts advocating the "Ultra-American Way."

From Mrs. Washburn and Clark I had already received leaflets urging the sale of the *Protocols;* pledge cards urging the formation of a "new political party"; tracts advocating impeachment against the President; the platform of James' Yankee Freemen advocating immediate peace with Germany and Japan; and a lengthy mimeographed tract entitled *The Coming Civil War, Strife and Bloodshed* by Frank W. Clark.

Overwhelmed by the weight of the "patriotism" I had witnessed on this Fourth of July week end, I decided to walk off by myself to digest it all. I sat in the park facing the State Capitol and I reviewed events of the last few days. My trip had not been entirely fruitless. I had gathered some very incriminating facts against Clark and Mrs. Washburn, both of whom had camouflaged their underground work effectively since Pearl Harbor. I felt sure that their strong Axis sympathies, the literature they had distributed and the tracts they intended to publish would deeply interest the authorities.

Then, too, I had received introductions to "patriots" in Salt Lake City. In New York I had already seen evidence of Jeremiah Stokes' work and knew of the Nazi leanings of another "patriot" in Salt Lake City, Ernest Hollings. I felt that a nest of pro-Axis Americans was functioning quietly there which ought to be investigated. I wrote letters to McKnight, Stokes and Hollings, saying I expected to arrive in a day or two. My round trip ticket allowed me to return by way of Salt Lake City at no extra cost. I had just finished writing when Hornby phoned me at my room.

"I've been expecting you all afternoon," he said impatiently. "Don't you want to learn that code?"

"The code, yes. I almost forgot. I'll come right over."

Hornby and I sat with our chairs pulled up close. On a letterhead of the Disabled American Veterans he began to sketch the code letters. I watched him intently as he drew the symbols.

"What'll we use the code for?" I asked.

"For messages. We can exchange secret information when you are in the army. I can send you confidential stuff and you can send me some without the censors being any the wiser."

"What secret information would you want from me?" I asked, suspiciously.

"I have inside information that the Jewish officers will kill all the Gentile ones and put Communists in their place. I want you to write me when the plot begins to take shape."

I looked at him in amazement. The West certainly produced liars! Hornby must have sensed my disbelief.

"I'm telling you things, George, that very few people know. When you get into the army I want you to send me the names of the Jewish officers and all the information you can get on them."

"What'll you do with the information?" I asked.

"I'll send it along to the proper people." Hornby refused to elaborate and went back to the code.

"You'd better not mail me the code letters from the army post. Wait for week ends so you can send them from some small town. Later on we'll arrange a blind you can send your letters to."

Hornby asked me to listen carefully as he explained the figures, symbols and numbers he had put down on the letterhead.

"Now this first one is the Playfair Code, used regularly in the army. I've put it down so you can contrast it with the others, but we won't use that. This one," he pointed to a dual column with symbols resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics, "is real secret, but very hard to remember. You can use it after a while, but for the time being I'd suggest that you use the simplest and one of the cleverest codes I've devised."

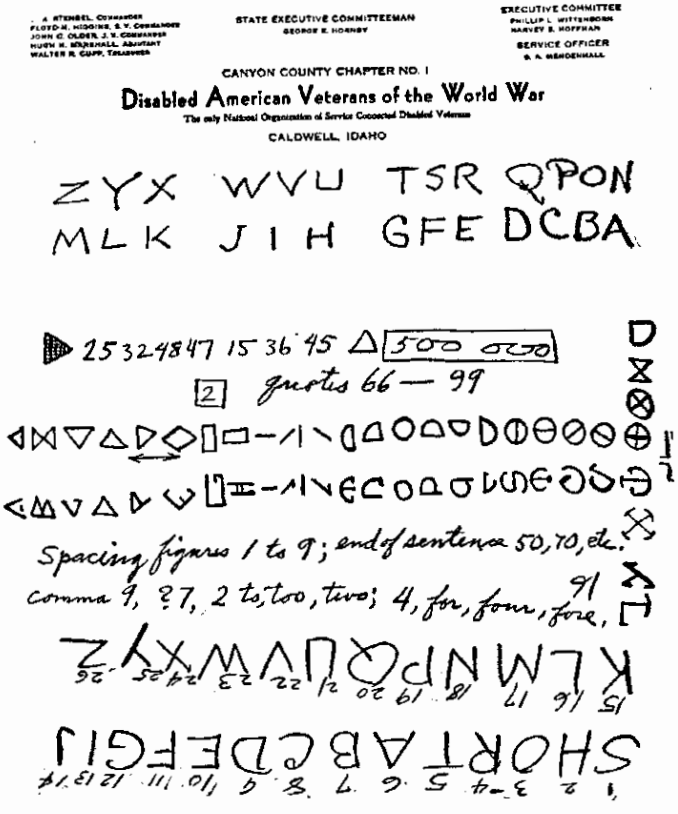
Hornby pointed to the top row of letters he had grouped as follows:

ZYX	WVU	TSR	QPON
MLK	JIH	GFE	DCBA

"That's the alphabet spelled backwards," he explained. "To write the word 'Disabled' we begin by putting down the symbol letter for 'D'—here it is," and Hornby pointed to the first column of modified hieroglyphics. To write 'i' we take the second column and read down five letters to 'i'—that gives us code number '25.'" To write the code number for 's' we go to the third column, second letter—which gives us '32.'"

"Let me find the code number for 'a,'" I said. I found 'a' in the fourth column, and counting from the first letter of the column I found 'a' to be the eighth letter. The code number was 48.

"That's right," Hornby said, and worked out the rest of the word "Disabled." "It's simple. But it's a sticker if you don't know how."



Hornby's codes. Bottom rows (letters upside down) illustrate the Playfair Code. The dual rows of hieroglyphics above it show complicated codes devised by Hornby. The top row (alphabet in reverse) was the basis of the code most frequently used by Hornby, with the word "Disabled" written out below it: (D)25.32.48.47.15.36.45.

"Oh, I'm a photographer, too," Hornby said, "and I do sketching. I'm especially good at maps and copying interiors to measurements. By the way, when are you leaving?" he asked.

"Tomorrow. I'm going back by way of Salt Lake."

Early the next morning Hornby came to my room, greatly excited.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "You seem worried."

"Yes, about that code. Listen, George, do you think somebody will find out about it? I've been thinking all night. Somebody might come around and search this place. You'd better give the code back."

"I sent the code home by registered mail yesterday," I lied. "I'm always one step ahead of the enemy!"

Hornby seemed relieved. "I've heard from Hudson and McKnight," he said, taking out of his pocket a copy of Hudson's bulletin and a letter from the Salt Lake City attorney. The letter excited me because of its inflammatory contents. I determined to get either the letter or a copy of it. But how? I had to think fast.

"Look, Hornby, that's a mighty long and interesting letter McKnight has written you. Why don't you leave it here and let me read it at my leisure. I'd like very much to enjoy every word of it."

"I'll wait here while you read it," he said. "I have plenty of time. I don't have to be at the W.P.A. Project till one o'clock."

"If you don't mind, I'd like to copy down a short paragraph or two," I blurted. "The man is a poet as well as a patriot. I'll give it back to you as soon as I finish with it."

As he hesitated, I said: "C'mon. Let's not hang around here on this beautiful day. Let's go out and have a drink."

I took the letter and tossed it on my bed. After a while I returned alone and locked the door carefully behind me. I went immediately to my suitcase, took out a large photoflood bulb of 1000 watts and placed it in the light socket over the wash-basin. Then I set up my camera, and stretched out the bellows to within a few feet of the letter which I propped up against the wall with adhesive tape. I was taking critical focus under the burning photoflood lamp when in my excitement I tipped over the camera. With a pounding heart I dove after it and I caught it just before it hit the ground.

I set it up, again taking critical focus so that every comma and period showed clearly in the reflecting mirror. Holding my breath so the camera would not move, I counted fifteen and snapped the shutter. I made two copies of each page and also of the envelope with the date line. A section of McKnight's letter to Hornby read:

> I am filled with sore regrets, from the fact now confronting me; which forbids my attendance, at the convention of YANKEE FREEMEN. This will be a momentionous meeting, an historic gathering of the bone and sinue of true American liberty I verrily believe.
>
> I would sacrifice a lot to be with you, so if I am absent in body I will attend in spirit and prayer. Oh, how I would love to strike hands with such nobelmen as Father Coghlin, Jearald Winrod, William Dudley Pelley, David Baxter, Frank W. Clark, and Edward Holton James from whose mighty brain was struck, like a living spark from the eternal alter of freedom, that statement of principles, equal in import to the declaration of independence: not to say Wheeler, Lindberg the incomparable, Senator Nye and Walsh, and others too numerous to mention here. Oh, what I would give to be numbered with them, what an honor, what a rare prevelidge. . . .

While not the best speller in the world, it was apparent that McKnight was no less a fanatic than Clark, Washburn, Hornby, Spencer. I was putting away the camera and film when the door handle rattled—accompanied by insistent knocking.

"Who is it?" I asked alarmed.

"It's me, Hornby."

I opened the door. "I came after that letter," Hornby said seeing it on the bed. "I got worried. . . . Say, what's that camera doing here?"

"This is a military zone, ain't it?" I asked. "And the enemy knows I was at the convention. Before packing, I'm sealing up the camera, the lens, and all my film with this adhesive tape so they can't frame me by saying I was taking pictures. A fellow's got to be careful these days. There's no tellin' what those Jews will do to a Yankee. . . ."

Hornby, whose intuitions seemed much more sensitive than I had imagined, seemed satisfied with the explanation. "I'll see you off on the bus," he said.

"Sure thing. It leaves in a half hour."

He sensed something was wrong somewhere, but couldn't quite make me out. Hornby wasn't a "big shot" fascist, although over the years he had done irreparable damage to the democratic cause in the Far West. What fascinated me was his soul-searing fanaticism. Hate had played such a crushing role in his life that he was completely subordinated to the delusions of a "Jewish plot to kill Gentile officers" which only a hate-oppressed mind could concoct.

Chapter VIII

THE MORMON CITY

> "Japan and Germany will help us fight to preserve the Constitution by sending over whatever military aid becomes necessary. This is according to prophecy. . . . Hitler is the Redeemer of the Constitution."
>
> Ernest Hollings

I was in the room alone with two men. The one who had pumped both my hands in welcome was a small round man with a bald dome and rotund face. He had small, beady eyes and he peered at you from behind rimmed glasses. He was definitely of the single-track, uncompromising zealot type. Jeremiah Stokes had let his law practice slide and was devoting the major portion of his time to the writing of "patriotic" tracts.

The other man I faced was more than six feet tall, with powerfully sloping shoulders and a barrel chest. He had a large nose and blazing brown eyes. He was tanned a deep leather tan. His hands were veritable chunks of raw meat and bone, his wrists thick, his forearms—his shirt was rolled back to the elbow—were like those of a wrestler. All in all, James H. McKnight reminded you of a backwoods county sheriff, a man of action, tough as rawhide.

"By God, it's coming as sure as the sunrise," McKnight said, speaking in a voice deep and resonant. "The only way out of the mess is for an armed uprising to get going. Everyone here has guns and pistols. I myself have five—two pistols, two rifles, one shotgun."

I asked if the pistols were registered.

"They're supposed to be. Guys out here don't bother much."

Stokes, the cautious and careful one, said he had "heard" that guerrilla bands would be formed in due time which would raid adjoining towns, clean up the Jews and move on

during the night. Those from Salt Lake City would pounce on adjoining towns, while vigilantes from adjoining towns would "clean up" the Jews of Salt Lake City.

"That's so the patriots will not be recognized," McKnight put in. "Yes sir, it'll be guerrilla fighting. It'll start in the West and sweep to the East. Sure as the sunrise."

Memories of General Moseley, Fry, Deatherage, Spencer —on July 7, precisely seven months after Pearl Harbor! Then to my ears which by this time had become inured to the startling, came the sound of McKnight's booming voice:

"What we need is a Hitler in every state—a strong man who will rule things the right way."

Stokes and McKnight had offices in the Atlas Building. Both had read Pelley and Winrod faithfully. Both had been active in America First Committee work. Stokes admitted being in touch with Hudson and Sanctuary. He knew Thorkelson personally. From Stokes I learned that he had been active in the "patriotic" movement since 1933, the year Dashnag henchmen killed the Archbishop and Hitler came to power. Stokes had been writing extensively since then. Under the imprint of the Federated Libraries, Inc. he estimated that he had distributed several hundred thousand "patriotic" tracts. American Women Against Communism in New York were eastern distributors of his goods and Edwin Perry Banta was his main contact.

Although I hadn't yet obtained a rounded picture of subversion in the Mormon City, I got the instant impression that McKnight was ringleader. He had been "educated" from the writings of Colonel Sanctuary, Stahrenberg, Snow, Edmondson, Asher (editor of *The X-Ray*), Baxter's Social Republic Society, the various Mothers groups and countless similar patrioteers.

"Let's get a bite to eat," McKnight said.

At lunch we met Ernest Hollings. I invited him to my hotel room in the evening to "talk things over quietly. And bring a friend with you," I added.

Hollings brought along C. F. Allen, Pelley's former representative in the Mormon City. A nondescript type, Allen's face seemed to have been pressed through a wringer. His mouth was tiny, his forehead was steeply sloping and he had

the eyes of a frightened man. Allen believed that Pelley's fascist plan as outlined in his book *No More Hunger*—richly praised by the Japanese—should prevail in America. "Pelley is the Jews' best friend," Allen said earnestly. "The Jews don't realize it."

Asked him about the "rich old woman" who I had heard had given money to Pelley.

"Oh, I think you mean old Marie Ogden. She lives in a wild part of Utah. She is a card, all right. Her sister died and she kept injecting fluids into the body for two years expecting to bring it back to life."

"Did it ever come back to life?" I asked, deadpan.

"No," Allen said seriously. "Marie Ogden was just a fanatic, and they say she gave all her money to Pelley."

Of the two, Hollings interested me more. A short, rounded man with a fine skin, fine features and silver, well-brushed hair, he had been instructor of physical education at the University of Utah, he told me. His distinguished accent belonged to South Africa, and from Africa he had emigrated to the Mormon capital. But Hollings proved to be a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, for behind the small, philosophic, professorial face, was the tongue of a seasoned Hitlerite disciple.

Like McKnight, Stokes and Allen, Hollings also was a Mormon. He had started on his hate-mongering work by distributing bound copies of *The International Jew* during the twenties. Since then under the imprint of Christian Party Headquarters, he had sold the *Protocols*, distributed Pelley's, Edmondson's, Spiridovich's poison writings, particularly recommending Winrod's *Defender* and *Destiny*, organ of the Anglo-Saxon Federation. Hollings revealed that during the 1936 elections he had received $300.00 from the Republican Party for legitimate campaign purposes.

"I used the money to buy 40,000 pieces of patriotic leaflets against the President," he said. Among them, he confided, were thousands of copies of Reverend Winrod's *Revealer* which in banner headlines "proved" "ROOSEVELT'S JEWISH ANCESTRY" from authentic Nazi sources.

Hollings was a confirmed religious fanatic and believed implicitly in the "prophecies" of the Anglo-Saxon Federation. He was thoroughly steeped in the teachings of the cult. No

matter that some of his beliefs were based on such forgeries as *Washington's Vision* and *Benjamin Franklin's Diary*. Blind religious fervor spurred Hollings to desperate missionary work. And enslaved by Nazi complexes he looked forward to an uprising by "patriots" simultaneously from the East and the West, to which the Axis powers would give direct support.

"What's that? What's that you just said?" I asked incredulously.

"I said," Hollings repeated calmly and with the conciseness of a professor, "that when the American people revolt from the East and the West at a preordained hour to battle Communism, we shall receive direct aid from the Axis powers. This aid will come both from Japan and Germany."

"Do you mean to say that Japan and Germany will intervene in a military way to establish nationalism here?" I asked.

"What I mean, precisely," Hollings continued, "is that both Japan and Germany will help us fight to preserve the Constitution by sending over whatever military aid becomes necessary. This is according to prophecy."

I leaned back limp against my bed, where I had been sitting.

"What's the matter. Do you feel weak?" Hollings and Allen both came over.

"No," I said. "It was your prophecy. I had a revelation myself."

"What was it? Tell me," Hollings urged.

"It was nothing," I answered. "It was abortive. It went away. Now, coming back to the Axis," I resumed, "I suppose you look upon Hitler as . . . a sort of guardian."

"Hitler is the Redeemer of the American Constitution!" Hollings said.

Hollings also predicted victory for National-Socialism, after which would arrive a millennium of peace, life eternal, the liberation of American Indians, etc., etc. It was taken verbatim from the Nazi dream bag. Hollings had read it so many times that he came to believe the prophecy to be his own.

"The Kingdom of God shall come," he said impressively, "but it will be preceded by a confusion, during which time this country will be torn by revolution."

"Let's be practical," I said. "What can you and I do to hurry along the Kingdom of God. I'm no good at waiting."

"There is a lot that you and I can do. The whispering campaign is a good method. Holding quiet meetings at homes or offices is another method. There are many ways you can do the work of the Lord. Today there are many groups with opinions which differ as to method but are unanimous as to the ultimate ends. Some of these groups are always battling each other. You tell me it happened at the Boise convention. That is a healthy sign. It shows that we are in a battling mood. But some day these groups will forget their differences and merge under one leadership and one common aim."

"What will that aim be?" I asked.

"The Kingdom of God, of course. The factor which will bring them together may be racial or it may be political, but they'll be united eventually. The America First Committee brought many of the groups under one leadership."

"But it was Jew-controlled," Allen put in. This was the Nazi party line which was evolved when the America First Committee disbanded, and thus ostensibly ended its career of appeasement and psychological sabotage.

Hollings answered Allen: "That made no difference. It united the large majority of the people under nationalist leadership, and that is what counted. If there were any Jews on it they would have been thrown out eventually."

I switched the conversation back to Hitler and Nazi Germany.

"Hitler wanted peace, world peace," Hollings declared. "It was Poland which first invaded Germany and naturally Germany had to retaliate. Hitler merely wants to unite the German people under one leadership. The Lord permits you to do that, you know."

I saw my guests to the door, after which I immediately took to jotting down my notes. It was a long time before I could fall asleep, before I could reconcile myself to the truth that what I had just heard had taken place in a city founded by a great spiritual leader who had fled from persecution and oppression! I wondered how many times the great Brigham Young had already turned over in his grave at the sight of his

co-religionists planning and plotting an era of persecution and bloodshed which would far exceed the oppressions which his own followers had suffered.

"A group of the boys are meeting up in my room this afternoon," McKnight said on the second day of my stay at Salt Lake City.

"I'll be there," I said.

"And come to my office any time you want to. The door is always open during the day. Come in and use the typewriter. Make yourself perfectly at home," McKnight insisted.

I whiled away my afternoons, typing and making notes of letters and booklets which McKnight left loosely on his desk or closet. The temptation to make copies was great, but I had to be extremely careful for the "boys" dropped in unexpectedly. I trained myself to listen to the slightest footstep and instantly go back to typing innocent letters to mother.

Among the "boys" was Alfred F. Hust, the photographer, whose shop was a few doors from McKnight's office. Hust pouted perpetually against the F.B.I. "They won't let me alone. They always come around to my shop and my home and ask questions." A short beefy, belligerent man, with surly lips and volatile temper, he had been interned as an alien dur-

Hon. J.H. McKnight,
Attorney-at-Law,
207 Atlas Building
Salt Lake City, Utah.

P. O. Box 1326,
Tacoma, Washington.
March 26, 1942

My dear Sir;

Through the kindness of one person in the name of Mrs. Lois de Lafayette Washburn, General Delivery, Seattle, Washington, your name, letter and copy of her latest reply to you, have been forwarded to the writer; same before the writer.

So the Yankee element, and the Nationalist element, (it is understood that you are a nationalist - native born -) are PREPARING for the coming revolution. They are NOT interested in REFORMING anything. They are interested ONLY in revolution and ARE preparing for it. The Communists have prepared for revolution

Therefore, an institution is afoot in the making. It shall, undoubtedly, be led by Yankees, with an expected following of millions of other good and patriotic Americans. They, these Yankees certainly know among other good Americans, that an American Second Revolution is inevitable, because they also know that the

Respectfully,
F.W. Clark
FRANK W. CLARK

Enclosure.

Excerpts from the inflammatory letter "patriot" Clark wrote McKnight on March 26, 1942.

ing the World War. "They want to know if I've been taking pictures. Of course I have—that's my business. I take them in my studio every day."

Hust was a member of the Steuben Society. During a dinner tendered by Steubenites in honor of Nazi Consul and spy ringleader, Fritz Wiedemann, Hust had gone over "just to shake his hand, that's all," he asserted, and continued: "I never receive any literature or anything. But listen," he said softly, "if you send me anything do it through McKnight."

One of the regulars at McKnight's office was David Slider Richton, nicknamed "Hitler Richton." He had a colossal head, which seemed to be bulging in all directions, a large beet-red nose and frowsy white hair.

"Why do they call you Hitler Richton," I asked.

"Because of the poem I wrote *Hitler's Not a Bad Man After All.* I'll recite it for you. . . ." He did recite it, without waiting to be asked. The doggerel verse ran nine stanzas:

Hitler's not a bad man, the world must have him wrong,
So thought that I should tell you in the rhythmic verse or song,
He's trying to help the Have-nots
Cause the Haves claim nearly all,
Hitler's not a bad man after all.

Richton asked for my birthday and hour of birth and when I had told him, he said: "I've been watching you. You're a natural-born Mormon, and the date and hour of your birth show that you like adventure and like to work alone."

"That's true," I said. "What else can you tell about me?"

"You also like to investigate. You will make a good investigator." Then he asked sharply, "Have you ever done any investigating?"

"I never have," I answered, "but I'd like to try it some day."

Another of the boys visiting McKnight was Alvey C. Johnson, a former policeman. A powerfully built chap, Johnson was the silent type. He just sat back and listened.

"I sure like to see McKnight get mad," he said.

"I'll bet he makes the other guys look sick," I said.

"You bet he does," Johnson answered, and recounted how one day in court a witness whom McKnight was examining

had called him a liar. "So McKnight just slams the witness on the jaw right in court. . . ."

"Yes?" I asked, curious.

"And breaks the witness' jaw. But that's nothing—he's beat up a lot of guys around here."

I wondered what might happen if McKnight knew that just before his arrival I had been going through his closet and found the speeches of Senators Nye, Wheeler and Charles W. Tobey; Congressmen William G. Stratton and Philip A. Bennett; copies of *The X-Ray;* Pelley's and Sanctuary's booklets; Winrod's *Revealer;* tracts from John B. Snow; We, the Mothers Mobilize and America First.

McKnight had kept the carbon copy of a letter he had written Clark, suggesting a "secret conference" at his mine "in the wilds of Nevada where there is no water but it would be an ideal place to go." There was also a letter from General Moseley: "Your good letter is appreciated. Our people are awakening to the dangers. . . . The campaign of education must go on."

"What did the judge do to McKnight?" I asked Johnson.

"He fined him $500 for contempt of court. McKnight paid it, then facing the judge he says: 'Your honor, I should like to have the privilege of paying another $500 if the court will allow me to break the defendant's other jaw!' "

Johnson shook with laughter. . . . Just then, McKnight strode in. He seemed unusually huge and bony and tough.

"Hello," I said and went back to my typing, while he went to the closet to hang up his coat.

"Hey! Who in hell has been playing around with my stuff," he roared.

I kept on typing, while he inspected the closet. "Maybe it was the washwomen who do the cleaning at night," I said.

"They never come into this office," he answered.

"In that case it must be the Jews," I said with finality. "You must really keep the door locked from now on, Mr. McKnight."

"I'll rip to pieces anybody I find fiddling around with my stuff," he bellowed in the loudest voice I had ever heard in an office room.

Luckily, the "boys" began to arrive for their mid-afternoon

chinfest in McKnight's cluttered law office. They filed in one by one: Hust, Hollings, Johnson, Allen and a newcomer named Rooney. Rooney was one of the most obscene men I had ever heard. Every other word was interspersed with a frightful oath. And oddly enough, he was a beautician—but business was understandably bad.

McKnight's offices in the Atlas Building served the purpose of the village general store with the potbellied stove of yesterday. Almost every afternoon his fascist cronies gathered around his desk to review current events with native fascist glasses. At these informal conclaves McKnight presided as the patriarch. He sat behind his desk, placed his huge ham-hands on the table or waved them majestically through the smoke-filled air and apostrophized his disciples in flowing, eloquent prose. I can see him this minute, as I saw him on the hot July afternoon, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and the winter underwear showing underneath. I was told that the Mormon religion requires full length flannel underwear the year round (for men only). On the most boiling hot day, you would see McKnight in his heavy underwear.

McKnight regarded himself as a man with a mission and believed that he would be called upon to lead fellow Mormons in battle to "save the Constitution." His disciples sat in a semicircle around him, in sturdy chairs you could lean back on, kick in the ribs and have them stand up under the beating. Tough men, these followers of his, fanatics all. Today they had met to do me special honor. I was a guest from New York. I had attended the Boise convention. I was a friend of such-and-such a "patriot." I had once published *The Christian Defender.* I was now touring the country, "co-ordinating" "patriotic" sentiment. I was a "patriot" they all looked up to. They had all come to hear me talk.

But I turned the tables—and I made them talk. I accomplished this by the simple device of saying that I'd talk after they had all had their say. By then it was nearly supper time.

Rooney started the session by mimicking the Jew. He had done it on countless occasions, but this time it was for my special benefit. "They are trying to get us to hate the Germans, the Japs, the Italians. But, by golly, they can't," he said.

I asked McKnight if he believed, like Hollings, that we'd

have to get aid from the Axis nations to "preserve the Constitution."

"No doubt of that," he said. "It'll be the same as it was in Spain. Spain could not have won unless the Axis had sent over help. And in this country, we'll have to get the help of both Germany and Japan."

"Then you look upon Hitler favorably," I observed.

"He is an agent of the Lord," were McKnight's exact words. I can never forget them.

"The only thing we can do now is to continue with our whispering campaign," Hollings put in. "Pressure will be brought upon the government in due time to create the necessary period of national chaos, then revolution, then the Kingdom of God."

He went over to McKnight's desk and pulled out a booklet entitled *Is God a Jew?* This was a new one on me. In the East I had heard the Hebraic ancestry of Christ questioned as a stock propaganda device of the Nazis, but this was the first time I had noticed any bother about God Himself. The thirty-six-page booklet was written by Hollings under the imprint of the Christian Party Headquarters, and illustrated with drawings from Pelley's *Liberation* and the *Deutscher Weckruf*. According to Hollings God was *not* a Jew.

It was about this time that eight Nazi saboteurs were caught by the F.B.I. after being landed on Long Island and Florida. Hust belittled the work of the F.B.I. "Nothing like it happened. It's all fake and humbug. What dumb people—these Americans are. They believe whatever they read." The arrest and conviction of Bundists on charges of espionage, too, was a frame-up, according to Hust.

I asked McKnight directly if we should really do our part to help bring about a condition which would necessitate Axis help.

"Yes, of course," he said. "That is what we should do."

"How can we best go about it?" I asked.

"The whispering campaign is one good method. Meetings like this are fine. None of the boys are buying defense bonds. There are a lot of ways we can go about it. The leaven is here, and will leaven the whole, spreading from mouth to mouth, from home to home. We'll have a revolution here, sure as the sunrise tomorrow."

"I'll remember," I said, and went to pay my farewell respects to Stokes. He was moving offices and had remained away from our meetings. I asked Stokes his opinion of the so-called crackpots in the movement.

"We have got to have the extremists to put our message across," he said. "There must be those who'll be so saturated with the message that they'll stop at nothing. We cannot minimize their role. They are the martyrs to the cause. They are the trail blazers, and guideposts. We can learn a lot from their mistakes. Then, too, they publicize our movement and bring it to the attention of the masses. Don't overlook the role of those you call crackpots. They're just as important to the patriotic movement as you and I."

"What should our job be from now on?" This was a stock question in my repertory.

"It's the job of people like you and me to keep things stirring. It's our job to educate the masses of the people and arouse them. Now when you go back East and stop off to see Hudson and Pelley, boost them up. They'll need encouragement. We all need it."

I said I'd do that. With this we shook hands and parted.

I had been investigating the Mormon City fascist cell for five days. I had seen only one side, the ugly side, of the Mormon religionists. I wanted to know to what extent the Nazi sympathies of McKnight and his gang had permeated the Mormon Church. I decided to attend services at the Capitol Hill Ward, Church of the Latter Day Saints. It was situated atop a hill and overlooked the rest of the city. In the early morning sunlight it shone like an etching against the azure sky.

I had never been to a Mormon Church and I was extremely curious to observe the ceremonies. But even more, I wanted to see how widely prevalent were the beliefs I had been hearing for the past few days. I reasoned that my impromptu attendance at one of the many wards would supply me with a fair test.

The interior of the Capitol Hill Ward resembled a little New England Church. The congregation of about two hundred youths and adults impressed me as being particularly clean-cut. There were no trappings, no ritualistic procedure, no vestments of any kind. The Bishop was dressed in his Sunday best and so were his assistants. The services—consisting of hymns, a brief reading from the Mormon Book of Prayer and the partaking of a tiny glass of water and a bite of bread —were extremely simple. The service was followed by an open discussion in which everyone was eligible to participate. The procedure was thoroughly democratic.

One fine middle-aged Mormon got up and said that in his spare time he was urging friends to invest in war bonds. He suggested the Ward launch a campaign to stimulate sales among the parish. "While our boys are fighting the enemy," he said, "we must remain good soldiers at home so that they won't be disappointed in us when they return."

The Bishop, a youthful man in his late thirties with a clear voice and earnest manner, asked whether anyone would care to express an opinion regarding the Soviet system of State control over a child's education. "I don't think that we ought to judge the Russian system too harshly," another Mormon spoke. "Right now the Russians are fighting heroically and I think that this can partly be traced back to their education. We ought to respect the fighting quality of the Russian people at this time instead of being critical of them."

I listened as another Mormon got up to speak. She seemed to be a grandmother and had aged gracefully. "One of my sons and three of my grandsons are in the army and navy," she said with quiet dignity. "And I want to see them come back. But lately I have been hearing nasty rumors against such things as the morale of our boys and the way they feed them and treat them. Now I believe it is very un-American for anyone to spread around such gossip and I'd like to suggest that our Bishop look into it."

I could have taken leave of the Mormon City with the impression that *all* Mormons were like McKnight, Hollings, Hust, Stokes, Allen, Rooney and others I met. I could have been scarred by that image, and when asked back East what I thought of Salt Lake City, I could have said: "It's full of fascists," for it is the easiest thing in the world to fall into lying generalities. It saves you from thinking.

But as it was I took leave of Salt Lake City with my faith in its beauty, and its promise of the future fully restored by the random Ward meeting I had attended.

CHAPTER IX

MIDWEST ROUNDUP

"I was in Washington having lunch with Martin Dies and others on his Committee, when Dies turns around and asks me if I know George Pagnanelli."

COURT ASHER

I STOOD AT the corner of Grant Street in Omaha and looked at the rows of frame cottages. They were the kind of homes you see everywhere in America. I couldn't see the street numbers, but I knew instantly which was "Poison Cup" Charles B. Hudson's home. A lone American flag hung from the porch. Everybody else on the block took Americanism for granted. Hudson screamed it out.

An intimate collaborator with countless fascist operatives, Hudson had served the nationalist cause with uncommon fealty and was cited by *World Service*. After Pearl Harbor he redoubled his efforts and fanned the flames of national disunity through his organ, *America in Danger*. And he preferred to remain in contempt of court rather than reveal those who financed the publication of a tract which was so vicious and defeatist that Hudson added the line: "This card is intended only for Americans in possession of their full civic rights; it is not intended for the armed forces of the U.S.A."

Hudson's face was uninteresting, but his eyes, like the ostentatious display of the flag, gave him away. They burned with zealot fire. He was in his early sixties and fired with a dynamic energy in the righteousness of his cause. His wife, a pleasant-looking woman, believed implicitly in his ideas.

"My husband is fighting Communism," she said seriously. "I think the Government should subsidize him for the patriotic work he has done for the last seven years."

Hudson proved a difficult subject to interview. He had appeared before so many investigational bodies that getting information out of him was like pulling the proverbial tooth. At first he confined his answers to curt replies, but after three

hours of clever dodging on his part and insistent questioning on mine, I exacted from him the admissions that he had associated with:

William Dudley Pelley	General George Van Horn Moseley
James True	Mrs. Leslie Fry
Reverend Gerald B. Winrod	Henry D. Allen
Colonel E. N. Sanctuary	Lawrence Dennis
William Kullgren	Mrs. Lois de Lafayette Washburn
Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling	Frank W. Clark
Court Asher	Jeremiah Stokes
Edward Hunter	George Edward Sullivan
Jacob Thorkelson	National Workers League
Edwin Perry Banta	
Representative Clare Hoffman	

"Do you know any Bundists?" I asked casually.

"The Bund is un-American," Hudson said with blazing eyes.

So far my interview had proved disappointing, but as in the case of super-super-patriot, Mrs. Farber, I had the feeling that Hudson would eventually unlock the door behind which he had barricaded himself.

"Let's take this stuff down to the post office," he said, pointing to bundles of *America in Danger* I had helped assemble. In the car, with a large box of envelopes on my lap, I was looking through them for familiar names when my eyes fell on an envelope marked "Personal" and "Confidential," and addressed: "Hon. Eugene Talmadge, State Capitol Building, Atlanta, Georgia." I looked at Hudson out of the corner of my eye. He was driving and his eyes seemed set on the road. I wondered what confidential letter Hudson was sending the Governor.

"Let's drive over to the park," Hudson said after we left the post office.

Sitting in the car, he started by expressing admiration for General Moseley and Mrs. Leslie Fry. I asked if her former plans could be carried out today.

"I don't think so," he said, "but I know a plan that will work. It's the Vigilante Plan."

He explained it had been inspired by the Associated Farmers

which under financial assistance by reactionary business men and anti-labor groups, had taken the law into their hands, resorting to terrorism toward anyone they regarded as "Communist." I asked Hudson for more details about the Associated Farmers—who were farmers in name only.

"In California they're a state-wide organization. They're composed of 'select men,' carefully chosen patriots. They're banded loosely and are available at a minute's call—just by phoning. We ought to have the same plan on a national scale in every state. I'm against a centralized leadership of patriotic forces at this time," Hudson continued. "What I'd like to see are small, tightly-knit groups in each locality."

"Poison Cup Charlie" was against the idea of joining an organization.

"You are always a target and the larger the organization the bigger the target. Then there's always the chance of being smeared with the bad ones in the lot. Large organizations are no good at this time and I'm too smart to join any of them. I'd rather work alone with my wife."

At midnight the next day I was at Lincoln, Nebraska, to interview Charles W. Phillips, publisher of *The Individualist* about whom I had been hearing considerable among "patriotic" circles. From the cool heights of Salt Lake City I came to the broiling hell of the Midwest. In Omaha I had seen the thermometer 112° in the shade. Lincoln seemed even hotter.

Phillips was a small, sharp man, wearing rimless glasses, with the familiar pallor of library workers. A lawyer by profession, he hadn't practiced in years. Instead, he had been devoting his time since 1935 to saving the Republic via the "patriotic" route. Phillips drove me to his home and I met his hospitable wife who shared his views. The reading of the *Protocols*, she said, "opened our eyes to the internationalists."

"I've known Hudson for many years," Phillips said, "and I think he is a fine fellow." But you can't dismiss Phillips by saying that he was like another Hudson. He wasn't. Although he had been investigated by Federal authorities, I had the conviction that Phillips would prove more dangerous in the long run to the cause of Democracy. He was the type who bored

quietly from within, not noisily from the outside like Charlie "Woodpecker" Hudson.

Phillips confided that he was opposed violently to the present capitalist order, saying we were "victims of a system that cashes in on human greed." But when I asked him for a substitute, he fell back to the "need of a spiritual awakening" to solve our social, political and economic ills. He disclaimed anti-Semitism, but did make sweeping generalities against Jews.

As I sat in Phillips' home, with blinds drawn to keep out the scorching heat, I thought of the old saying: "A man is known by the company he keeps." To begin with, there were James True, Elizabeth Dilling and Colonel Sanctuary whom he knew personally. He had conferred with John B. Snow, Joseph P. Kamp and Fred R. Marvin whose book was recommended by *World Service*. Phillips had corresponded with General Moseley and fascist Seward Collins. He received Edmondson's and Gerald L. K. Smith's propaganda tracts. Phillips had also been needled by American Nazi Lawrence Dennis' bulletins; by fascist Nesta Webster's books and by other "patriotic" literature, issued by the pro-Nazi Boswell Publishing Company of London.

Opposing Lend-Lease, national defense and adulating Lindbergh and his nativist *ism*, *The Individualist* clearly reflected the extent to which Phillips had been influenced by his political associates. In it he recommended all of Japanese agent Ralph Townsend's booklets, saying: "These pamphlets should be in your files"; he quoted fascist Lawrence Dennis at length; he urged readers to buy Sanctuary's and Harry A. Jung's poison tracts and he based a series of issues of *The Individualist* on the mouthings of one Frank A. Parker, an obscure, self-styled economist who addressed many meetings of Kurt Mertig's Nazi front, Citizens Protective League.

Although he had read *Social Justice*, Phillips did not like Father Coughlin. "He is a rabble-rouser," he said, "and I don't like rabble-rousers." Phillips wasn't the type to like noise and thunder and bombast, but one who worked quietly and studiously, preferring to associate with "gentlemen fascists" like John B. Snow.

Riding in the train the next morning, I reviewed the events of the past few weeks. I had learned that the pattern of fascism in the West was identical with that in the East, but that the "wild" West emphasized direct methods, while the East was held down more by conventions and went in rather for propaganda scheming. I looked at the trainful of soldiers and sailors, most of whom were laughing and happy, carousing with their female acquaintances or kidding around with fellow soldiers. It was likely that none were aware of the existence of an enemy army on the home front, an enemy which did not drop bombs nor fly planes but worked stealthily underground, boring quietly from within at those pillars of Democracy on which their morale rested.

I still had stops to make in Chicago and Indianapolis before going home. I wanted to be home in time to see Steven, my youngest brother, off to the army. He had just been graduated from Fordham University and passed his State Bar Examinations. Steve was the first in our family to be drafted (eight months later John followed), and the event was comparable to the day mother and father received their citizenship papers.

In Chicago, I wanted to look up Harry Augustus Jung, who was friendly with countless "patriots." In fact, Jung was no small fry. His work had been subsidized by banks, by industrialists and by rich old women scared to death by the Communist revolution "around the corner." Harry Augustus Jung was director of the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation represented in the East by his collaborator, Colonel Sanctuary. He styled himself the "nation's foremost authority on subversive forces."

With his usual caution, Jung had written me a cryptic note in pencil: "Anytime you come in will be okeh. I am usually here from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. Call up before you come—Superior 4618."

"I can't see you today," he said when I phoned.

"How about this evening or tomorrow?" I asked.

"Sorry, Mr. Pagnanelli. I've just been subpoenaed to testify before the grand jury and I'd better not see you—especially since you are going to go into the army.

"I hope I'll hear from you when you're drafted," Jung said and hung up.

In 1933, Jung made membership in his American Vigilant Intelligence Federation secret, with secret codes and mysterious rituals. And in 1935 its organ *The Vigilante* had so well served the fascist cause that *World Service* placed it on its honor roll. Jung also went into the wholesale distribution of the *Protocols* and wrote Harry F. Sieber, then treasurer of the Silver Shirts:

> We can give you a price of sixty cents per copy in quantity lots of the *Protocols*. As for *Halt Gentile! and Salute the Jew*, same can be had at ten cents per copy, in quantity lots or fifteen cents a-piece.

Jung's associates in those days included Peter Afansieff, a White Guard Russian, born in Petrograd in 1893, who arrived in San Francisco in 1922. With three other White Russians Afansieff worked on a new translation of the *Protocols* in Jung's office, and soon after became affiliated with the New York and Chicago branches of the Bund. When he assumed the alias, Prince Peter Kushubue, the doors of society opened to him and the bogus prince almost succeeded in getting a wealthy heiress to marry him.

But when the scheme fell through, the frustrated "prince" changed his name to Armstrong and tried his hand at forgery. He was convicted of forging a United States Treasury check and Federal Judge F. J. Kerrigan sentenced him to eighteen months in the penitentiary.

Together with Captain Victor de Kayville (born Livok) a former officer in the Czarist Army who jumped ship, Afansieff helped publish *The American Gentile*. It was a "patriotic, American pro-Aryan" semi-monthly published "for the defense of Gentile culture and civilization." James True and Robert Edward Edmondson wrote for it and articles from *World Service* found their way in. *The American Gentile* became the filthiest Nazi-front sheet of its period in Chicago and deserved the praise which it received in *World Service*. In February, 1935, Jung accused Afansieff of withholding funds and the two parted company.

In the meanwhile and with uncommon "patriotic" versatility, Jung was "fighting Communism" by obtaining funds from both Jewish and Christian firms. Jung solicitors told wealthy Gentiles they were combating "Jewish Communism," while wealthy Jews were told that the Vigilantes were "combating Communism."

Among those seduced by Jung under the delusion that they were supporting a worthy cause (during 1931–1934) were the Rockford National Bank, First National Bank of Joliet, Illinois; International Harvester, William Wrigley, Florsheim Shoe Company, Sears Roebuck and Company and many others. The biggest sucker, however, proved to be the aged Mrs. Finley J. Sheppard, daughter of the late Jay Gould, who gave away millions. Scared out of her wits at the "coming Communist revolution," she was shaken down for $5,000 by Jung and his cronies. Jung was the first Park Avenue "patriot" to go after the big money boys, first to sell the *Protocols* and first to share offices with an Illinois Klan leader, Gale S. Carter, who was number 37 in Jung's super-secret membership list.

In addition to these samples of "patriotism," Jung had another profitable pastime. He maintained a labor spy and strike-breaking establishment and kept extensive files of persons and organizations he considered "radical." Jung sold this "confidential information" for high fees. The late speaker of the House, Henry T. Rainey, summed up his exploits in a letter he wrote Jung:

> My files show that you are a sort of detective, worming your way into the homes of the most trusted members of labor organizations and obtaining information with which to combat the efforts of labor organizations to better their conditions, and that you obtain this information for the purpose of assisting "strike breakers."
>
> The data I have show that you foment strikes in the districts where there is no union and then settle the strike for a price. The information I have with reference to you is that you are the man who does the slimy, stool pigeon work necessary for the purpose of destroying organized labor wherever it has contractual relations with employers.

This was the background of the man I wanted to see.

Jung had changed his tactics in recent years. He now spent lavishly to bury his past and put on the cloak of respectability. He became a specialist on "Americanism" and graduated to lecturing before the Chicago Athletic Association and the Racquet Club. He was befriended by Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune* and had his office in Room 2212 of the Tribune Tower, dubbed the "Devil's Tower." My disappointment at not being able to see him was bitter for Jung was one of the "big shots," with a tremendous capacity for mischief to the democratic cause.

I realized that the Chicago grand jury investigating un-American activity would seriously conflict with my own work and I knew that my "friends" would remain underground until the storm passed over.

None the less, I phoned Mrs. Mabel J. Willard, whom McKnight had urged me to see and she, to my surprise, asked me to visit her at her home. I had seen evidence of their voluminous correspondence and it was apparent that some of McKnight's schooling was due to her efforts. In September, 1941, she had written McKnight:

> Am enclosing an article written by an Ex-Col. in the last Worlds War—signature is his nonde-plume—[he] is limited on finances, so we try to get his material before the public with *no* signature. . . .
>
> Did you read the Edmondson Case "Jews Vs. Christians in Court." If not, I'll send one to you. . . . "Roosevelt's Jewish Ancestry" gives a full chart. You may have it. If I make any suggestions which you know or have, forgive me—these come out of New York to me, and [I] keep sending them on. If you don't have *The X-Ray*, Muncie, Ind., get it, he's fearless. *The Herald* put out by Scribner's Lake Geneva, Wis. is new.
>
> . . . Here is a party to get in touch with, a personal friend of Gov. Talmedge—Mrs. J. E. Andrews, 319 Pulliam Street, S. W. Atlanta. . . . Under separate cover am sending a bunch of data to Governor Talmedge.

I was not surprised to see Governor Talmadge's name reappear. Both Hudson and Mrs. Willard realized the former Governor's aptitudes to participate in the native American fascist movement. In another letter to McKnight dated September 3, 1941, she had written:

I find no one from Utah? Can you get a list of Utah names to me. I'll send them on to W. coast. I'm having a party, David Baxter, of San Bernardino, Calif. get in touch with you. He's in accord with our views but working them *very* quietly & in a different manner. A 3rd party is being fostered and you may be the key man in Utah for just that, and please do not give Mrs. Coleman that information. This place [Chicago] is the anti-war Capitol, also Peace Mecca. . . . Mrs. Dilling is the baby that has their goats, her *Red Network* sure pours it on them. That leaves the field clear for our work. . . .

Our fight *is now*. Nathan Hale didn't wait for an election. Some [day] these big wigs are going to find they will have to follow & bow to the masses—& soon. Lindbergh is a natural. . . . He was here to see General Wood.

We are putting on a luncheon September 9th for 300 at Sherman Hotel. I'm on the Committee, have speakers to contact, and oodles of work ahead—so am forgetting my Hebrew complex for a few days.

It was apparent from the look of her home that Mrs. Willard did not care for housekeeping. There were other things about which, however, she did care. "Every time a German is killed," she said, "it means there is one white man less to fight the Asiatics." By Asiatics she meant Jews, not the Japs.

"I hope every one of these Bundists is caught," she said and when, in surprise, I queried why, she answered: "Because you'll find them all to be Communists."

Mrs. Willard would not admit that a nasty man could be anything but a Communist, a Jew, or a tool of either or both. As our conversation progressed I gathered that she seemed to revolve in the center of nativist circles. She was a close friend of Mrs. Dilling and Mrs. Van Hyning, Clark and Mrs. Washburn. She had been active in the America First Committee, in We, the Mothers Mobilize and prided herself on the methods she had used to hide her tracks.

"We must not all stick out our necks," she told me in a confidential tone. "Somebody will have to do the work when others are jailed. Some of us must be left to carry on."

She told me of the support General Wood, chairman of the America First Committee, had given We, the Mothers Mobilize.

"The General helped us out several times." I pinned her down to whether or not he had given a specific contribution, and Mrs. Willard said: "Sure, he once gave us $100."

"Did that show on the books?" I asked.

"Not on your life," she answered. "I took care of that. I put it down in pencil. After Pearl Harbor I just erased it from the books and no trace remained of General Wood's contribution."

"That was pretty clever," I said.

"The America First Committee is the same today as it was before. But they don't know it." By "they" Mrs. Willard meant "the enemy"—anybody who did not believe as she did. "They think the Committee is disbanded. Far from it. It's active just the same, but it's working in other ways now."

Time and again Mrs. Willard broke off the conversation to investigate me with her own queries. I answered her to her satisfaction and she continued to give me considerable information. She had corresponded with Boris Brasol, the White Russian fascist; with Sanctuary, General Moseley and Mrs. Farber. She held Cathrine Curtis in great esteem and had worked closely with David Baxter, the California revolutionist who had been her guest.

"He walked around the block a few times to make sure he wasn't being followed, then he came in and slept right on that couch there. I haven't kept any of his letters," she said, "because they were dangerous. They can't pin a thing on me since Pearl Harbor. Why I'm so patriotic now that I'm even an air-raid warden and I do work for the A.W.V.S. The only thing for us now is to bore from within and show them a thing or two later on."

Mrs. Willard couldn't deny being in touch with Pelley because she had many of his booklets on the table. She kept her subversive literature all over the house, and for my benefit dug out pieces from under the davenport, from among the linen in the closet and made two trips to the kitchen.

"I have it all over," she said, "so that when they search the house they won't find it all in one place."

It was silly; none the less, Mrs. Willard was a symbol. From all I had seen and read, I gathered that there were a lot of

women like her in the Chicago area, each engaged in tearing down what other Americans were trying to build up.

Even though I had cordial invitations from Mrs. Lyrl Van Hyning of We, the Mothers Mobilize (of which I, as Pagnanelli, was a card-holding member) and others, I knew that it would reflect on me suspiciously if I remained while the grand jury investigations were on. It was bitterly disappointing because I sensed that Chicago was the hotbed of a native fascism which was truly alarming in proportion and intensity. I had never had this feeling before. As I analyze Chicago, I can readily understand why. In addition to the Dillings, Jungs, Van Hynings, Willards, the America First Committee which had first festered there, there was the factor of the "Washington-New York-Chicago newspaper Axis," with the *Chicago Tribune* as the cornerstone.

Its publisher was a remarkable and profound man. He himself said so—and who should know better than Colonel Robert R. McCormick, "Bertie" for short. He thus appraised himself in a letter he wrote a correspondent on February 20, 1942:

> You do not know it, but the fact is that I introduced the R.O.T.C. into the schools; that I introduced machine guns into the army; that I introduced mechanization; I introduced automatic rifles; I was the first ground officer to go up in the air and observe artillery fire. Now I have succeeded in making that the regular practice in the army. I was the first to advocate an alliance with Canada. I forced the acquiring of bases in the Atlantic Ocean. . . . I did get the marines out of Shanghai, but was unsuccessful in trying to get the army out of the Philippines.
>
> Campaigns such as I have carried on inevitably meet resistance, and great persistence is necessary to achieve results. The opposition resorts to such tactics as charging me with hatred and so forth, but in view of the accomplishment I can bear up under it.

More serious was the damage to our morale which the influence of McCormick caused in the Midwest. He held up Jung as an "authority on Communism" and commended Mrs. Dilling for her "patriotism and devotion." Whereas the influence of the Dillings and Jungs extended among thousands only, "Bertie" reached millions (average daily circulation of the *Tribune* was 1,076,866) with a daily barrage of obstructionism and defeatism of the war effort, carping at the national leadership, berating Democracy and denouncing our military allies under the guise of "patriotism" and "freedom of the press."

His value to the divisionist cause in America was manifest as early as 1935 when *World Service* endorsed the *Chicago Tribune*, along with the *Chicagoer Weckruf*. In 1941, the *Tribune* as well as the Hearst chain of newspapers (Hearst was burned in effigy by soldiers in New York during the World War because he was pro-German) earned the plaudits of Nazi agent Viereck in a letter he wrote to his boss, Heinrich Dieckhoff.

Other partners of the "newspaper Axis" were the New York *Daily News*, published by McCormick's cousin, Captain Joseph Medill Patterson; and the Washington *Times-Herald*, published by Patterson's sister, Eleanor "Cissy" Patterson. Their combined audience was estimated at five million readers daily. The party line was the same for all three.

On December 14, 1938 under the by-line of its Washington correspondent, John O'Donnell, the *Daily News* honored an American Nazi, Pelley, by publishing in its entirety the contents of one of his booklets purporting to show the number of "Jews in Washington." Pelley's picture was inserted and the cover of his vicious booklet reproduced. The story was featured on page two under a screaming three-column headline and continued for nearly two and a half pages.

And the August 30, 1942 editorial in the *Daily News* broached this savage "explanation" of the war:

> . . . Or perhaps Hitler was not wholly to blame for this war. Perhaps there was a subconscious conviction in the minds of

F. Y. I. Aug. 21, 1942

Berlin in English, 5.26 p. m.

Berlin, commenting on the "so-called free press of America," today cited the Chicago Tribune, the New York Daily News and the Washington Times-Herald as typical examples of what the American press was up against under Roosevelt's dictatorship. These newspapers, being true American papers and representing the majority of American people, are being persecuted by the Roosevelt administration even to being accused as saboteurs of the war effort.

many Europeans that there were too many people in Europe anyway, and that a big blood-letting might help matters.

"Hardly a day goes by," wrote William Shirer, "that they [these three papers] are not cited by Goebbels to prove one of his points." And as I stood on the Chicago sidewalk and looked at the impressive office building of the *Tribune*, with McCormick sitting high up in his ivory tower I recalled the righteous indignation of Congressman Elmer J. Holland which he expressed so eloquently in the *Congressional Record*.

> Despite their cloak of prosperity, their fine building . . . these three papers are in spirit and in conduct members of the "vermin press." Separate their editorials from the trappings of a large city newspaper, publish them as a separate book, and read them as a continuous theme. You will see their net effect is to preach defeatism among our civilians and mutiny among our soldiers, to spread dismay among our allies, and to create joy in the hearts of our enemies. . . .
>
> This is no small matter. . . . This means that approximately 5% of the total population of these United States is being daily exposed to the virus of Fascist philosophy—to the direct assault of the enemy propaganda campaign. No propaganda broadcast of the Axis radio—no enemy leaflets—can reach so many Americans as do these Fascists of the native brand.
>
> With deadly effect the corrupt Parisian press poisoned and paralyzed the spirit and morale of the French. And—when we recall that the total circulation of the most powerful members of this venal press reached less than one half of one percent of the total population of France—we can clearly judge the danger with which *we* are faced.
>
> It is not necessary to be in contact with the enemy in order to bring him aid and comfort. It is only necessary to share a common hatred; to desire the same results; to think in the same patterns. . . . This is a foreign war, yet it is also a war of ideas. . . . To the end that this group consists of Americans, Mr. Speaker, this war is a civil war as well as a foreign war. It cannot be won until our enemies at home are conquered and rendered harmless.

Regretting my failure to make a thorough survey of Chicago's "patriots," I turned southward to Indianapolis to visit William Dudley Pelley. I knew Pelley was undersized, had a goatee, wore an oversize military hat and looked ridiculous in the uniform of the Silver Shirts. But what was it that made him such a dynamo of subversion? I was extremely curious to gauge the extent of the cunning with which he had sidestepped every effort so far to keep him in prison. Like Jung, he moved about secretly. None but his most intimate friends knew where he lived. I went to his attorney's hoping to find him in his office. It was my lucky day, for I found Pelley.

The most unforgettable impression was his hand shake—the sweatiest, unhealthiest, clammiest hand shake I ever hope to experience! I visualize him leaning against a desk, his striped shirt open down to his puffed-up belly. His undershirt was sweaty, stuck against a chest puny, narrow and sunk in. His lips were thick and the blood in them seemed to be sluggish and clotted. His hair was streaked with lifeless gray. His brows, jet black by artificial means—hung bushy over sunken eyes. His goatee and mustache, both of them white, stuck out of his small, wizened face. My initial impression was one of revulsion and disgust at the limp, dissipated grayness of the man before me. He smelled of decay.

And then I became aware of his eyes. They were like living coals buried in a heap of ashes. And in their light shone all the cunning and the wizardry which had led a half dozen investigating committees, including the F.B.I., a merry chase up to the time of our meeting. Pelley did not impress me as being fearless. His apparent nerve in defying law and authority was not one of courage and conviction in one's ideals as much as it was of contempt and derision. It was a combination of super-ego and disdain for the opinions and dictates of authority. Callous as a street urchin, Pelley impressed me as extremely ruthless and self-seeking. He was by no means a blind fanatic but on the contrary, a calculating and cold-blooded propagandist.

"Oh, yes, I remember you," he said. "You were with Joe McWilliams."

I was surprised at his memory. I hadn't written him in a year. He asked me immediately if I knew any "patriots" who would testify on his behalf as his trial for sedition was set for the following week. I suggested Ernest Elmhurst but he brushed him aside. I suggested Colonel Sanctuary.

"Oh, yes, he's coming down. We've got him."

I suggested John B. Snow.

"That's a thought. I know Snow. I'll talk it over."

"How about Carl Mote?" I asked, knowing that this wealthy Indianapolis utility magnate was his close friend.

"He'll be down. I've known Mote for ten years."

Pelley outlined his plan for the coming trial: "We are going to crack this thing wide open, this issue of free speech against dictatorship. This trial is a big thing and we're getting Lindbergh and Thorkelson to come down." Pelley expected to stretch out his trial in order to get national airing for his views. "We're going to make monkeys out of Biddle and his crowd," he boasted.

I tried to avoid it but I couldn't. Pelley stretched out his hand again. I had to take it and shake it. And as I looked into his malignant face, I wished there were some means of projecting to all "patriots" the nation over the picture of that decaying little Nazi. I felt sure that no one in his right mind could ever again look up to this mixture of malice, cunning and conceit as a missionary for "Christianity," "patriotism" and "Americanism."

It was not until I had interviewed George Henry, a prominent and respected Indianapolis attorney, that I understood how Pelley had successfully posed as a "patriot" since July 28, 1938 when he boasted in his vermin sheet, *Liberation:*

> It is a fact which posterity will attest that Chief Pelley of the Silver Shirts was the first man in the United States to step out openly and support Adolf Hitler and his German-Nazi program. Hitler became German Chancellor on the 31st day of January 1933. This publication appeared on the 18th of the ensuing February openly and unashamedly endorsing Hitler and his program against the German Jewish "reds."

In contrast with Pelley, George Henry was one of the pillars of the community, a man of handsome appearance and honest convictions. But, I believed, he had developed a political blind spot which warped his sense of values. Henry admitted knowing Pelley "for some years," and said: "Pelley is a brilliant man, one of the most capable men in the country." It was his expressed opinion that Pelley was being hounded unjustly by the Department of Justice. "Sedition is what they

want to make of it," he said. "There is no longer any constitutional interpretation of law."

I asked George Henry quite bluntly what he thought of Pelley.

"Of course I don't agree with everything, but I believe he has some fine points. We all have our opinions. You have yours. I have mine." On the whole, George Henry was more than favorably inclined toward Pelley. "If Pelley will handle his case right," he said, "he has a chance to do a lot of good."

Henry confided that he used to read *Social Justice* and Pelley's magazines before they were banned. The bogey of Communism was so deeply imbedded in Henry's mind, he was so hostile to the New Deal and so bitterly anti-Jewish, that he seemed completely unaware of the sinister symbolism of Pelley. The impression I got from my talk was that he condoned Pelley and condemned the Government for prosecuting a self-indicted American Nazi. If such an intelligent and respectable man—twisted, as I believed, by political hatreds—condoned Pelley's utterances, how much more gullible were apt to be the simple-minded and the less learned Pelley readers. The thought was frightening.

After seeing Pelley and Henry, I took the bus to Muncie to meet Court Asher, publisher of *The X-Ray*. It was afternoon, but that did not matter to Asher, for he was in his pajamas and with bare feet. On his arm was a tatooed nude woman with awesome bust and hips. He welcomed me into his home with a loud: "Howdy, George. Right glad to see you stop by. Martin Dies was asking about'cha."

Taken aback with the distinction of being paged by none other than the chairman of the Special Committee on Un-American Activities, I asked Asher for the details.

"I was in Washington having lunch with Dies and others on his Committee, when Dies turns around and asks me if I know George Pagnanelli."

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I told him I knew nothing about'cha. Dies is all right. I'd vote for him for President."

"Did you meet anybody else in Washington?" I asked.

"Hell, yes. Springer [Raymond S.] from Indiana was with

me all the time. He introduced me to a lot of the other boys. I met Rankin and Hoffman, both are fine gentlemen. They know the score."

"Do you know any other Congressmen?" I wanted to know.

Asher distinctly told me he had received small contributions from Congressmen Charles I. Faddis of Pennsylvania and Paul Shafer of Michigan. "Shafer sent me $10 and said to let him know if I wanted more."

Wholly unlike Pelley, Asher was on the surface, a likeable fellow, easy going, blunt of manner, candid. He told me he had met the Congressmen on one of his many appearances before the Washington grand jury. As I looked at this boyish man with the thick mop of hair, it was hard to believe he had become involved with such poison-peddlers as Pelley, Broenstrupp, Clark and the National Workers League.

"Sure I spoke for the League in Detroit and the America First Committee in Pontiac. Then I went over and had a talk with Gerald L. K. Smith. He wanted to buy out *The X-Ray*, but I wouldn't give it up. I saw Father Coughlin and asked him straight to his face if the Pope was one-fourth Jew. He sure seems to love 'em, I told Coughlin."

And yet this humorous Legionnaire had poisoned Muncie and Indianapolis with tens of thousands of copies of a defeatist weekly newspaper, a dangerous dissolvent of national unity.

"They all know me around here," he said laughing. "I'm a member of the Elks, the Eagles, the Moose and the American Legion. I used to be a member of the Klan but I gave that up. They know *The X-Ray* around here like they know their *Bible*."

Asher had reprinted freely from *Social Justice*, Hudson, Pelley, but most frequently from the *Chicago Tribune*. "When I didn't have the time to write the stuff I just took it from the other boys. They said it better than I did, so what was the difference?"

Asher had served in the World War and told me that he had been treated for what he described as "neurosis." He was highstrung, made grimaces without cause and burst into laughter without provocation. He reminded me of Verne Marshall, chairman of No Foreign War Committee who was declared

to have become unnerved and was reported resting in a sanatorium. Asher also impressed me as extremely impressionable and, like Garland Alderman, was a type easily led.

Asher admitted knowing Carl Mote and said that Mote was "worth a half-million dollars." I asked if he had received financial support from the Indianapolis magnate, but Asher did not want to commit himself. George Henry, however, had assisted him.

"He sent me some money," Asher said, "but what I liked more was the two brand new tires he sent for the car."

Asher drove a handsome, gray Packard sedan, 1939 model. He owned his home. He was the first "patriot" I had met who did not complain of lack of funds. He claimed to be a close friend of George Ball, an official of the famous jar manufacturing concern at Muncie.

"George is worth $60,000,000," Asher said, "and a swell guy. I talk to him just as I'm talking to you now."

Asher was peculiar in many ways. He was one of the first "patriots" to admit candidly his friendship with prominent Congressmen and industrialists. Then, too, Asher's carefree attitude toward finances intrigued me deeply. His home, car and print-shop, were all paid for.

"Money? What good is money?" he asked. "What can you do with it? I don't know what worry is. Whenever I want money, all I have to do is to go to those boys and ask for it."

No "patriot" had *ever* talked that way to me.

Asher opened the pages of his newspaper to Edward James Smythe, the notorious American Nazi and liaison man between the Bund and the Klan, by permitting Smythe to run a weekly column in *The X-Ray*. And in the November 1, 1941, issue of *The X-Ray* Court Asher denounced Democracy in a long article:

> The word "democracy" is the weapon of scoundrels and the refuge of fools. Every political pap-sucker seeking public office takes it to his breast—every war monger and public liar uses it as a shield to deceive the unwary. . . . No thank you. Before this matter is ended a great many Americans will not like the taste of "democracy."

David Baxter promptly reproduced the invective and cir-

culated it as a preparatory "study course" for the American *der tag.*

Asher's half-literate sheet (except for the stories he lifted) could hardly provide the income to meet its current expenses, let alone maintain his home and automobile. I was convinced that big business interests must be promoting him and his defeatist sheet. Infinitely more shrewd and farseeing than Asher, these "big money boys" could be using Asher—a former bootlegger who obviously knew little about politics—as their front man to propagate anti-New Deal, anti-British, obstructionist propaganda. And Asher the crude, likable, simple-minded joiner was made to stick out his neck, and in the name of "patriotism" encourage political anti-Semitism and defamation of Democracy in Muncie, the city famed as Middletown.

Asher's friend, Carl H. Mote, is president and general manager of the Northern Indiana Telephone Company, the Commonwealth Telephone Corporation and has other utility business connections. He is an attorney and a former newspaper editor. Mote wrote at least three articles for Pelley's *Roll-Call* which appeared in the February 17, March 3, and March 24, 1941 issues. All were true to the Pelley pattern and one was so "good" that Pelley placed it on the front cover. Mote branded the President's message to Hitler at the time of the Munich appeasement as "an impudent telegram." And his apology for Hitler in *Roll-Call* was far from subtle:

> Whatever may be said against the morals of Adolf Hitler, no one has ever dared accuse him of having had any part in the destruction of Germany which began with the Versailles Treaty and continued to the first months of 1933.

Judged purely by the amount of abuse and vindictiveness in his writings for Pelley's magazine, Mote hated the President and the Administration infinitely more than Hitler and National-Socialism. This note was implicit during my talk with him as we sat at the Antlers Bar in Indianapolis.

Mote was a cordial and affable host. This pleasant-faced man with the keenly piercing, sky-blue eyes and agreeable manner had associated not only with Pelley and Hudson, but had travelled to New York to meet Lawrence Dennis; the notorious Boris Brasol and Siegfried Hauck, manager of Viereck's publishing concern, in order to talk over the publication of a book he had written.

Mote could not deny these contacts because a New York newspaper had already printed them. But as in all my investigations, I preferred to obtain direct testimony and I quizzed Mote. I found him a difficult subject for several reasons: first, because his friend Pelley was about to come up for trial; second, because he was wary after being called before the Chicago grand jury. Shrewd and often one step ahead of me, Mote parried and dodged my questions during the three hours we were together. But I wore him down as the night went on. I asked and re-asked questions, in one guise or another, directly and by innuendo, till I had got all the answers I wanted.

He admitted knowing Colonel Sanctuary and John B. Snow; he had worked closely with Mrs. Dilling; he knew Harry Augustus Jung. He had met Seward Collins and had made purchases at his bookshop. Mote knew Edward Hunter, the veteran Boston pro-Nazi. He had conferred with General Moseley, with Charles W. Phillips and with Cathrine Curtis.

"What did you think of Lawrence Dennis?" I asked Mote.

"He is a very able man," Mote answered.

Mote had the highest respect for the dean of British fascists, Nesta Webster, whose books were distributed in America by Snow, William Kullgren, Deatherage, Stahrenberg.

"She has taught every one of us," Mote said with fine candor.

Doubtless Mote thought himself on the right side when he objected to peace-time conscription as a measure of national defense. Whether he realized it at the time or not, Mote was actually paraphrasing the Nazi short wave broadcasts when he wrote in Pelley's *Roll-Call:*

> We are spending billions for peace-time conscription, for airplanes and for ships, when most everybody suspects, though few will dare say, that the "defense program," including peace-time conscription, is the master hoax of the New Deal. It takes rare impertinence and bold hypocrisy. . . .

Mote claimed he was not anti-Semitic, and yet he spoke constantly of the "Jewish League of Nations," referred to

"money changers" and "internationalists"—popular Park Avenue terms for "Jew"; harped on Jewish surnames to the exclusion of others, and indulged in such cheap Pelley devices as ridiculing Willkie by calling him Vendell L. Villkie. Mote further insulted Mr. Willkie by calling him "more alien than American" and branded his repudiation of Father Coughlin's support (which Coughlin offered voluntarily during the 1940 elections) as "asinine," because Willkie had said: "I consider anti-Semitism in America as a possible criminal movement and every anti-Semite as a possible traitor to America."

Mote complained bitterly against the Property Seizure Bill, a measure to enable the Government to seize private property in the prosecution of the war (exercised only in rare cases). He appeared before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, and incensed because no other business executives had publicly followed his line, he declared himself in these terms:

I think the foremost business executives and managers of America have betrayed their stockholders, their bondholders and their employees, and that individually and collectively they ought to be discharged for their indifference. . . . Such a measure as this ought to have brought every business in America to Washington with monkey wrenches and lead pipes, and it would if they were worth their pay as trustees for their stockholders. . . . There is not now, and there never has been, any necessity in America to compel our citizens to defend themselves.

Mote said this just six months before Pearl Harbor. It was inevitable that Hudson should urge his readers to read what he described as Mote's "masterpiece." Mote continued with his obstructionist tactics after Pearl Harbor. Just as he had spoken before the Bund re-enforced League to Save America First in California in 1941, he spoke in Cincinnati in July, 1942, under the auspices of the American Charter, a Coughlinite offshoot. He beat down our war effort—painted a national picture of dejection and ended with the call familiar to all revolutionary audiences: "I don't know when the American people will rise in their wrath and shout to high heaven 'We have had enough.' I do know that such a time will surely come."

In a vicious booklet he circulated *after* Pearl Harbor, Mote

quoted Mrs. Dilling, fascist Lawrence Dennis and even the discredited *Protocols* to support his contentions. Mote looked upon all Jews as "war mongers," but he said nothing about Hitler's gigantic preparations for total war, or his extensive conspiracies for territorial and world ideological conquest.

And in the booklet quoting Dennis and the *Protocols* as authorities, Mote made "predictions" of violence and a military dictator I have heard a hundred times at Nazi meetings:

Unless there is a shortage of rope, at the end of five years human necks will be more talked about than bottlenecks. . . . If and when a Caesar appears, he is likely to come from the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, the Marines. . . .

If you had been there with me at the Antlers Bar, you would have found it hard to believe that these threatening and vengeful utterances could have been voiced by the mild-mannered man who faced me. It became all too apparent to me that Mote was the sad victim of a complex: the hate-



WEEKLY ROLL-CALL Page 7

Life and Fortune Magazines Tout for Great Red Father on Potomac

Luce Publications Reveal Radical Backing by Clever Yammer for National Submission to New-Deal War-Defense Racket . .

By CARL MOTE

REGARDLESS of the fate of H. B. 1776, there is increasing evidence that the "whole mass of deceits" practiced on the country since the Great Red Father began simulating a vicarious hysteria in 1937 are being penetrated. No revolutionist has been more steadfast in his devotion to the "new social order" than Henry R. Luce of *Time-Life-Fortune*. There are movie and radio fans, bundlers for Britain, uplifters and war profiteers who will accept his five-page essay in *Life* of February 17 as the most profound and convincing document *The American Century* has yet produced but others will discover in the maze of contradictions and imbecilities the most amazing and damning admissions from revolutionary headquarters since Professor Rexford G. Tug-

really knows. His admission that they were "men of common sense" is little short of a surprise. It is likewise surpris-

Carl Mote, president of the Northern Indiana Telephone Company, contributed signed articles to American Nazi Pelley's *Roll-Call*. In this article in the March 3, 1941 issue Henry Luce—long a bulwark of capitalist Democracy—is called a Communistic "revolutionist" and an "internationalist" because he spoke for a better world order.

In "The Rothschild Money Trust" at page 37, Andrew Fabius stated that the TNEC[5] had disclosed that Lamont

Early in 1940 some one else said that Congress had become as impotent and useless as the Roman Senate in the days of Tiberius Caesar. These observations are entitled to more than passing consideration since it was the much disputed "Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion", as long ago as 1905, that first revealed the goal of invisible forces:

" . . . *we shall invest the President with the right of declaring a state of war,*" it was stated.

In his booklet, *G.O.P. Fifth Column*—circulated widely after Pearl Harbor—Carl Mote, general manager of the Commonwealth Telephone Corporation, quoted from Nazi-approved "authorities." One of these was Andrew Fabius who "respectfully dedicated" his book—based on and quoting freely from the *Protocols*—to "Ford, Coughlin, Thorkelson, Winrod, Hudson, Edmondson, True, Moseley, Sanctuary, Pelley." As to the *Protocols* Mote thought these notorious forgeries were "entitled to more than passing consideration."

Roosevelt complex. Hate the President at any cost. Hate everything he does, hate them even before he does them. Hate him more than you hate Hitler and Stalin. Hate the very ground he walks on and curse the very bed he sleeps in. Hate till you blind your own reason and reduce yourself to the level of a Bundist who knows nothing but hate and sees nothing but revolution and pogroms ahead.

As I left Mote I experienced a sadness which is difficult to put into words. Sleep was out of the question. I had met personally a fine man who doubtless loved his family and country. What a shame, I thought, that a man of Mote's calibre and interests should reduce himself to the level of a vile Pelley. What a blow to Democracy to have Mote on Pelley's side, rather than on the side of those who were fighting for a world of decency and equality and justice for all men. I regarded Mote as a tragic victim of the most ruthless, hateful, soul-searing propaganda machinery the world has ever seen!

Chapter X

ATTORNEY GENERAL BIDDLE CRACKS DOWN

"My motives were born of a burning patriotism and a high idealism. . . . I am a truer patriot than those who convicted me."

Laura Ingalls (Nazi agent).

The day after I had seen my brother off to Uncle Sam's Army, July 22, Attorney General Francis Biddle and J. Edgar Hoover cracked down on the "patriots" in a move as sudden and thunderous as summer lightning. Combining the elements of surprise and careful planning, Biddle's blitzkrieg netted a sizable catch of twenty-eight related propagandists on mass indictments for sedition. It climaxed the work of the Department of Justice which had begun with the roundup of Nazi and Jap agents immediately after Pearl Harbor, and which had required seven and a half months to reach the propaganda dupes of the fascist hierarchy.

I took time out from my investigations to make a survey of the accomplishments of the Department of Justice and of its best known unit, J. Edgar Hoover's Federal Bureau of Investigation. Up to July 22, a total of 9405 Axis agents, both American-born and foreign, were arrested and legally dealt with. Countless others were being investigated behind the locked doors of grand jury rooms or quietly stalked by many bureaus of Mr. Biddle's Department of Justice. Slow and sluggish to start, Democracy was finally developing teeth that bit hard.

The grand jury hearings which resulted in the indictment of twenty-seven men and one woman for sedition began more than a year ago. Under Prosecutor William Power Maloney, dozens of witnesses were heard and their utterances analyzed by propaganda experts. Assisting Maloney in the gathering of evidence was Dillard Stokes, reporter for *The Washington Post* whose exposure and interpretation of native fascist activity earned for him the Heywood Broun Memorial Award.

The indictment alleged that the twenty-eight defendants committed conspiracy—

> . . . to publish, convey to, and urge upon members of the military and naval forces of the United States of America and the people of the United States of America for the purpose of obstructing, and designated and intended to impede, obstruct and defeat the preparation of our national defenses against aggression and invasion and the National War Effort.

It also alleged *conspiracy* to—

> . . . carry on a systematic campaign of personal vilification and defamation of the public officials of the United States Government and to that end would advise, counsel, urge, persuade and convince members of the military and naval forces of the United States that such public officials are traitorous, corrupt, dishonest, incompetent, un-American and mentally unbalanced. . . .

Of the twenty-seven men and lone woman, I was friendly with eighteen. I had corresponded with eight (*), while I knew personally ten (**) of the "patriots."

** Elizabeth Dilling	* C. Leon De Aryan
** Howard Victor Broenstrupp	* Robert Edward Edmondson
** William Dudley Pelley	* Ellis O. Jones
** Prescott Freese Dennett	* William Robert Lyman, Jr.
** Charles B. Hudson	George Sylvester Viereck
** Court Asher	William Griffin
** Eugene Nelson Sanctuary	Hans Diebel
** James C. True	Hudson de Priest
** Oscar Brumback	Robert Noble
** Edward James Smythe	Ralph Townsend
* Gerald B. Winrod	Donald McDaniel
* Elmer J. Garner	James F. Garner
* David J. Baxter	Otto Brennermann
* William Kullgren	Herman Max Schwinn

Not long after leaving Stahrenberg's I had become aware of the common methods used by Nazis and their American transmission belters. I knew that their sources of inspiration were the same. Their methods were basically the same, and the mediums to which they resorted to bring about discontent and defeatism and revolution were essentially common

to all twenty-eight. Although not all knew each other well enough to work together, I had found that they were engaged in doing and saying the same things in slightly different ways, and on varying levels of society. Whether they knew it or not, they were all heading in one direction.

In addition, I had been acutely aware that many among them exchanged information, and met frequently in "Christian" conventions or co-ordinated their "patriotic" plans during informal visitations. Many exchanged mailing lists so that placement on the list of one resulted, in due time, in placement on the lists of many of the others. Most of them recommended each other, distributed one another's literature and kept in constant touch through intimate correspondence. The indictment expressed it in the vigorous language of the law:

> It being the plan and purpose of said defendants, and divers other persons to the Grand Jurors unknown, to destroy the morale and faith and confidence of the members of the military and naval forces of the United States and the people of the United States in their public officials and Republican form of government . . .
>
> . . . the said defendants . . . planning and intending to seize upon and use and misuse the right of freedom of speech and of the press to spread their disloyal doctrines, intending and believing that any nation allowing to its people the right of freedom of speech and of the press is powerless to defend itself against enemies masquerading as patriots and seeking to obstruct, impede, break down and destroy the proper functioning of its republican form of government under the guise of honest criticism . . .
>
> . . . the said defendants . . . knowing full well and intending that a government bereft of the faith and confidence of the members of the military and naval forces and of the people is powerless to defend the nation or the people against armed attack from without or treachery from within and cannot long survive.

As I looked back at the accomplishments of the Attorney General's office, my amazement grew at the patience and efficiency. Many months were spent in checking and cross-checking data on a subject. The information flowed in from dozens of sources and was furnished by innumerable witnesses in addition to the testimony of under cover men. My own ef-

forts were so puny by comparison that they were hardly worth talking about.

None the less, it was gratifying to see that some of my "best friends" had been caught in the dragnet. At no time working under the direction of any official agency, I had worked along for four years purely on my own intuitions and self-training as investigator. I had voluntarily turned in data I regarded important to at least seven Government research and prosecuting agencies. I was pleased to know that as an American I had been of some service to my adopted country.

And I was also happy to see our officials finally realize that a saboteur need not necessarily have to be a prototype of the sinister old-fashioned figure with bombs in one hand and blueprints in the other. Nor was it necessary for him or her to be on the Nazi payroll to serve Nazi ends. The conviction was permeating among our official agencies that most of the saboteurs of Democracy looked and acted like ordinary men and women, went quietly about their work of destruction, lived on Park Avenue as well as Yorkville, came from some of our best families, and the most efficient among them were American-born and boasted of their ancestry. The conception that a fifth columnist did not have to be a paid agent of a foreign power, that he could lurk in the pulpit and cocktail lounge as well as the factory, were revolutionary steps toward stifling Hitler's agents and his American dupes functioning on the psychological battlefront.

Miss Laura Ingalls, trophy-winning aviatrix and firebrand America First-er, was one of the first to be sent to jail. She was convicted of being an unregistered Nazi agent in the pay of Baron Ulrich von Gienanth, second secretary of the German Embassy, and reported head of the Gestapo in the United States. She had been paid ten times "thirty pieces of silver" a month to betray her country. It was shown that part of Miss Ingalls' expenses as America First speaker were met with Nazi money, and among many letters she wrote there was one to her friend, Cathrine Curtis, with the invitation: "I know you will visit me at my chalet at Berchtesgaden."

"The best thing you can do," Baron von Gienanth told Miss Ingalls, "is to continue to promote America First." And when overflow crowds filled the meetings which Laura Ingalls addressed, it was testified that the Baron "couldn't withhold his joy." It was testified that in her speeches for America First and other "patriotic" groups including those of Cathrine Curtis, "she was doing everything possible to prepare and pave the way for the time when Hitler would come over." Upon her conviction, Miss Ingalls faced the judge defiantly and began what appeared to be a rehearsed statement. Speaking in a crisp, defiant tone, she reverted to the stand-by of all American Nazis:

> Your honor, one of the great fundamentals implicit in our Constitution is liberty of conscience. I felt I had a right to follow the dictates of my conscience. . . . I worked individually, and individualism is a real American trait.

She shifted her foot and after glaring at the audience, she faced the court again: "My motives were born of a burning patriotism and a high idealism . . . I am a truer patriot than those who convicted me." The final gesture was still to come. She threw back her head and with a final hysterical shout cried out: "I salute the Republic of the United States."

Cathrine Curtis' friend was quietly led away to serve her sentence for crimes against a Republic unappreciative of her brand of "patriotism" and the Department of Justice "went to work" on others of her kind.

George W. Christians, the one who advocated a "rope" for the President and was a chum of Edward Holton James, Mrs. Lois de Lafayette Washburn and Nazi agent Oscar Pfaus, was convicted for sedition in the record time of four days.

Francis P. Moran's offices in Boston were shut down by the F.B.I.

David Ryder, Frederick Vincent Williams and Ralph Townsend were convicted as Japanese agents in the employ of Jikyoku Iinkai, which paid out at least $175,000 to its American Quislings. The case of Ralph Townsend, a former American consular official, was most striking. Townsend offered no defense to the charge that he was an unregistered agent. It was shown that he had printed 60,000 copies each of *The High Cost of Hate; America Has No Enemies in Asia* and 30,000 copies of *There Is No Half Way Neutrality* urging

that America remain strictly "neutral" and give Japan a free hand in the Far East.

Townsend pleaded the cause of complacency and defeatism as an editor of *Scribner's Commentator* and its pro-Nazi affiliate—*The Herald*, both of which served as unofficial mouthpieces of the America First Committee. It was testified that Charles Shipman Payson, New York financier, invested $110,000 in the magazine; and Jeremiah Millbank, a New York banker, $50,000. An additional $30,000 was provided in "bales of twenty dollar bills" and left anonymously on "living room windows and hall tables," according to the story officials of *The Herald* told Dillard Stokes.

Robert Jordan, the Harlem fuehrer, was indicted for promoting Nipponese "Americanism" among Negroes.

Social Justice, The Beacon Light, Publicity and other defeatist fascist sheets were barred from the mails.

Mrs. David I. Good, Philadelphia socialite, president of the Dames of the Loyal Legion and friendly with Baxter, Hudson and Kissenger, was questioned by the grand jury.

The army refused to give Lawrence Dennis a commission, while Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson refused an army post to Colonel Charles Lindbergh.

Public opinion ousted George Deatherage from a naval defense job.

Representative Hamilton Fish's secretary, George Hill, was convicted of perjury regarding collaboration with Nazi agent Viereck. Ham Fish was ignominiously dragged before the Washington grand jury and questioned on his Nazi affiliations in one of the most sensational cases involving a member of Congress. The testimony shows the amazing cunning of Viereck and the equally amazing gullibility of our so-called "patriots."

A bewildered man in a shabby brown suit, Hill told how he had been advised not to tell the truth on his first appearance in court. When he changed his mind, he told of being introduced to Viereck by Ham Fish, in July, 1940, in Fish's office and of receiving instructions to co-operate with Viereck. He told how Fish had momentarily left the room and how, in his absence, Viereck gave him two $50 bills.

While he continued his duties as Fish's secretary, Hill's first job under Viereck was to mail out 125,000 copies of a speech written by Nazi agent Viereck and inserted in the *Congressional Record* by Senator Ernest Lundeen, favorite of the Steuben Society. Hill received another $150 from Viereck and later $100 more. "Viereck told me not to write him," he testified. "He told me he would get in touch with me."

According to reports appearing in *The Washington Post* from then on Hill acted as purchasing agent for Viereck, buying speeches by those Congressmen and Senators who furthered appeasement, defeatism, dissension and the general Nazi party line. Some of these speeches were actually written by Viereck, others inspired by him and inserted in the *Record* by his lackeys in Congress. All told, there were at least twenty-one Viereck-approved Congressmen and Senators.

Upon instructions from Viereck and from funds supplied by Viereck, Hill had their speeches delivered to Fish's office, Room 1424 in the New House Office Building, along with franked envelopes. He then distributed them to the America First Committee, Women United, John B. Snow, Mrs. Beatrice Knowles, Ralph Townsend, Mrs. Flora Walker of the American Coalition and many others. Fish's office became a center for Viereck's agitations, and American taxpayers footed mailing charges of close to a million speeches intended to disrupt national unity and hasten the collapse of Democracy.

"What Viereck was doing," declared William Power Maloney, "was to put words in the mouths of the legislators on Capitol Hill who were duped . . . while he laughed at them in secret reports he sent to Berlin."

During this time Prescott Dennett walked in and out of Ham Fish's offices, conferring with Hill, relaying instructions from Viereck, carting away bagsful of defeatist speeches for mailing to Viereck-approved lists. Hill testified that Dennett paid for more than a half million items. When Dennett was hauled before the grand jury, Fish sent a frantic call to Dennett's home and did away with eight bags of speeches bearing his frank. None the less, an additional ton of defeatist propaganda was unearthed in his home: the hoard from which Dennett had given me selections on my visit the year before.

When Ham Fish was dragged before the grand jury he claimed not to know that Viereck was a Nazi agent. On the

contrary he considered "Mr. Viereck an American citizen of long standing and good standing." Fish was highly evasive in his answers. "I have no memory of that at all," was a standard answer.

"Is it a coincidence," asked Prosecutor Maloney, "that his views as a German agent coincide so closely with your views as a Congressman at this time?"

"No, it is not," answered Fish. He became flustered: "How do you mean it? I don't understand that question at all. What do you mean by it?"

A few days after my return from the West, Pelley was convicted. Informed of his plans to gain notoriety, the prosecution made quick work of the goateed fuehrer. Sanctuary and Thorkelson testified on his behalf and Charles Augustus Lindbergh also made an appearance. Pelley wailed "persecution" and howled he had been "mistreated." But a jury of farmers and business men from the environs of Indianapolis found him guilty on all eleven counts. It deliberated only three hours and fifteen minutes. The trial lasted seven days and Pelley was sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Pointing his finger at Pelley, United States District Attorney J. Howard Caughran shouted in eloquent summation:

You are a traitor to your country, the arch-Quisling of America parading under a false flag of patriotism while you stabbed your country in the back. You will go down in history with Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr.

A few months later his daughter, Adelaide Marian Pelley, was arrested by the F.B.I. with four others charged with harboring Broenstrupp, alias Spiridovich, as a fugitive from justice. While it was true that many other Nazi tools were still at large, it was comforting to see our various law-enforcing and fact-gathering agencies co-ordinate their machinery and, together with an aroused public opinion, run down some of those who were actively opposing and seeking to subvert our war effort through Nazi methods of psychological warfare.

Chapter XI

PROSELYTES OF THE "NEW ORDER"

"As far as the Fathers of the Republic are concerned, they were nothing but Masonic hoodlums. They were all Masonic monkeys. . . . We could do a lot of things without committing high treason."

Olov E. Tietzow

There were two fascist operatives I wanted to see. One was Olov E. Tietzow, endorsed by *World Service* as a "patriot," and the other, Edwin Flaig, of the Flaig Brothers Hunter's Lodge in the mountains near Pittsburgh, where Tietzow now made his headquarters after operating from Minneapolis, Chicago, Boston, Buffalo, New York and Charleston as American Nazidom's travelling emissary.

So far as Flaig was concerned, I was sure he needed investigation. My cue was an interview I had once had with Paul M. Winter, a Legionnaire of Shavertown, Pennsylvania and distributor of Nazi pamphlets direct from Berlin. Winter had told me that he, together with Mrs. Dilling, had visited Edmondson. During our conversation, he had mentioned that he knew a "big German" who had returned from Germany a few years ago. This man, whom he named as Flaig, was a specialist in the manufacture of guns.

"He makes rifles and pistols on order," Winter said, and told me that Flaig had sold James True five rifles. "Whenever



you want anything in firearms, get in touch with Flaig. He'll fix you up. Be sure to use my name."

Olov E. Tietzow was a Swedish-born "patriot" whose passion was to promote Americanism through the credo: "Unite Under the Swastika—Symbol of Loyalty to American Ideals." He was fuehrer of The American Guard, "The White Man's Party," and a tireless pamphleteer who had flooded the country for many years with Nazi tracts, each headed with a design showing an American eagle clutching at a swastika. His book *Aryan Americanism,* specifically recommended by *World Service,* pointed "the way to a sane political development of my adopted country." I had once read a letter of Tietzow's which said in part:

> The coming struggle here in America will, I believe, be fought not with ballots but with bullets, and ladies should therefore stay out of it—it is a man's struggle and not a ladies' picnic, a struggle wherein ladies will be of value only as—spies.

As soon as I reached Pittsburgh I phoned him and because of our previous correspondence had no difficulty making an appointment to see him at his home. Tietzow was unmarried and was engaged as an engineer in a defense plant. At night he worked on a book which outmatched Bund literature in virulence. I could see that he was applying what he had written to me in a letter shortly after Pearl Harbor: "We could do a lot of things without committing high treason."

Tietzow told me about himself. With Oscar Pfaus, now in Berlin, he had started a Nazi group in New York, then become involved with the Friends of the New Germany. Speaking freely as to a co-worker, Tietzow confessed that he had received money from the Chicago branch of the German-American Bund to help finance his pamphlets. When I asked how much he had received, and how frequently, he became evasive but reiterated that he had got "pretty good money."

Tietzow spoke highly of Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, who about the time of my interview was the victim of a public airing of an alleged personal scandal. According to Tietzow, the Senator saw eye to eye with him politically and had received, and thanked him for all his literature. When Tietzow had got into trouble with the Post Office, Senator Walsh had interested himself in his problem because of personal friendship, Tietzow asserted.

"I've been in one revolution," he said, referring to his military service abroad, "and I wouldn't mind being in another. That is why I hope Hitler w . . ." He changed his mind and did not finish. "I have no faith in constitutional methods," he resumed. "Nothing will work here but a military coup d'état. And as far as the Fathers of the Republic are concerned, they were nothing but Masonic hoodlums. They were all Masonic monkeys."

I did not wait to listen further.

I also received a cordial welcome when I called on Edwin Flaig. Hunter's Lodge was perched atop a wild, picturesque, heavily wooded knoll, sixty acres in extent, at Millvale, eight miles outside Pittsburgh. The Lodge itself was built of logs, and included a spacious meeting room on the main floor, two large rooms above and a sizable cellar. A large residential home adjoined the Lodge. Only Edwin Flaig knew the secret buried in those inaccessible hidden acres.

As I walked up the steep hill and knocked on the door, I had a feeling that I was going to meet a man who would be different from the usual run of native fascist or Nazi sympathizer. I entered the gun shop and found it extremely well stocked with rifles, revolvers, ammunition and sundry hunter's goods.

Edwin Flaig himself came forward to meet me, dressed in a khaki shirt and dark trousers. His bearing was distinctly military. Six feet tall, with well-built, powerful shoulders, he gave the impression of being in active military training. His complexion was ruddy, his gestures dynamic. Flaig's manners were authoritative and at the same time ingratiating. The first question Flaig asked was whether I knew Paul Winter and Joe McWilliams personally. It was then my turn to ask if *he* knew Joe.

"I know pretty nearly everybody who has done work against the Jews," he answered. This set the atmosphere for what followed. Flaig offered me wine and after we had finished we placed the empty glasses on the mantel over the fireplace. The logs crackled, sending out showers of warm

sparks. As we sat facing each other on the small benches, our relation was one of complete chumminess. Perhaps this will explain the startling disclosures which Flaig made.

He was of German ancestry, American-born, and spoke German fluently. He told me he had served as a lieutenant in the American Army during the last war after which he had toured the world and stopped for an extended visit in Germany, attending many meetings of the Brown Shirts which had been addressed by Hitler personally.

"Sure I went to his meetings," he said. "I heiled Hitler like everybody else. He used to tell us [and here he injected a German phrase which he translated] 'I have a plan,' and I used to wave back at him that he was crazy. Hitler *was* crazy," Flaig emphasized. "He *is* crazy; no one but a crazy man would have dreamed of doing the things he has done."

Flaig told of his friendship with Goering and Ernest Udet, the Nazi flying ace and a commander of the *Luftwaffe*. He recalled how Udet used to be a stunter in Nazi air shows and how Goering and Udet used to engage in smuggling operations. Flaig also claimed to be a personal friend of Wilhelm Frick who in 1933 was appointed Minister of the Interior by Hitler. Flaig foresaw Hitler using mustard gas on New York city and said gleefully: "Those bombs will kill thousands in the subways. Three Christians will die for every Jew."

He suddenly motioned to me to keep quiet. He had seen someone approach. Flaig put on a professional smile and walked to the door. The man who entered was not formally introduced to me, but before he joined us, I heard him whisper to Flaig: "Is this gentleman all right?" Flaig vouched for me and the man joined in the conversation, which became progressively more anti-Semitic, anti-British, anti-Administration, anti-Democracy, pro-Hitler. The newcomer had also travelled in Germany and was now employed as a supervising engineer. Flaig addressed him as "Charlie."

"I talk in my shop just as I am talking here," Charlie said. "We all believe the same way at the shop and I tell them just what I'm telling you here now."

He told of meeting hunters who allegedly had continued shooting after the hunting season because "Jew hunting is go-



ing to be pretty good soon and we are practicing." Charlie confided that he had hidden several guns near his home. His son was in the army and had supposedly told his father before leaving: "Dad, hide them guns so when I come back we can use them."

Then Charlie made this statement, "By golly, if Federal agents visit me and I know their intentions ain't nowhere being near honorable, I'm going to give them a dose of my own poison gas." As I listened, startled, he explained that it left no trace except for a slight mark which looked like a tiny burn.

Again the door opened and we stopped talking. Whenever interrupted by a visiting customer we talked about the price of food. Our intimate conversation was resumed as soon as the customer left.

Before divulging the formula for his homemade poison gas, Charlie again observed: "I hope this gentleman is all right." Upon being reassured by Flaig that I was, Charlie went on. "You take cyanide and any other acid and put them in separate vials. When you're ready mix the two, give the snooping Federal agent one whiff and that'll be the end of him."

"Now I want to show you fellows something you've never seen before," Flaig said. He went into an adjoining room and returned with a magnificent rifle. He handled it tenderly and displayed it with considerable pride, taking apart several sections to show how easily the telescopic lens could be detached. He then gave the gun to Charlie and asked him to look through the sights. Charlie was speechless with praise. I handled the gun myself and was amazed at the efficiency of the telescopic lens.

"It's the latest model from Germany. There are only a few in this country!" Flaig said, as I wondered how he had obtained one.

Just before leaving us, Charlie paid for the cardboard targets he had come to buy. "I haven't bought a single damned war bond," he said, closing the door.

Flaig and I were alone again and Flaig, who had urged me to buy a gun and lay it aside for future use, now coached me on the technique of burying a gun without exposing it to rust.

"First grease the barrel, then wrap the gun in heavy canvas. Dip the whole thing in a light coat of paraffin and bury it. It'll last you a long time."

In view of Flaig's Nazi sentiments I naturally pondered on the number of guns which might have been buried on his wild wooded acres.

Flaig launched a tirade on the invulnerability of Germany to invasion and the inevitability of Germany's triumph. "England has already lost the war," he boasted. "Germany and Europe are impregnable. England would have been conquered last summer, but Germany discovered just in time that Russia had made a dishonorable pact and she had to turn around and teach Russia a lesson. But by July 1 (1942) Russia will be pushed beyond the Urals," Flaig prophesied with typical Nazi wishfulness. "America can't win. And some of the munitions we are now making are going to be left behind and used by the boys here. They'll dynamite Detroit, Pittsburgh, Chicago —paralyze transportation and isolate whole sections of the country. There'll be a purification. A blood bath is the only way out."

We were seated in front of the fireplace and had finished our second glass of wine. Flaig was so aroused that his eyes took on a wild glare. His hands began to gesticulate violently. I asked if he looked forward to National-Socialism here.

"Not only here, but the world over. It is the only way out. This damned system of Democracy has got to end."

Flaig then told me of being visited by two Federal men the week before, and he complained: "You can't tell the truth these days without being called a Nazi or a fifth columnist. You can't be a patriot today without somebody coming after you."

I asked why they had visited him.

"They wanted to know if I knew anything about some machine guns in Pittsburgh."

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I told them I knew nothing about machine guns," Flaig said. "But there *are* machine guns in Pittsburgh all right," he added laughing.

I asked if those he knew about were new or old models, whether there were only a few or enough "to count for some-

thing when the day comes." But Flaig was too smart and he wouldn't bite.

"I don't know," he said, becoming evasive. "But there *are* some. I know that. A machine gun is a terrible thing."

It was getting late, so I asked Flaig if he could see me again tomorrow and take a walk through the wods. He agreed readily. I wanted to visit him again for two reasons. First, to bring my camera along; second, to see if I could discover the hideout where guns might be buried—particularly those latest, deadly telescopic models from Germany.

The next day was perfect for picture taking and I spent some time photographing the locale from the road. At the foot of the hill was a roadhouse, with some of the side windows grated with iron bars. I noted mentally that the roadhouse could be used as a lookout post for those who entered or were inspecting the Flaig estate from the outside. As I went about taking pictures, I automatically considered myself under observation. If questioned, my excuse would be that I was a "tourist" taking "souvenir" shots. That is the way a horde of Nazi agents had got away with photographing our industrial plants, harbors and air fields.

Flaig was mowing the lawn as I walked up the steep flight of stone steps. I pitched in and helped. After we had finished Flaig himself suggested going for a walk. In addition to the gun shop and the large residence adjoining it, there were several other homes on the property. He intended to build more homes and eventually found a settlement.

Flaig now told me a bit about his personal life. He had been married in France and had a son there, a strong nationalist. Flaig couldn't get along with women: "They make a lot of trouble for me. I prefer the company of men."

About two years ago he had been desperately ill and penniless. "But I got on my feet again," Flaig said. He did not explain how he had obtained the finances to buy this magnificent estate. But he did tell me that he had always had inside information on Hitler's plans, and had actually marked on a calendar the day of Hitler's invasion of Poland. He divulged other information which indicated that he was not merely boasting.

"If I knew you better, I could tell you lots more," Flaig said.

I asked about Edmondson.

"I knew him and sold him a gun with a sight. His wife was very helpful to him," he reminisced. "She wore the pants in that family."

I asked about James True. He admitted knowing and meeting him at Winter's home in 1939, but apparently suspicious, said nothing about the sale of five guns, and I did not press him. I was content to have learned from Winter that the deal had been transacted in his home "right before [his] eyes."

I asked Flaig if he knew Pelley. He had never met him personally, but one of Pelley's men had visited him, and they had exchanged views about founding a settlement wherein each tenant would share the work co-operatively. "Of course, all would have to see eye to eye politically," Flaig said.

As we walked about the estate I kept a sharp lookout for mounds and freshly dug earth. But Flaig refused to take me up into the woods. He had sold a lot of regular United States Army rifles, 30.06 calibre. He explained that these guns were best because ammunition was standard. "They can always get the ammunition without trouble. I told my customers to buy them and lay them aside for use against the Jews."

One of Flaig's customers was driving part way to Pittsburgh, and I agreed to go along. It was past noon, and my bus left shortly after one P.M. While Flaig went back into the gun shop, I questioned his friend and learned that Flaig was a member of the North Side Sporting Club, and other rifle clubs. He was well-liked and contributed generously. He told me that in Allegheny County alone there were more than seventy gun clubs with a membership of 12,000. "Babies are born with guns," he said. "Everybody owns a gun here."

I asked Flaig's friend if the rifle clubs were politically conscious about the Jews, for example, and national politics. I emphasized anti-Semitism and politics. His denial was prompt. "No, we don't bother about politics. We just get together and shoot, but we fight back when they try to seize our rifles. Practically everybody around here is a member of the N.R.A. (National Rifle Association)."

It was apparent to me that this man knew nothing whatever

about Flaig's revolutionary ideas. He regarded Flaig as a good, neighborly fellow. I did not learn the man's name, but I jotted down in my notes the license number of his sedan.

Flaig came out of the gun shop. "Let me show you what's upstairs before you leave," he said. We re-entered the gun shop and climbed the stairs. There were two large rooms, one of which was filled with hunters' equipment. The other, long and spacious, could have served admirably for meetings. Flaig read my thoughts.

"This can be used as a meeting hall," he said.

Downstairs, I asked Flaig to pose for me. He posed once, but suddenly decided he did not like the idea and refused to face the camera a second time.

"You'd better take this along, as a souvenir," Flaig said, handing me the catalogue of his gun shop. It was a sixty-four-page book, with numerous illustrations, expensively printed. It advertised countless items which obviously required considerable capital to stock. How, from his confessed poverty of a few years ago, Flaig had been able to build up an enormous and profitable business puzzled me greatly. It may have been uncommon business acumen. On the other hand, I felt that his Nazi preachments, admiration of National-Socialism, contempt for Democracy and the national leadership; his defeatism and defamation of the war effort—all these on the part of a man who described himself as a former lieutenant in the United States Army—would distinctly interest the proper authorities.

As soon as I had got back to New York I made it a point to see Elmhurst and keep my promise to visit his friends in Brooklyn.

"You'll meet them all tonight," Elmhurst said: "The McDonalds, the doctor, Steve Sylvester and Roy. Roy's been a cop for sixteen years."

"What's Roy's last name?" I asked.

"We just call him Roy," Elmhurst said.

I hesitated about visiting a veteran policeman as I felt he'd see through me and tip off Elmhurst. If "Roy" discovered my work, a man in his position might easily employ counter measures, some of them not pleasant to contemplate, and when it

came to a showdown it would be a cop's word against mine. I thought it over carefully and decided that inasmuch as my investigations were nearing an end, my exposure would not matter. As to a cop's testimony against mine, I determined to get so much evidence against "Roy," both written and oral, that if things ever came to a showdown he could not possibly refute my testimony or stack a coterie of witnesses against me.

I decided to go, despite my feelings that I should not. But I wanted to know if this Brooklyn cop had been negligent in his duty toward checking acts of vandalism against synagogues which at that time were rife in Brooklyn and the Bronx. I wanted to know how large was Elmhurst's "patriotic" gang and I wanted to know why "Roy's" name was being kept a secret from me. It was with the expectation of high adventure that I went to this policeman's home.

Elmhurst had not misrepresented. "Roy" admitted visiting Stahrenberg's to "buy literature." He admitted helping sponsor meetings of the Mobilizers, Nationalist Party and to having Sanctuary, Russell Dunn and the Bundist "Reverend" Herbert Lewis, as speakers.

Together with Elmhurst, Steve Sylvester and "Roy" comprised the ringleaders. In addition, there were Tom Quinlan, five or six other men and a half dozen women in the room. In the circle was also a Brooklyn physician who served on the local draft board. They were old-timers and knew many of the standard Nazis in the movement. "Roy's" son had sold *Social Justice* for four years and his home was filled with the subversive literature of Flanders Hall, Edmondson, Broenstrupp, Smythe, Hudson, Dilling and others. He subscribed to most of the "patriotic" services.

The informal "family gathering" began with a lot of pro-Nazi talk in which Elmhurst assumed the role of a savant and final arbiter of all questions of dispute. But the last thing I had expected to hear was a vicious anti-Catholicism on the part of men (except Elmhurst) who were churchgoing Roman Catholics.

It started innocently enough with Sylvester's comparison of Christ to Hitler, followed by the statement that like Christ, Hitler was re-establishing pristine (he pronounced it "priestyne") Christianity by cleaning out the "Catholic doctrine"

(he pronounced it "doktreene") of the dead weight it had accumulated. And, like Christ, Hitler was being crucified for opposing the "money changers." Sylvester then launched into a vigorous attack on the Reverend Robert I. Gannon, president of Fordham University, who repudiated his isolationist stand by declaring: "It is humiliating, but many of us are ready to stand up and confess that we were wrong and he [the President] was right. It was our war from the first." In Nazi eyes, this placed Father Gannon as being on the "Jewish side of the war."

It was also Sylvester's preposterous notion that Myron Taylor, who had just left as special envoy to the Vatican had taken over a "certified check" to "close the Jew Deal with that man, the Pope. This is a bad Pope," Sylvester declared. "He loves the Jews."

From then on the Church hierarchy and the "Jeevies" (as the draft board physician alluded to the Jesuit Order) received such a searing and unremitting attack that I could have imagined myself in a Klan gathering. The talk degenerated into bitter invectives and, as with all Nazi-minded men, ended in the threat of violence. "Roy" observed that five or six of the "big shots" in the Church ought to be lined up with a blackjack and—he illustrated by drawing back his right fist, then coming down swiftly with it on his knee—"hit right on the mush."

The physician recommended "hard labor for them Jeevies," and "Roy" countered with: "Sure, make them work for their living."

"Yep, they are a menace. They're always asking for money," the physician agreed.

I was appalled. When I recovered I realized that Americans who turn Nazi-minded lose all respect for decency and humanity, for true religion and for God. Hate so obsesses them that turning on their Mother Church is as natural as turning against anything else. For hate is a Nazi cancer that devours the soul and from which no one is immune. In his booklet *Dare We Hate the Jews* Father Daniel A. Lord observed sagely: "Anti-Semitism rots the soul. . . . Hatred is a form of self-poisoning. Physically it creates an auto-intoxication. Mentally it throws a man completely off the level of sanity."

Complementing Father Lord's writing was an article by Father J. Elliot Ross in *The Ecclesiastical Review* for May, 1939 which every anti-Semite regardless of his denomination should read:

> There is another selfish reason why Catholics should not take any part in anti-Semitic orgies: those who succumb to such persecution hysteria *inevitably suffer a spiritual degeneration.* One cannot play with pitch without becoming tarred, one cannot practise sadism without becoming sadistic. . . . When finally he reaches a point where he can experience pleasure in the most barbarous cruelty against human beings, who are equally with himself children of one common Father, God, he has himself become a barbarian.

Elmhurst had invited me to go clam-digging with him and I accepted, hoping to get evidence to show that while clam-digging off New York Harbor he might be in a position to relay messages to enemy interests.

Riding along on the bus to Prince's Bay in Staten Island, I watched Elmhurst keep a tight grip on a long thin package. We walked down the street toward the bay with the map-like package held tightly in his hand. We crossed a bridge and knocked on the door of a brown, weather-beaten house. The door opened, and a wizened, wrinkly woman with a hard face and sharp, suspicious eyes opened it cautiously.

"Hello, Mrs. Schmitt." Handing over the mysterious package, Elmhurst added: "any time tonight, yes?"

I burned with curiosity, and while Elmhurst talked quietly with Mrs. Schmitt I wandered around the premises. The pigeons interested me. There were fifteen or more. I kept looking at their legs in a way which would not arouse any suspicions. Could these pigeons be used to carry messages to outlying boats? The thought burned feverishly, and I could do nothing to quench it.

Elmhurst kept his clamming paraphernalia at Mrs. Schmitt's. We put on our old togs and jumped into the boat. "Yes, sir, George, America has as much chance of winning this war as the Jews had against the Bund," he began. I recalled another of his wishful "predictions"—the fall of Stalingrad. "It'll take one more week," he said on September 10, 1942.

We rowed out. The tide was low—a good time for clamming. We dug all afternoon. Elmhurst seized the clamming rake, a scissors-like affair with large curved prongs, and lifting it high in the air plunged it into the sea bottom, then scooped the tongues together and brought up clams, rocks and mud. It was my job to pick out the live clams and throw the junk overboard.

I asked Elmhurst if ship movements could be observed from where we were. The ship lanes were out several miles, he said, and guessing my thoughts added that the waters were patrolled by the coast guard. This, however, was no drawback to an ambitious Nazi agent. Throughout the afternoon only one coast-guard vessel passed by. Elmhurst was a close friend of Paul Scholz, the Nazi spy, at the Germania Bookstore.

"I tried to tell him to be careful, and how to do things, but he would not take my advice. He knew it all."

"They've let you pretty well alone, haven't they?" I observed.

"I was too smart for the F.B.I.," Elmhurst boasted. "They didn't touch me. I was too clever for them. I am always careful whom I talk to."

"Maybe you behaved yourself," I said, fishing for information.

"I'm a sixth columnist," he answered.

Laughing to throw off suspicion, I asked if a sixth columnist was "a guy who manufactured defeatist talk."

"I have my own conception of that. They will yet find out," he said mysteriously.

Elmhurst also knew Max Blank, the spy at B. Westermann Bookstore who was convicted with Scholz, but he was unwilling to talk further and hinted we drop the conversation. And Elmhurst definitely balked at telling me Roy's last name.

"Why don't you forget it, George?" he said peeved.

Another indication of Elmhurst's dawning suspicion was manifested at our next meeting. I went to it with some hesitation and fear. I did not know why, but I felt that I was under Roy's constant scrutiny. He had offered to drive me to Elmhurst's home, but I was suspicious of his friendliness. When I arrived at Elmhurst's, purposely late, I made sure no one lurked in any of the cars parked near-by.

Roy and Sylvester with their womenfolk, Tom Quinlan, the physician, and a newcomer, John Thornton, were all present. Roy had brought a batch of Sanctuary's propaganda, instead of Edward James Smythe's seditious leaflets he had promised and told me he had at his home. Elmhurst showed around the letter he had received from Adelaide Marian Pelley, another from Tietzow asking to quote from *The World Hoax*. Mrs. Dilling's and Hudson's latest bulletins were on Elmhurst's desk. After looking at the swastika, the literature and the war maps, Mrs. "Roy" observed smartly:

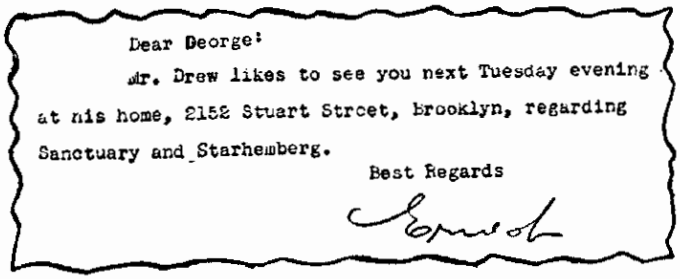
"With all these maps and things, Ernest, this place looks like Nazi headquarters."

Elmhurst had worked hard on the copy for a series of seditious stickers and leaflets and showed them around for approval. One of them read "Jews caused this war. Make them pay for it." This Nazi bromide was to be printed on adhesive paper and taking advantage of blackout regulations, stuck in public places. Another sticker entitled "The Four Freedoms" propagated the Nazi canard that Jews were refusing to join the army. One virulent bit of Nazi poison was signed by a nonexistent League of National Jewish Organizations.

"There they are. All we need now is a printer," Elmhurst said.

"I want you, George, and Roy here to go tomorrow and find a printer. You do the work from now on. I've done my share."

Elmhurst was shouldering the seditious act on a policeman of Irish lineage and on an American he presumed to be Italian. He made sure no German-Americans were involved, least of



Dear George:

Mr. Drew likes to see you next Tuesday evening at his home, 2152 Stuart Street, Brooklyn, regarding Sanctuary and Starhemberg.

Best Regards

all himself. "Go ahead and change the writing any way you want to," Elmhurst added. "It's your job from now on."

Roy and I agreed to meet the following day to get Sanctuary's advice; Stahrenberg was out of business, another Nazi printer had died and Hackl Press, printers for the Bund and the Mobilizers, was closed down by the F.B.I. It was long after midnight when the "patriotic" chinfest broke up. Bus service had stopped and trains to the Staten Island Ferry ran at long intervals.

"I'll drive you to the ferry," volunteered Roy.

"You're filled up," I said. "I'll go over with Doc."

"Sure, there's plenty of room in my car," the physician said.

Roy drove his car behind ours and as I alighted at the ferry I jotted down the license number of both automobiles.

"Hey, what are you doing?" the cop called out.

"Nothing," I said stiffly. I did not care what he thought of me from now on. *I wanted to know who "Roy" was.* When I met him in the drugstore of the New York Times Building the next day, I sensed his coolness. He had come with John Thornton, former member of the Christian Front Sport Club, and twice a deserter from the army, he confided.

"Those stickers are too hot to handle now," he began.

"But last night you were all for it. What happened overnight?"

"I've thought it over and I don't think we'd better do anything now."

"Then there's no use of going up to see Sanctuary," I said.

"We may as well go up," Roy answered, "so that if we change our minds we can get the job done."

When we saw Sanctuary he suggested we try the William S. Brewer Printing Company, 169 Duane Street.

"Are you going there?" I asked Roy.

"No, George. I'm through with this thing. A fellow has to be careful nowadays."

A week later I checked with the Brewer Printing Company, presenting myself as a friend of the Colonel. I ascertained that Roy had visited the plant but his proposition had been turned down as too risky.

"Have you done any work like that before?" I asked Brewer.

"You're damned tootin' right I've done that kind of work before the war. Here, look at this."

From under the pile of rubbish on his desk, Brewer tossed over the June, 1939 copy of the *Christian Free Press,* Mrs. Fry's propaganda sheet. "We printed that here," he said. "We also did a lot of work for Edmondson. We printed 4,000 copies of *The Secret World Government* by Spiridovich. And we did a hell of a lot of work for Sanctuary. Just before he was indicted, Pelley was over here trying to buy some type. I guess we've done enough for the patriotic cause. But can't handle anything hot now."

Thanks to Roy and Elmhurst I had stumbled upon one of the important New York presses which specialized in fascist literature!

In the meanwhile, I checked with the vehicle bureau the registration of the twin license numbers. I learned the full name and address of the Brooklyn physician. I also learned that "Roy" was James Le Roy Drew and that his 1942 black Ford sedan was registered in his wife's name, Blanche. His shield number was 7998. In my possession, also, is Drew's unlisted home telephone number. Furthermore, I've received letters from Drew and Elmhurst. In his letter Elmhurst involved Drew's name with Stahrenberg's. I've kept detailed notes of many interviews with Drew which I've not recorded here and have put them away for safe keeping. I believe that if I'm put to it I can fully prove my case against him as an accomplice of Ernest F. Elmhurst, the American Nazi.

I began to get letters from Mrs. Lois de Lafayette Washburn. She addressed them as "My Dear Fellow Sufferer" and "Friend Pagnanelli," and signed them "T.N.T." She had lost no time in getting started on her Yankee Minute Men leaflet upon her return from the fascist convention at Boise. "No name, no address will go on the stuff I send out—nothing, so they will have a hard time trying to hang me," she wrote and kept me informed of the "secret" developments. "No releases whatsoever will be made," she wrote—

until everybody is all set to do his part, so that they will be flying so fast in all directions all at once that the enemy will be

flabbergasted and confused and will not know in which direction to start the bloodhounds on the scent. . . . You can be getting your lists for mailing lined up. That's the way I work ahead of time.

Her next letter, in September after Pearl Harbor, informed me that the pamphlets were ready, but—

I can't set any date for the release—not until my Chief [Frank W. Clark] turns up. He is lost, or at least I've had no word for 3 weeks. Don't know whether he is *off on some secret mission*, or what. He told me a while back that there would be a time I would not hear from him; but I wrote him all was ready and that we were waiting and raring to go; but I never make a move of any kind without his approval and authorization, for it might prove fatal to some of his plans. . . .

Her next letter said: "Just held consultations with the Chief who says to go ahead, open up both barrels and let 'em have the full volley of our guns." She continued:

Your request "please keep my name confidential from all" shall be respected. . . . Rest assured that no lists will ever be kept in reach of the snoops. That part is all taken care of in advance before we start. Neither will any quantities of the material be kept on hand for the snoops to break in upon. That too had been taken care of in advance. We're all distributors, and pray what can they do about that? Not a damned thing! So have no fears. Five hundred of my own will go forth this week, and I don't know how many the co-operators will get out for nobody knows what the other fellow is doing; we are expecting good returns; and those will lead to more, and those to more, etc. I'm busy today notifying the advance contacts to let 'er go.

God bless you for the fine work you are doing, and I hope it will be rewarded with much success. If every young man your age had the brains and integrity you have, we would soon end the racket. . . .

Mrs. Washburn's Yankee Minute Men tract was clearly inspired by Edward Holton James' leaflet on Yankee Freemen. It was equally seditious, demanding "immediate annulment of all so-called 'Lend-Lease' Laws" and "immediate armistice with all nations against whom we are arrayed at war, and a

YANKEE MINUTE MEN

Think Yankee, Talk Yankee, Act Yankee

RESCUE THE REPUBLIC! Defend the Yankee Tradition and Restore Social Justice, Christian Culture, and the Rights of Mankind! Preserve our

negotiated peace, and with an all-Yankee cast on our side of the conference table. . . . We champion and will fight for the rights of Yankee nationalists."

In addition, Mrs. Washburn branded "the policies of the present administration of our governmental affairs—both foreign and domestic, in peace and in war time—as subversive of our Yankee tradition. We brand and denounce all these secret plotters . . . and we hold them responsible for the tragedy at Pearl Harbor."

In her next letter early in October Mrs. Washburn urged me to dodge army service.

I was talking to the Chief again about the conscientious objectors. . . . The Chief says it is best to do your objecting at the start. They are sending the boys who object to the insane asylum because they haven't prisons to put them in; but damned if I wouldn't rather be at large among the lunatics who, after all, are not any more luny than the ones who put them there . . . so stand on your Constitutional rights and tell 'em to go to hell. I'm passing this to you for what it is worth. That's exactly what I would do were I a man for I could carry on my crusade from the insane asylum. . . .

Oh, boy! Was I busy jamming the mail Saturday night. We're opening up to let 'm have a volley from both barrels. . . . Fine man went from here to Texas not long ago, and he is calling on clergymen in the principal cities of that State, and has promised full co-operation.

I decided that it was about time to let a bit of firing be done from New York. Preaching sedition and urging me to stay out of the army exhausted my patience. I published an article, under a false Chicago date-line, and carefully camouflaging those facts which might give me away, I exposed Mrs. Wash-

burn and Clark as co-authors of the seditious leaflet. Her next letter dated October 13 told the story eloquently:

Of course we expected to be fighting the serpents out in the open before very long, but I hardly expected such quick work. . . . So I didn't go to bed last night but stayed up folding and getting my supply of literature in shape to taxi out with it early this morning to a place of safety. . . . I will defy the devils and taunt them with it and ask them what they are going to do about it. They will soon enough find out what we Yankees are going to do. . . . F I G H T !

Mrs. Washburn's next letter revealed interesting ties with Governor Talmadge, and also showed that she continued to trust me implicitly:

I am cautioning you not to give my address to anyone. . . . The order may be filled from Texas, California or Michigan. I have taken the precaution to see to it that if the supply is shut off here, more can be planographed right in Chicago; so they will never succeed in stopping the flow. . . .

The response continues to be satisfactory, and I am filling orders all the time, receiving some anonymous contributions with lists to be circularized. . . . An air mail from New York brings me the good news that ex-Governor Talmadge of Georgia and his bodyguard, a military man, are organizing a new White Man's secret society in that State. He is a fine man with whom I used to have some interesting correspondence. He has had our platform and perhaps they will decide to co-operate with us. . . .

I answered Mrs. Washburn sympathetically, expressing "painful shock and surprise" at the publicity she had received. I asked whom she suspected in Chicago. In answer she sent me a copy of the vile letter she had written a blameless Jewish professor in Chicago. Professor Julius Jonathan Steen must be wondering what on earth brought the wrath of an enraged woman on his shoulders. My article had scored for in her next letter Mrs. Washburn wailed:

I bragged too soon. The F.B.I. stooges have since located me through my Social Security (Bolsheviki identification tag) and phoned me at my office, thereby muffing their assignment; for I talked them out of investigating me. Had they swooped down on me at my hotel, as I expected, I might not be here. But I'm boasting no more.

The rest of the letter was occupied with the "military trial" of her "Chief." Clark had been called to Washington to testify, and had been locked up. "It's a frame-up, of course," she wailed.

When you are able to do so, I wish you would contact Edwin Perry Banta, 215 East 17th Street, Apt. 8. He is a prince. He has been keeping me posted on all fronts, and he contacted Sanctuary's lawyer. . . . The only Willard I know in Chicago is a Mabel J. Willard, 816 E. 57th Street, who put me in touch with Lawyer McKnight in Salt Lake City, but surely she is on our side of the fence. She signed one of my pledge cards.

I wrote her a reassuring letter, telling her that everything would turn out well, that her "Chief" may soon be released. Then I received an air mail letter postmarked November 18:

Just a hurried note as I am packing up, to advise you to direct no more mail to this address, as I am journeying to parts unknown. I am moving out to the country someplace, thus to lose my Bolsheviki identification tag—that "Social Security Number." That's how they tracked me here and hounded me. So, until you hear from me under another name, adios.

The *Chicago Tribune*, "World's Greatest Newspaper," is rallying to the defense of Colonel Sanctuary, and Sanctuary's lawyer will work for the release and exoneration of Frank too. . . . Colonel McCormick and Colonel Sanctuary are fellow Colonels and comrades. . . . So until you hear from me under another name, adios.

T.N.T.

I was about to write her again to her post office box when a newspaper item a few days later told me what had happened. The story bore a Washington date-line and read:

Mrs. Lois de Lafayette Washburn of Seattle was ordered to appear before a Federal Grand Jury understood to be investigating seditious activities. Mrs. Washburn, author of a pamphlet,

Yankee Minute Men, was subpoenaed by William Power Maloney, special assistant to the Attorney General. Officials declined to discuss why she was summoned.

That was not the end of Mrs. Lois de Lafayette Washburn. On November 19, I received an embittered and venomous letter in which she addressed me as "Your Honor of the Jewish Gestapo." Someone had apparently tipped off Mrs. Washburn that I had been investigating her. But surprisingly enough, on December 31 I received another letter from Mrs. Washburn addressed to "Dear Pagnanelli":

You tried to communicate with me after I left Seattle. The letter got to D. C. but never reached my hands. A fool woman tore it up. She was one of those who insisted you were a spy. I have since learned that this is not so. I am very sorry I went off on a tangent and bawled you out. . . .

Am spending the holidays in Chicago. Then I shall leave for "parts unknown." . . . Hope to see you again some day when the smoke has cleared away and the blood of the "vipers and serpents" is washed up.

On March 27 she wrote again addressing me as "Honorable Sir" and again cleared me of all blame, stating: "I trust you will pardon my former hallucinations. . . . Thus I pray for your forgiveness." She signed it T.N.T. On the upper right hand corner of her letter was her new return address: "Cell 217, Women's Division, 200 19th Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. Jail."

Chapter XII

TREASON IN LIBERTY'S CRADLE

> "A whispering campaign is the best thing now. Mrs. Murphy tells Mrs. Duffy and she tells Mrs. O'Toole who tells it to Mrs. Smith. . . . It's the safest thing to work nowadays."
>
> Francis P. Moran

I carried on a correspondence with Edward Holton James. He was on a nation-wide tour contacting and co-ordinating the efforts of fellow fascists who had not been apprehended by the Department of Justice. "Yankee Comrade," one of his letters to me began, "Here is our program. Germany for the Germans. Yankeeland for the Yankees." It went on:

The Germans under the swastika have had a revolution which has brought liberty to their people (*das volk*). . . . Germany is nearer to democracy than we are. Churchill and Roosevelt understand nothing about democracy.

The Yankee Freeman will see to it that the "Atlantic Charter" goes to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. Our course is marked for us by George Washington and '76. The Germans have organized the Hitler elite. We shall see in this country the George Washington elite.

I was now working feverishly against time and against being discovered as an investigator. Mrs. Willard of Chicago had already written James and others that I was not to be "trusted." Fortunately disbelieving her, James gave me the opportunity to "explain" my integrity as a "patriot" and I succeeded in convincing him that I was loyal to the American Nazi cause. Mrs. Washburn's arrest would further throw the



weight of suspicion against me. Then, too, Edwin Banta had been partly responsible for my "losing face" as investigator in the New York area. This informant for the Bund had no direct proof, but while mixing widely among "patriotic" circles he spread the rumor that George Pagnanelli had "sold out to the enemy."

Nor could I forget that Drew was also wise to me, and it worried me because I had no means of knowing what he was doing about it. Between these and others who also suspected me, I found myself in such hot water that I decided to leave town. I wanted to investigate Boston fascists and I wrote James—who had just returned to his home in Concord—that I intended to visit "my Italian fishermen relatives in Gloucester." James wrote back: "When you come up to Gloucester, why not spend a night with me?"

I packed and left hurriedly on an early morning train.

Edward Holton James lived on 26 Lexington Road, Concord—on the same historic road over which British redcoats retreated after their stand at Concord Bridge. Historic markers and historic homes and historic landmarks dotted the road all the way to Lexington six miles away. Adjoining James' home was the square, white picket-fenced home of the immortal Ralph Waldo Emerson. James lived on ground as hallowed as Valley Forge and Bunker Hill.

Inside his home I found the walls studded with mementos of his historic forebears. There were photographs of Professor William James and the writer, Henry James. Antique colonial furniture adorned the room of this veritable museum of Americana. I was swept to those days only a few generations ago when patriots had died on that very spot in order that Democracy might live. But Edward Holton James had other thoughts. He placed in my hand the latest copy of his *Grapevine Letter:*

He would be a fool who pretends that there is any patriotism in the war now going on. . . . As regards political revolution, a people's movement here must do precisely what the Germans did. It must get rid of the two-party system known here as "democracy." In reality, this system is a sham. . . . Either Hitler will take over this country, or the Yankee Freeman will take it over on a one-party basis.

James was talking to me: "Hitler did away with the two-party system, and that's what we've got to do here. What we should have here is a government by the elite, with a boss at the head—an American Hitler. Whoever starts the movement and keeps it going will become boss—just as in Germany."

I realized with a start that I was not on hallowed Concord earth, but in the home of Concord's Quisling!

"Our type of revolution is more potent than arms. We use ideas as weapons. That is the way Hitler first worked it."

"Yes," I said absently: "The American people are sovereign."

"Nothing of the kind," James snapped back. "They are nothing but cattle. They are stupid. Only a handful, only the elite are capable." Then he added sternly: "George, I want you to get away from that red-white-and-blue idea. It belongs to the past. A New Order means making a clean sweep of the ideologies of yesterday. It means a New Life, a New Outlook entirely. Hitler's *Weltanschauung* (world vision) was world-wide in scope. The Yankee Freemen are the American arm of that world revolution."

I sipped at my cider and looked into the blazing logs in the fireplace. They lighted up James' face, ardent in its intensity. I wanted to look into the fire and dream, but James would give me no peace.

"You haven't read your *Mein Kampf* carefully, George," he admonished. "It's our *Bible.*"

His copy lay next to *The Diaries of George Washington.* He got up and went to the bookshelf, and brought over a sheaf of letters he had been receiving from fellow Yankee Freemen. There were several from Rudy Fahl, of Denver, who had been indicted for sedition, also letters from Margaret Norton and Norman Wilson, both of whom had helped formulate the Yankee Freemen platform.

"Of course I know the *Grapevine Letters* conflict with the Law," James said. "And I know what it means if we're caught. But I'm within my Constitutional rights in putting them out. It's the sedition laws which are unconstitutional."

It was late and I asked to be excused. In reality, I wanted to be alone to jot down my notes. James led me up a quaint series of steps, past a hall dotted with historic photographs. Books on American history lined the shelves in my bedroom, adjacent to copies of *The Talmud Unmasked* by Sanctuary and *The Octopus* by Mrs. Dilling.

James was downstairs when I awoke the next morning. Silently I tiptoed to his room in search of Nazi literature and Nazi books. I did not think he'd hear me, as he was playing the violin.

He stopped playing suddenly.

"George," he called out.

I managed to get back to my door and had just entered my room when he came around the corner. "I'll be right out," I said.

Mrs. James was away and I expected that for breakfast we'd slap together a few eggs, make our own coffee and leave the dishes in the sink. On the contrary, a delicious breakfast—and later, lunch—was served us by a maid. After breakfast I went back to my schooling. It was Sunday morning. James opened the pages of his well-marked *Bible*—and read from pages 328-329 of *Mein Kampf*.

I asked whether the revolutionary plan of Yankee Freemen was to be confined to the *Grapevine Letter* and personal missionary work.

"For the time being that is all we can do."

"But how about storm troopers and arms and organization?"

"In due time all that, yes. You've got to meet violence with violence. But what's the use of talking about that now? When you have 60,000 men, or at least 20,000 in one section and rule the streets—then you can think about the storm troopers."

"And would the movement include the use of arms and munitions?"

"Why, of course," the Concord Quisling answered.

James told me of the visit he had had with Norman Wilson.

"Wilson wanted to see this thing end by assassination," he said. "I'm for assassination, if it would work. But it won't solve anything. Besides, we are doing the assassination the way it ought to be done. Assassination by words. These are our weapons now—words. They penetrate deeper than bullets."

James continued, carried away by his own fervor, his face florid. "Our job right now is to hamstring the war effort. If Roosevelt puts this war over with the people, we're through. The world revolution will be through."

"How about reform?" I asked.

"You can't have reform without revolution," he stormed, "and you can't have revolution without blood. You can't create anything new without destroying the old. And you can't destroy the old without killing off those who support it. A New Order means a New Order in every respect. Reform is out completely."

This climaxed my course of instruction. As he drove me to the station in his new auto, I thanked him for his hospitality.

"I've been watching you, George," he said. "You are a go-getter. You don't do a thing and then stop. You have determination. You make a good Yankee Comrade. I wish we had a few dozen more like you."

I thanked him for the compliment. Before leaving, James gave me copies of thirty-six inflammatory leaflets he had published, most of which had originally appeared in the *Concord Herald*. One of them, *Hitler in Concord*, read:

> The reason I am for Hitler and the Germans is because I honestly believe that Hitler and the Germans are interested that we should save our-way-of-life against the British. The Germans have a stake in this country. . . . I see no reason why Japan's friendship would be a harm for us. I favor Hitler coming to Concord. I hope he will come soon. . . . Together, we shall work out something good.

My first stop in Boston after I left James was to call on Conrad Chapman who was related to James by a marriage tie. I found Chapman literally hiding in a tiny, off-the-road house at 17-A Branch Street. Even Bostonians in the vicinity did not know about Branch Street. Chapman was unusually tall, with a small head and delicate features. His face had the look of a studious laboratory worker. A moment later he told me he was taking courses at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Chapman was unwilling to talk. When I tried to make an

appointment to see him the next day, he said: "One of my friends has got into trouble. He was framed, of course. But I don't want to see anyone or do anything else until I settle this matter. They can easily get something on you nowadays."

Chapman's background was familiar to me. An extremely clever operator for the Goebbels cause, Chapman was the man behind Mrs. Fry: he gave the orders and had charge of the funds. He had many contacts high in the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda and was involved in the abortive American Nazi *putsch* engineered by Consul Manfred von Killinger. He used the alias Warren Weston, but never associated publicly with known members of the Bund, Silver Shirts and other pro-Nazi groups on the coast many of which he guided through his lieutenants: Mrs. Fry, Henry D. Allen and Ivan Gorin. When Allen was subpoenaed to appear before the Dies Committee, he turned over more than 1000 letters incriminating notorious Nazi operatives in America and many of the letters involved Chapman. Chapman quietly left the country and was followed by Mrs. Fry. I had got the tip that he had quietly slipped back into the United States. This was the man I faced.

"How did you learn my address?" was the first question Conrad Chapman asked.

I mentioned my "friendship" with Deatherage and implied that I had got it from him. Then I asked: "Have you been visited by the authorities?"

"No," he answered. "And I don't want them to. They are usually very thorough."

I remembered that phrase and it haunted me during the rest of my interview. Why was he afraid of a "thorough" investigation? What had he to hide?

"I haven't been doing anything since December," he said, referring to Pearl Harbor.

"Do you ever hear from Mrs. Fry?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he answered, "she went back. . . ." He was unwilling to say that she had fled to Germany from the F.B.I.

I asked if he was in touch with James True or George Deatherage, with both of whom he had worked in former years. He denied recent contacts with them and he also denied communicating with an extremely close collaborator of his,

Henry D. Allen, the ex-convict who had also served as liaison man between General Nicholas Rodriguez of the Mexican Gold Shirts and Herman Max Schwinn, West Coast Bund leader.

I asked Chapman if he saw Lawrence Dennis.

"No, but I used to get his magazine, *The Awakener*. Dennis worked on it and Joseph Kamp used to be the editor."

His memory was excellent. But Chapman was unwilling to talk further. I did not think at the time that my interview had been productive. But in the light of later developments in connection with Mrs. Fry, it proved important to locate Chapman, alias Warren Weston, at his sequestered home at 17-A Branch Street.

I found Boston seething with anti-Semitism, defeatism and rumor mongering. Evidence of Christian Front and Coughlinite activity was rife. The fascist spirit had permeated the "cradle of American Liberty." It had even penetrated the American Legion. I made it a point to interview William F. Campbell, Commander of the Norfolk County Post, who had circulated widely the vicious anti-Semitic charge that "the situation of Draft-dodging has become so flagrant, that large numbers of a *certain racial group* are coming from New York to this section where they are getting defense jobs and keeping out of the Draft."

I faced the undersized, fanatic-faced man and demanded proof.

"That's what I wanted to see you about," he countered. "I wanted to get your proof from New York. The F.B.I. is after me for the proof. What have you got?"

"But I haven't any. I came to get the facts from you," I said, my anger rising.

"Well, I'll tell you. It's this way," Campbell began, halting: "We have a lot of proof, see, but we can't give it out because we got to protect the defense workers. These men have jobs and they can't talk in the open."

"Have they talked to the F.B.I. and Army Intelligence?" I asked.

"I myself talked to them. But I tell you my men are afraid to talk to anybody. They're afraid of their jobs."

"You know damned well," I said heatedly, "that the F.B.I. and the Army Intelligence will protect your men. If you can't trust them you can't trust anybody."

It was my impulse to smash this gossip monger square in the face, regardless of the oversized dimensions of a "witness" he had brought along. Campbell apparently had no proof to the tale that "Jews" were evading the Draft by going to Boston. Through a close friend of mine in the Boston Army Intelligence office I ascertained that no "proof" of any consequence had been presented. I am prevented from elaborating on my friend's fuller answer.

Legionnaire Campbell's rumor mongering was merely another tongue of flame from Boston's native fascist fires. I predict that unless it is curbed, Boston's clerical-fascist stench will some day cause national nausea. Even now—Hitler has much to be proud of in Boston!

At Daddy's and Jack's Novelty Shop on Bromfield Street, I found that with every dollar's worth of goods you received a handful of anti-Semitic poison.

John Joseph Murphy, publisher of *Save America Now* a Boston edition of *Social Justice*, boasted that he had been the first man in the country to raise the cry of impeaching the President.

"Yes, sir, I was first—back in 1938."

Murphy had been a leading light in the America First Committee and regarded Father Coughlin as a "sterling American, the finest man America has produced." He dedicated an issue of *Save America Now* to the Reverend Curran, Coughlin's agent in the East and had used regular *Social Justice* channels of distribution.

"I was never a member of the Christian Front here but I spoke for them," Murphy said. "I know Moran and I like him very well."

"Were you in sympathy with the Christian Front principles?" I asked.

"With its program of Americanism, yes. But they also had a radical program. I wasn't for that. I was strictly for their Constitutional methods."

I went to see Edward H. Hunter, a failure as ex-detective and labor spy, a stand-by on the *World Service* honor roll and a "patriot" with a distinguished pedigree.

Hunter set up shop in 1932 "to inculcate the principles of Americanism in industrial, religious, fraternal, and educational circles" under the high-sounding name, Industrial Defense Association, Inc. That same year he was contacted by Kurt G. W. Luedecke, a Nazi agent with whom Hunter became friendly and introduced at the Exchange Trust Company. Here Luedecke opened a bank account then tried to induce Hunter to found a chapter of the Swastika League of America. The League actually functioned for a while, but was denied a state charter. When Hitler came to power a year later, Hunter mysteriously began to receive $300 a month which he devoted to the publication of an extensive line of pro-Nazi tracts.

Even though the Boston Better Business Bureau branded him an anti-Semite, it did not hamper Hunter. But when his role of a Nazi party-line follower took an ominous course, the Massachusetts Legislature investigated him in 1937. Hunter proved to be an evasive witness. Senator Thomas M. Burke finally asked:

Q. Isn't it true you attempted to create a corporation of the Nazi League in Massachusetts?
A. Yes.
Q. Then I say, is it true you are a Nazi . . . ?
A. Yes, I am.

Even though the Committee concluded that he carried on "the most vicious activity clearly intended to incite racial and religious hatred," Hunter was released to take up from where he had left off. I dug out a letter he wrote in 1938 to a correspondent:

I am acquainted with Bund members . . . and do not want to know any finer or cleaner Americans than they are. I can assure you 99.9% of the propaganda against the Bund originated in Communistic circles. . . . I would advise you to send a couple of dollars to *World Service* and George Deatherage [the addresses of both were given], asking them to place your name on their mailing list.

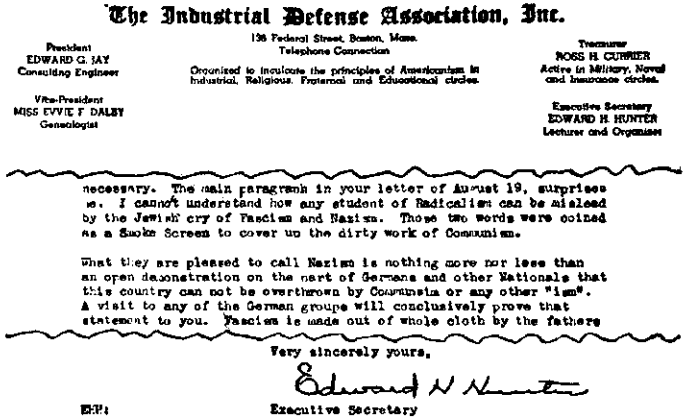
He wrote again:

I cannot understand how any student of Radicalism can be misled by the Jewish cry of Fascism and Nazism. . . . Fascism is made out of whole cloth by the fathers of liars (St. John's 8-44). There is no such animal in America.

In 1941 Governor Saltonstall signed an act dissolving Hunter's Association, but the patrioteer with the nine lives bounced back with the Industrial Defense Service. Member of the American Coalition, Hunter's contacts with American fascists were countless and the damage he rendered to the democratic cause can best be computed by its direct beneficiaries: Luedecke and his kind.

On my first visit to him in 1941, I found the grizzled "patriot" who had hoodwinked Boston's sleeping citizens, seated quietly behind his desk. He had crafty manners, sharp eyes and was given to rapid-fire questioning. When I survived the clumsy inquisition Hunter put me through, I switched the conversation to the Bund.

"The Bund is Nazi," Hunter exploded. "They are all for-



The Industrial Defense Association, Inc.

136 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.
Telephone Connection

President
EDWARD G. JAY
Consulting Engineer

Vice-President
MISS EVVIE F DALEY
Genealogist

Organized to inculcate the principles of Americanism in Industrial, Religious, Fraternal and Educational circles.

Treasurer
ROSS H. CURRIER
Active in Military, Naval and Insurance circles.

Executive Secretary
EDWARD H. HUNTER
Lecturer and Organizer

necessary. The main paragraph in your letter of August 19, surprises me. I cannot understand how any student of Radicalism can be mislead by the Jewish cry of Fascism and Nazism. Those two words were coined as a Smoke Screen to cover up the dirty work of Communism.

What they are pleased to call Nazism is nothing more nor less than an open demonstration on the part of Germans and other Nationals that this country can not be overthrown by Communism or any other "ism". A visit to any of the German groups will conclusively prove that statement to you. Fascism is made out of whole cloth by the fathers

Very sincerely yours,

Edward H Hunter

EHH:

Executive Secretary

Hunter is one of many American Nazis who infest Boston, once the cradle of Liberty but now the cradle of a sinister developing native fascism.

eigners. They call themselves American, but that's only to cover up their Nazism." But I doubted if he had really reformed. "We don't want no Hitler here. We don't want no Bund to run our country. We want one hundred per cent Americanism. Of course," he added earnestly, "Hitler is doing an excellent job in Germany. We ought to be doing the same here, but . . ." he winked, "we want to do it our way, the American way, the one hundred per cent American way, strictly according to the Constitution."

Hunter's viewpoint had merely changed from an adulation of Nazism to a species of American Fascism, from a red-white-black swastika to the red-white-and-blue. Regarding me as one of the boys on the inside, he explained his current line of work in these terms:

"If you were a factory owner and wanted to know everything about 1000 employees, you'd come to me, and ask me to find out how many Communists you had working for you. I hunt down Communists in factories. That's my business now."

This was the same business which Harry Jung had once practiced in Chicago—and Jung was a director of the Industrial Defense Association. Hunter's next query was startling. He asked if I knew any "patriotic hotheaded Italians" who could be relied upon to do a little sabotage, or some Ukrainians who were angry enough to "blow up a factory."

When I visited Hunter the second time in the fall of 1942, I found his new office at 40 Central Street quiet as a morgue. He was no longer hunting for "Reds" in America's factories, and business was bad. Hunter was now locating missing persons. But his pet themes were revolution and bloodthirsty anti-Semitism. I asked what would expedite the revolution.

"Lay low, is the only advice I can give. With that Jew Biddle in office, you can't do anything now."

I told him about a New York "group" which was considering the distribution of anti-Semitic stickers. He advised against the idea.

"If the leaders of your group were Yankees it would be all right. But if Germans, Italians or Irish do anything like that it won't work. They'll put the finger on you right away. Lay low right now. Everybody ought to lay low. Why haven't I

been picked up?" he boasted. "I've done more than Edmondson or True . . . I worked carefully and knew who I talked to. I wouldn't talk to anybody unless I knew he was okay."

Hunter was a subscriber to *Destiny*, organ of the Anglo-Saxon Federation. Copies were stacked on his desk. His preachments subscribed fully to the Anglo-Saxon drivel.

"Armageddon is coming. All the Jews except those chosen to live will be exterminated. The Kingdom of God shall come soon, then the millennium of a thousand years of peace."

I asked Hunter if he knew Howard B. Rand, president of the Federation. "Of course I do. He comes here almost every week. He is preparing a chart for me giving the family tree of Israel. As a matter of fact, he is speaking tonight. Why don't you come along. . . ."

I turned to Francis P. Moran, fuehrer of the New England Christian Front. I had first visited him in the summer of 1941 at his office at 108 Massachusetts Avenue. A black sign on the door read: "Sociological Research." Inside, a discolored American flag drooped in the corner. Small cubicles were stuffed with the poison tracts of Edmondson, Stahrenberg, True, Sanctuary, Pelley. A stack of Joseph P. Kamp's *The Fifth Column in Washington* was laid next to a pile of leaflets from the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies. Copies of *Social Justice* rested above the folds of the *Deutscher Weckruf*. On the wall was the emblem of the Christian Front, "C. F.," superimposed on a cross.

Moran sat at the desk, tight-lipped, coarse-textured, fanatic. He represented a new type of Christian Front fuehrer. He neither gushed out with "Christianity" nor did he heap abuse on the Jew. He was a calculating and cold-blooded propagandist of the Bund's Gerhard Kunze type. When I told him that I belonged to the Christian Mobilizers he sneered, looking upon McWilliams as an amateur.

"You can't win this fight with terrorism, with storm troopers, or just by yelling 'Jew.' You've got to lay the groundwork first. You got to be subtle about it so they can't pin down anti-Semitic or fascist labels on you. We're all working for the same end," Moran confessed, "it's the tactics that are important. You can lose this fight with the wrong tactics. McWilliams isn't using the right methods."

He explained how he worked—quietly and without fanfare, through the medium of unobtrusive underground cells throughout New England. His open forums were dignified, he said, and no booing or hissing was permitted. But his technique of injecting the racial issue paralleled Father Coughlin's.

Moran instructed his henchmen to approach strangers in a "tolerant" vein. As their education in Hitlerite propaganda progressed, the recruit was introduced to a more advanced state of anti-Semitism. In final stages of his conversion the victim was handed Stahrenberg's and Sanctuary's literature.

"After that the fellow is in the bag," Moran smiled. "It's the only way to operate in New England. The people are conservative around here and you gotta give it to them in gradual doses. You gotta take it easy with them."

Moran confided that he received *Fichte-Bund* and *World Service* literature regularly through "blind" addresses—that is, to mail aliases throughout Boston. I asked Moran how he had come to decide on the technique which he apparently had worked so successfully. Moran's answer was blunt:

"Mr. Scholz and I worked it out together."

"Who is Mr. Scholz?" I asked.

„SIEG IM WESTEN"

ist kein Film im üblichen Sinne. Es ist der

Original-Bildbericht

des Oberkommandos des deutschen Heeres über die grösste militärische Operation aller Zeiten.

Der Film wurde zusammengestellt aus 2,700,000 Fuss Material, aufgenommen von Kameraleuten, die den deutschen Armee-Einheiten in vorderster Front eingegliedert waren. Er enthält ausserdem Bilder, die von den englischen, belgischen und französischen Streitkräften aufgenommen wurden und beim Vormarsch in deutsche Hände fielen. Sie sehen z. B. bisher unveröffentlichte Aufnahmen von der Bemannung der Maginot-Linie.

Christian Front *fuhrer* Francis P. Moran sponsored this Nazi film in Boston, obtaining it through the medium of his friend, Dr. Herbert Scholz, Nazi consul.

"Dr. Herbert Scholz is the German Consul in Boston," he said.

And through the good graces of the Nazi consul, Moran sponsored showings of *Sieg Im Westen*, the Nazi propaganda film whose purpose was to cow Americans before the invincibility of the Nazi war machine. Moran corresponded with the American Nazi, George Deatherage, kept in close touch with Father Coughlin and was a personal friend of clerical fascist Reverend Edward Lodge Curran.

Moran spoke with Father Curran at the Friends and Neighbors Club of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, shamelessly called the President a "Jew" guilty of "treason," and charged that the "White House sold military secrets to England and France." Father Curran looked on smugly as the audience applauded. State Supreme Court Justice Francis B. Condon, who had been invited as a speaker under false pretenses, denounced Moran: "I would not be on the same platform with that speaker if I knew he would make those radical statements," he said.

When I met Moran again in November, 1942, the F.B.I. had closed down his "Sociological Research" office—not, however, before he had distributed thousands of Viereck's propaganda books from Flanders Hall; not before he had permeated Boston and its environs with a systematic campaign of defeatism, anti-Semitism, anti-war and fascist virus.

I spoke with Moran at his home in West Roxbury. By his confession unemployed for several years, while engaged in voluntary work for the Christian Front, Moran had just purchased a sturdy three-story home. I could not ask him his source of income. Instead I asked if he was still active in the movement after his appearance before the Washington grand jury.

"Whatever I do now," he said, "I do alone. I know I'm being watched. Just the same, I keep in contact with what is going on. I still control them all in Boston. I've told them to lay low right now. Only the Citizens Constitutional Committee is holding meetings. They're made up of women and the F.B.I. won't bother these women."

Moran continued to receive subversive literature from his former associates. "They keep sending stuff and I'm glad to get it." I saw the evidence on the kitchen table. Kamp's stuff

was prominent. Moran's predictions about Boston's former Mayor James M. Curley, now in Congress, interested me. "He's been to Congress before and he knows Washington inside out," Moran said. "Now that he's back he'll raise a lot of hell and he'll make Ham Fish look like an amateur."

"A lot of hell is being raised right here in Boston," I said.

"I guess I had something to do with that," Moran boasted, his thin, bloodless lips barely parting as he spoke.

"The only thing you can do now, of course, is to talk about Communism and the Jews. You can't touch the war. A whispering campaign is the best thing now. They'd have a hell of a time tracing it. Mrs. Murphy tells Mrs. Duffy, and she tells Mrs. O'Toole, who tells it to Mrs. Smith. Yes, these women

HITLER, THE "PROTECTOR" OF CHRISTIANITY

The mission of German nationality in the world is to free this world of Jews and Christians. When the meaning of national freedom is recognized by all other unfree peoples, they will also recover from the illness that besets them by following the example set by the German spirit. Through the German soul and through unadulterated German blood, the world will be able to return to a state of health, but only after it has been freed from the curse of Judaism and of Christianity, and only when races shall ground for all the peoples and nations of **Europe during the Thirty Years war. This was a religious war of that supra-state power, the Roman Church. It was started and carefully nurtured by the Jesuits in order to force Protestant Germany once more under the yoke of Rome.** (The Counter-Reformation!) (See E. U. M. Ludendorff: "Das **Holy Roman Church remained true to its mission as a supra-state power and killed off the best German racial stock in the most terrible war of all time.** Not long before that, the Church had murdered millions of the best stock through its insane holy persecution of witches. Jewish-Christian morality in general and in every particular. **If we wish to create something new, we cannot permit the existence and operation of disorganizing factors such as Christianity.** If we wish to do a thorough job, we must overthrow and shatter all opposing and destructive forces—unsparingly and without compromise. **Germanic blood and Christian baptismal water can never mix!**

These excerpts are from *Defilement of Race*, a book written by Dietrich Hutten and published in 1937 by *Deutsche Revolution* of Duesseldorf, Germany.

can certainly dish it out, and by the time they end up they've got something which everybody believes. It's the safest thing to work nowadays." Moran boasted how he himself had set several rumors into circulation in order to reach "the ears of certain people.

"Revolution by bullets not ballots," Moran said, "is the only way to clean house and get back to the Constitution. I'm within my Constitutional rights in saying this."

I regarded Boston, headquarters of the Dashnag, as a smelly political monument to the spirit of Francis P. Moran and Edward H. Hunter, and the subversive forces they had so loyally and freely served for so many years. Someone was protecting Moran. I did not know who it was, but Moran boasted—and he is not the sort to boast without some foundation: "The movement has friends all over the city. A lot of people here think the way I do, but they're not coming out with it—not yet. Our friends go up, all the way up!"

What did Moran mean by that?

Unlike Detroit and Salt Lake City and New York, I saw little in Boston which might give me a glimmer of hope that the poisonous atmosphere there would clear. The same public apathy which permitted Hunter to "come back" time and again and establish himself is indicative of the "I don't care" attitude of Bostonians in continuing to permit the cancer of fascism to gnaw shamelessly at the cradle of Liberty.

The American Irish Defense Association, under the direction of Miss Frances U. Sweeney, the Rumor Clinic maintained by the *Boston Herald*, and the *Christian Science Monitor* with its magnificent exposé articles were doing commendable work, but I was not convinced that their efforts alone could quench the fires of nativist-fascism enveloping Boston. Almost singlehanded Miss Sweeney succeeded in barring from the large newsstands copies of *Catholic International*, a near-seditious organ berating our war effort, defaming Democracy and championing clerical fascism. It was issued by a former publisher of dirty sex magazines, an American-born Jew who had been converted to Catholicism. In a peppery issue of her *Boston City Reporter* Miss Sweeney raked its editor, David Gordon, over the coals with telling effect.

None the less, I felt that her efforts in the Boston area were akin to digging at a mountain with a hand spade. For whoever was protecting Moran and patronizing Hunter was dedicated to the defeat of the American democratic tradition and the American war effort. No one who knows the fascist pattern can remain impervious to the native American Fascist fever that has enveloped Boston and its environs.

Should it ever come to flame, Jew, Protestant, Catholic alike will be scorched—just as Jew, Protestant and Catholic alike were scorched at the disastrous night club fire which, like an avenging hand, struck at Boston for its political iniquity a scant few weeks after my visit, resulting in the death of about 490 Catholics, Protestants and Jews. Death knows neither race nor creed. The Nazi cancer knows neither race nor creed. It devours all. First it devours the mind, then the heart, then the body.

On March 17 Hamilton Fish spoke among his elements and urged the founding of a Third Party composed of disgruntled, like-minded, anti-New Deal elements, and named James Farley and Senator Wheeler as vice-presidential candidates. Father Curran also addressed Bostonians under the auspices of the South Boston Citizens' Association. On his way to the hall Father Curran fondly greeted Francis P. Moran in the lobby of the Hotel Gardiner.

Unholy race riots, too, shook Boston on holy St. Patrick's Day.

In Chelsea, Brookline and Dorchester Jewish boys and girls were set upon and severely beaten by "patriotic" bums glowing with Coughlinite "Christianity," but the matter was hushed up, and no action taken—even the Boston press unanimously suppressing any mention of it.

Bostonians remained smug in their "patriotism."

Chapter XIII

GRAVE DIGGERS OF DEMOCRACY

> "If you find any organization containing the word 'democracy' it is probably directly or indirectly affiliated with the Communist party. . . . It is time to brush aside this word 'democracy' with its connotations."
>
> Merwin K. Hart

One hot summer night in July, 1940, at the Franziskanner Hall in Yorkville, McWilliams was threatening to raze to the ground the Democratic and Republican parties if and when elected to Congress. After the meeting, as the "patriots" were streaming past the table of poison literature sold by "Pop" Eibach, "Pop" called me over.

"George, I've got something good for you," he said. Handing him fifty cents I pocketed the volume. In the subway I began to read *Communism in Germany*. It was copyrighted in 1933 by Eckart-Verlag, Berlin. The author was Adolf Ehrt, and it was sponsored by the General League of German Anti-Communist Associations. It was prefaced with a quotation by "Chancellor Adolf Hitler." One section of the book was entitled "Why Americans Should Read This Book," and carried the notice:

> The value of this German exposé as an object lesson to other countries has led our Committee to place it in the hands of leaders of public opinion throughout the United States.

Appearing above the caption "For the American Section of the International Committee to Combat the World Menace of Communism," was a roster of approved "leaders" as follows:

Walter C. Cole
John Ross Delafield
Ralph M. Easley
Elon Huntington Hooker
F. O. Johnson
Orvel Johnson

Samuel McRoberts
C. G. Norman
Ellis Searles
Josiah A. Van Orsdel
Hamilton Fish, Jr.
Harry A. Jung
Walter S. Steele
Archibald E. Stevenson
John B. Trevor

The first ten on the list apparently became convinced that the Nazis' cry of "fighting Communism" was actually a sham. Of the other five whose names appeared, grand juries are familiar with Ham Fish and Harry Augustus Jung; John B. Trevor's American Coalition was mentioned as a "factor" in the indictment of twenty-eight persons charged with sedition, while Walter S. Steele must share morally whatever honor befalls the Coalition because of his intimate collaboration with Trevor. As to Archibald Ewing Stevenson, he is employed as public counsel by the New York State Economic Council, a super-patriotic group whose chairman since 1936 has been Merwin K. Hart, a devout propagandist for Franco.

"There is no longer any distinction between Fascism, Nazism and Falangism," said Franco, belatedly, in December, 1942.

And the world had no greater devotee of the Spanish Falangist cause, alias Spanish Nazism—along with Hitler, Mussolini and Franco—than Merwin K. Hart, Stevenson's employer. During the Spanish Civil War Hart travelled to Spain, spoke over the official Franco radio, and on his return wrote a glowing book, *America Look at Spain*, raking Democracy over the coals and heaping upon it abuse and scorn. After this, Hart recommended to the Falangist propaganda office, his friend, Miss Jane Anderson, who had once declared at an Economic Council meeting that "America is morally and mentally ripe for a revolution." After Miss Anderson finished her work on behalf of the Spanish Nazis, the German Nazis hired her for short-wave broadcasts to America. The Department of Justice has declared Hart's American-born, absentee Quisling friend to be a traitor to her country.

Upon his return from Franco's Nazi-Spain Hart, who admitted being received by high Falangist officials, denounced the ideals and principles which had motivated the French and American revolutions. He justified the intervention of Nazi and Fascist armies in Spain. In his book *America Look at*

Spain, Hart lauded Primo de Rivera's career as dictator and praised his suppression of "free speech and free expression of opinion." Hart directly approved Franco's type of government in these words: "If one wishes to be a stickler for the theory of pure democracy . . . or if one wishes to see virtue in the constant policy of compromise . . . one may find fault with the proposed government of Spain."

During the winter of 1938–39 Merwin K. Hart founded the American Union for Nationalist Spain, which attracted the Christian Front elements in droves. On Hart's committee were Lester M. Gray, a founder of the Manhattan unit of the Christian Front; John Eoghan Kelly, its organizer; the Reverend Edward Lodge Curran, its promoter in the East; Patrick F. Scanlon, its publicist in the Brooklyn *Tablet;* Mrs. Catherine P. Baldwin, a correspondent of Frank W. Clark; Joseph P. Kamp; and Robert Caldwell Patton, editor of the fascist *Patriot Digest.*

And when Hart decided to hold a "Pro-American mass meeting for Americanism and neutrality"—in the Seventh Regiment Armory—he appointed Bernard T. D'Arcy, *Social Justice* distributor as promoter and put Allen Zoll in charge of showing *Spain in Arms,* standard movie for Christian Front audiences. It was only appropriate that Father Coughlin's picture should be carried down the aisle amid the tumult of his idolaters.

Hart claimed for his Economic Council, founded in 1931, a membership of 2,000, and a circulation of 17,000 for its biweekly letter. Hart is a Harvard graduate, member of a half-dozen exclusive clubs and his scorn for Democracy is deep-rooted and missionary. "Democracy," Hart said, speaking before the Nassau Club, Princeton, New Jersey:

> . . . is the rallying cry under which the American system of government is being prepared for despotism. . . . If you find any organization containing the word "Democracy," it is probably directly or indirectly affiliated with the Communist party.

And before the New York Union League Club, composed of influential business men, he spoke on *The Alien Influence in Our Midst,* asserting: "It is time to brush aside this word 'Democracy' with its connotations." "In the interest of true Americanism," he distributed thousands of copies of his speech. From Mrs. Flora A. Walker of the American Coalition came this letter of appreciation:

> The box of your speech on "The Alien Influence in Our Midst" arrived and we are extremely grateful for your generosity. We shall "plant" them in fruitful spots.

As for fascist propaganda, Hart dismissed it: "The fact is that while Communism infests the country, fascism is almost nowhere to be found. Nobody heard of it until Communism came along. That is the real danger. So much for the fascist bogey."

The record shows that for the past fifteen years Hart has been engaged as a professional propagandist for one cause or another. With an annual salary fixed at $10,000 he has sought to influence legislation, both local and national, in the interests of clerical fascism (Falangism) and ultra-reactionary businessmen, using the bogey of Communism as an operating base. Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson has denounced Hart as "pro-fascist."

In a professional capacity, Hart opposed the forty-hour week. He fought against the Unemployment Insurance Act, and he fought the Child Labor Act, insisting that it was an "inspiration from Russia . . . a Russian law for American youth." Hart's unsavory record also shows that he advocated the disfranchisement of poor and homeless Americans by demanding during the depression years that only those be permitted to vote who were not on relief.

Member of the America First Committee and a close friend of William R. Castle, who was chummy with Viereck, Hart fanatically opposed the Lend-Lease Bill and battled against aid to England and Russia. In his appearance before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs he sought to whitewash Japan by declaring that "an unfriendly attitude on the part of the United States drove Japan into the arms of the Axis." A few months later came Pearl Harbor.

On June 3, 1937 Hart presided as chairman of the Congress of American Private Enterprise, and among those who were listed as speakers were Gerald L. K. Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth

Dilling, Miss Cathrine Curtis, Congressman Clare Hoffman and Harold Lord Varney, who was an associate of Lawrence Dennis.

Hart's friendship among reactionary big business men is wide. James H. Rand Jr., president of the Remington-Rand Company has been his chief contributor. Other donors have been Lammot DuPont, president of the E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co.; A. W. Erickson, chairman of a large New York advertising agency; Alfred P. Sloan, president of General Motors; J. H. Alstyne, president of the Otis Elevator Company. I am sure that these important capitalists helped finance Hart in good faith, and are totally unaware that clerical fascism, like authoritarian Nazism, is committed to the destruction of capitalist Democracy. The difference is merely one of method: clerical fascism works more subtly and proposes to strangulate capitalism by slow stages, rather than by guillotine methods.

In addition to John Eoghan Kelly and Reverend Curran, promoters of the Christian Front, Hart's acquaintanceships extended to other fields. General Moseley wrote him: "I sympathize with you one hundred per cent on what you are doing." John B. Snow arranged an introduction for him to H. W. Prentiss, Jr., of the Armstrong Cork Co.; and it was Seward Collins who wired Hart: "Much honored by invitation to join your general committee. Will be delighted to serve and to aid Union [for Nationalist Spain] in every way possible."

His other friends were the anti-Semites Harry A. Jung, Mrs. Dilling and Verne Marshall. Martin Dies, in whose honor Hart gave a luncheon at the Biltmore Hotel, was greatly embarrassed by the presence of Fritz Kuhn and James Wheeler-Hill as guests at a reserved table. Hart and Juan F. de Cardenas and Jose G. de Gregorio of the Spanish Embassy exchanged cordial letters with him, and Hart was extended the official thanks of Franco's Nazi regime for the "great and enthusiastic help you have extended to the Nationalist Cause in so many ways." The point was well taken because James True, another of Hart's friends, endorsed *America Look at Spain*, as a:

. . . broad and accurate vision of appraisal . . . intensely interesting eye-opening and ear un-stopping book, one that is startling in its revelations and impressive in its obvious honesty.

I tried repeatedly to interview Hart, but could not get beyond his secretary, and when she finally asked if I'd care to see Archibald Stevenson, I jumped at the opportunity, posing as a "patriot" from Detroit named Rudolph Eibers. Stevenson proved one of the shrewdest men I had interviewed and whitewashed his employer loyally.

Whereas Hart had boasted "I am proud to call Lindbergh a friend," Stevenson damned Lindbergh for his "racist" views. Whereas Hart's name had appeared over articles in *Social Justice* and Zoll's magazine, and had been endorsed by Coughlinites, Stevenson ridiculed the Catholic priest. Whereas Hart's acquaintances included anti-Semites, and his office during the Spanish Civil War was visited by many Christian Front-ers, Stevenson condemned anti-Semitism and said some of his best friends were Jews. But Stevenson's "cleverness" became laughable when he denounced Hitler, Mussolini and Franco, but kept mum on Stalin, whereas Hart had always denounced Stalin and soft-pedaled the others. Hart damned Democracy, but Stevenson swore by it and said he'd fight for the American way of life.

When I asked Stevenson—who up to this time had been talking glibly—if he knew Edward Rumely, agent of Imperial Germany during the World War, and still active in "patriotic" circles, he stopped, sputtered and coughed nervously. His mouth opened, then closed. I asked again. He said:

"Mr. Rumely, you know, was charged . . . and justly mind you, I'm not saying he wasn't, with being pro-German during the last war. His organization is apt to be criticized for it. Yes, I know his group."

Even though he had avoided definitely answering my question, it was quite a confession for Archibald Ewing Stevenson. He changed the subject after that and went into a peroration about some of his best friends who were Jews, about his Americanism, and how he'd fight like hell to preserve the American way of life.

This is the story I learned when I tried to probe the reason

the Nazis selected Archibald Ewing Stevenson to serve on their committee, and *why* Merwin K. Hart, who serves as backbone of America's reactionary business brains and bankbooks, hired Stevenson as public relations counsel.

Hart admitted in the public record his correspondence with Lawrence Dennis, the "dean" of American intellectual fascism. And my investigations of Dennis convinced me once again that no breach exists between those who are dismissed as "crackpot" and the Park Avenue grave diggers of our Democracy. I visited Lawrence Dennis at his stuffy office in New York in the fall of 1942.

"Where's Joe McWilliams now?" Dennis asked, looking up from the typewriter.

"Why, he's in Chicago," I said, surprised that "the brains" of American Fascism should profess interest in the Yorkville rabble-rouser.

"Oh, no," Dennis answered. "I met him twice only a few weeks ago and we lunched at an Italian restaurant around the corner."

Dennis told me that he had been meeting McWilliams for "two or three years." Joe had made some mistakes, he admitted, but he was learning and Dennis believed that he had benefited "from the advice I gave him just before he went to Chicago." Somehow I was certain that Dennis had been coaching McWilliams personally while he ran for Congress. Taking me for a Christian Front variety of "patriot," Dennis tossed over a letter.

"It's from Deatherage," he said. "I made copies of it. I'm typing an answer and will show it to you in a minute." While he typed, I read Deatherage's letter, sent from Nashville, Tennessee:

> Since leaving the Naval Base job I have had one job with an Ordnance plant—but . . . the officers in Washington over that plant had to order me removed. Next week, unless something else turns up I will go on an army job further south. . . . I spoke in Charleston day before yesterday before the Exchange Club. . . . I meant it only to clear the atmosphere in my home area.
>
> Have made several trips in the South recently and have been rubbing shoulders with the rustics. They are up in the air over this poll tax business and there is liable to be trouble. Both sides are arming themselves and a check on the wholesale hardware sales show considerable increase in the demand for ice picks, shotguns and shells.

"Here is a copy of what I wrote back," Dennis said. "You can keep it, but don't let it get around." I read his answer. It was a five-page letter ending with "Thanks for writing me. Do it again." Except for the statement that Mrs. Dilling had been on the mailing list of Dennis' bulletin, it was taken up with personal matters. Amazing to me was that Dennis kept in close touch with leaders of the so-called "lunatic fringe" and at the same time worked with those in his own class, such as Seward Collins.

"I haven't seen Collins in some time," he said, "but I keep in touch with him."

I switched the conversation to Viereck, and Dennis instantly became cautious. I reminded him that I had read his articles in *Today's Challenge* and had also heard him speak at Viereck's American Fellowship Forum.

"I do not think Viereck was a good man to advise the German Government," Dennis said. "None of them were. I always used to argue with them."

We spoke of the Bund, and Dennis criticized its use of uniforms and swastikas. "Americans do not like that sort of thing. It's too bad. The Bund could have done a good job." He followed with the amazing statement: "The Nazis haven't spread any propaganda here. That's just. . . ." Without finishing the sentence, Dennis resumed: "No, the Bund didn't bring about any anti-Semitism. It worked among German-Americans only."

Born in Atlanta, "of a long line of American ancestors," Dennis' hair is woolly, dark and kinky. The texture of his skin is unusually dark and the eyes of Hitler's intellectual keynoter of "Aryanism" are a rich deep brown, his lips fleshy. Graduated from Harvard, Dennis worked seven years for the State Department. After spending six years in Wall Street, Dennis went to Europe in 1936, and was honored in Italy and Germany. He conferred with Mussolini for an hour and dined with Count Ignazio Tahon de Revel, secretary of the Fascist Party Abroad. In Germany Dennis met Baron Ulrich Von

Gienanth who later became pay-off man to Laura Ingalls. Dennis lunched with Dr. K. O. Bertling of the Amerika-Institut, who later endorsed Dennis to Manfred Zapp, manager of the Nazi *Trans-Ocean News* by writing:

I propose that you visit right away Mr. Lawrence Dennis, with whom you have already perhaps become acquainted in the meantime. . . . All you have to do is to contact him on the telephone and mention that I am sending regards.

And from General George Van Horn Moseley came this:

I enjoy reading your weekly letters and generally agree with you. In your letters dated January 11th, I think there is a lack of frankness in regard to the S.C.B. Hore Belisha. . . . This is my personal opinion expressed to you and I ask that you destroy this letter after you have read it.

Dennis' three books: *Is Capitalism Doomed?*, *The Coming American Fascism* and *The Dynamics of War and Revolution*, together with his rabid *Weekly Foreign Letter* bulletin ($4 a year), considerably influenced fascist thought and he became known as "America's leading intellectual fascist." Dennis minced no words:

I do not believe in democracy or the intelligence of the masses. This book is addressed not to the masses but to the elite or to the ruling groups, actual and potential . . . the governing minority of wealth, prestige and power, economic and cultural, present and future. . . . I am in favor of the revolution here. . . .

Speaking as he thought to a fellow fascist, Dennis was more specific during my interview: "I am for National-Socialism in America," he asserted, just the way Joe McWilliams had said it.

Would it take the form of a military dictatorship? I asked.

"I do not think so," Dennis answered. "I have friends in the army and I know their mentality. They are not mature politically. But they'll follow a political leader, the same as in Germany. As to a future leadership, Nye and Wheeler are both politicians, rather than leaders. There are many potential leaders and they'll step forward when it's time for them to do so."

"How about Lindbergh?" I asked.

"Lindbergh is excellent, but he is not well versed in politics. Surrounded by a circle of advisers of the nationalist type, Lindbergh would make an excellent nominal leader. But this is a battle not so much of personalities, as it is of ideas. The propagation of *ideas* is the important thing. The personalities will take care of themselves."

"Will wealthy Jews be exempted from persecution under American National-Socialism?" I asked.

I have remarked previously that fascism knows neither race nor creed. And in asking Dennis that question I had in mind a wealthy American Jew who boasted of his "friendship" with Dennis and denied that Dennis was anti-Semitic or that his philosophy was detrimental to the interests of American Jewry or America itself. I do not know whether this American Jew was politically stupid or whether he was trying to be "smart."

Dennis laughed at my query.

"A long, long time ago," he began, "some of the rich Jews in Germany got away with a few things. But that was a long time ago. American National-Socialism will begin with a wave of anti-Semitism in which both rich and poor Jews will eventually suffer. The process will be completely reactionary."

I listened attentively as this champion of American National-Socialism spoke with thorough knowledge of Nazi techniques.

"Such slogans as 'America for the Americans,' 'White Supremacy,' 'Strict Isolationism.' 'Europe for the Europeans,'

882 My New Order

"I could continue to cite examples indefinitely. *The fact remains that two worlds are face to face with one another.* Our opponents are quite right when they say: Nothing can reconcile us to the National Socialist world.' How could a narrow-minded capitalist ever agree to my principles? It would be easier for the Devil to go to church and cross himself with holy water than for these people to comprehend the ideas which are accepted facts to us today. But we have solved our problems.

Hitler, the "protector" of capitalism. Excerpt from Hitler's speech on December 10, 1940 at the Rheinmetall-Borsig Works, Berlin.

'Keep Our Army and Navy at Home' will become popular. Reactionary feeling will become rampant, followed closely by anti-Semitism. I guess that answers your question fully," Dennis said laughing. "I am prejudiced against the Jews," he continued, "but I have a good friend in George Sokolsky. He is the best friend the Jews have." [1]

Dennis was "disgusted" with the way Pelley had handled his trial, but he thought better of Mrs. Dilling. "She phoned me when I was in Chicago, and I met her," he said. "She didn't know anything politically about National-Socialism, but she admired Hitler for cleaning up Communism."

Dennis brought up Gerald L. K. Smith and asked if I was familiar with his work. I merely said that I received his magazine, and explained Smith's policy.

"He is on the right track. The only thing to do is to declare yourself for the war now, even though you were against it before. After you say this," Dennis coached, "begin to explain that we're fighting for Communism."

The door suddenly opened and at the threshold stood a tall man with Nordic features, a scar running from ear to jaw. He was dressed in the uniform of a private in the United States Army. The soldier hesitated as he saw me.

"Oh, Mr. Pagnanelli is all right," Dennis explained. "We were just discussing the national situation. Nothing confidential. Sit down, Bob."

The soldier's name was Dr. Robert Lorenz, a mechanic at Keesler Field, where a division of our air force is stationed. Formerly Lorenz had been an instructor in economics at the

[1] George E. Sokolsky defended Merwin K. Hart in his columns, and on October 21, 1941 showed the first of many similar instances of lack of insight into Jap double-dealing by predicting: "Of course, the Japanese will not make war on us." Five days before Pearl Harbor he prophesied: "In spite of bellicose talk, the Japanese want no war with us. . . . The Japanese would like a freezing of the present status quo until a way can be found for an end to her present escapades without too much loss of 'face.'" Lawrence Dennis was saying the same thing.

Sokolsky also whitewashed Gerald L. K. Smith by declaring: ". . . Now I know and like Gerald Smith and see him every time I go to Detroit and have yet to discover that he is more anti-Semitic than Rabbi Stephen Wise." Staunchly supporting the America First policy, Sokolsky's name appeared on the Board of Governors of fascist Allen Zoll's Emergency Council to Keep the United States out of Foreign War. Mrs. Dilling was also listed.

University of Alabama. He was an American citizen of German birth. He told Dennis he had been questioned three times by the F.B.I. and Army Intelligence and was contemptuous of their treatment. A subscriber to Dennis' bulletin, Lorenz had come for some back numbers. Dennis gave him a batch.

Once again the door opened. This time the visitor was a big, bluff man, with popping gray eyes and plump complexion—an attorney named Robert Dennis O'Callaghan. He knew Joe McWilliams.

"I helped him get a good lawyer for his case. And funny thing," O'Callaghan said, "only a couple of weeks ago Edward James Smythe [then a fugitive from justice] called up and made an appointment to meet me. But he never showed up." O'Callaghan was voluble: "I've been offered a job as Custodian of Alien Property in Washington. I don't know if I'll take it." [2]

O'Callaghan remained to talk with Dennis, while Lorenz arose to go. I accompanied him to lunch at a corner cafeteria. Seated at a secluded table Lorenz expressed amazement at Dennis' grasp of the "world revolution."

"Few Americans understand the nature of the war in Europe. It's a revolution, and part of a world revolution in the making. You have to have Prussianism to carry on the revolution. You cannot fight this war on sentiment. Hitler," Lorenz said, "is breaking down national barriers. He is de-nationalizing in order to make a United States of Europe with Germany as the technological and industrial center. The best workmen in Europe, the finest painters and artists will be brought to Germany after the revolution is over. Germany will become the political and cultural center of all Europe. The rest of Europe will look to Germany for direction."

Lorenz neglected to add that the rest of Europe, denuded of its artists, artisans and intellectual leaders would serve as slaves to the "master race."

During 1935 and 1936 Dennis was associate editor with another of Merwin K. Hart's friends, Harold Lord Varney, on

[2] O'Callaghan accepted the job and according to his former law partner is engaged in confidential government work with the Chicago office of the Alien Property Custodian.

the staff of *The Awakener*. Calling itself the "journalistic spearhead in the national fight against Rooseveltism," *The Awakener* championed "the Americanism 'of the right' and opposed 'the socialism of the left.'" Among its contributors were Harry A. Jung and John Eoghan Kelly. The editor was Joseph P. Kamp. It was held in such high esteem in Nazi circles that in 1935 *World Service* circulated a list of "Newspapers and Reviews Against Jewish Imperialism" and along with the *Deutscher Weckruf*, it recommended:

The Awakener, New York City, 11, West 42nd Street.

Chicago Tribune, Chicago (Ill.), Tribune Tower.

The Gentile Front, Chicago (Ill.), Box 526, Editor: Peter Armstrong.

The Vigilante, Chicago (Ill.), Department K., P. O. Box, 144 [Harry A. Jung].

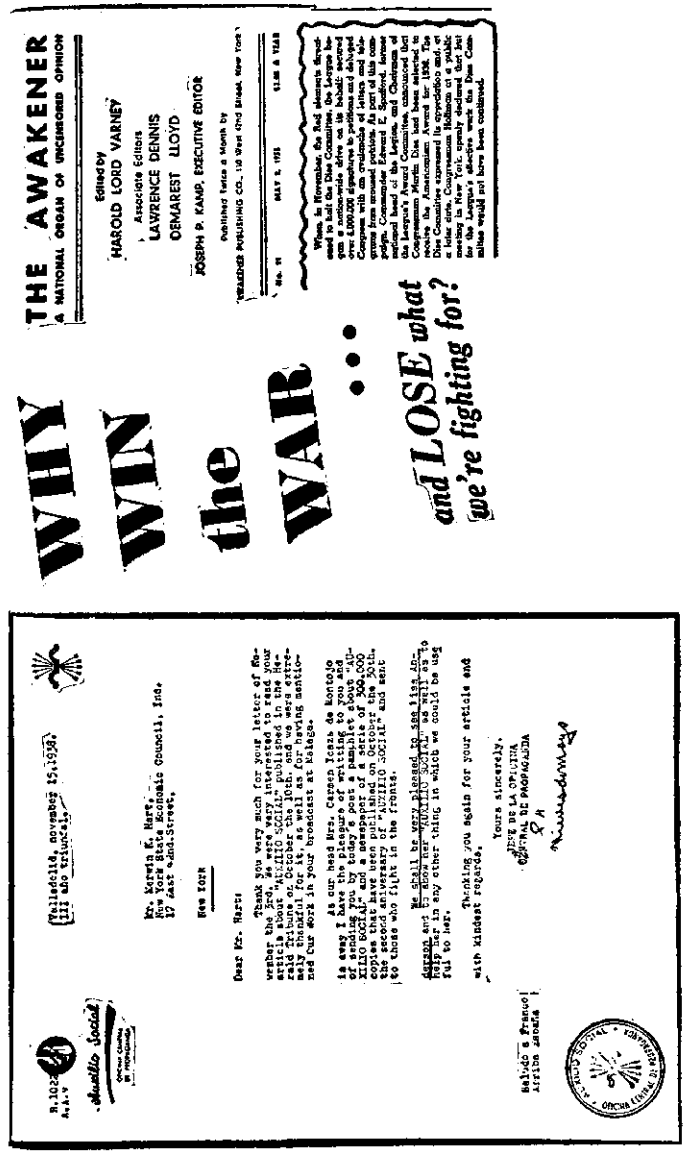
In the face of severe criticism Kamp closed up the fascist sheet after two years, but he quickly reopened shop under the banner of the Constitutional Educational League, and since 1937 has issued tremendous quantities of defeatist and dissensionist tracts. When I asked Dennis what he thought of Kamp's current "patriotic" efforts, he answered:

"His approach is fine. I put him to it."

Kamp's efforts on the League were an extension of the policy of *The Awakener*. He conceded this by writing a correspondent in 1937:

> *The Awakener* is dead, but the work is being carried on, and under separate cover, you will receive, in return for your stamps, some recent booklets and pamphlets of the Constitutional Educational League. . . . It is unfortunate that the patriotic element find it impossible to maintain one patriotic newspaper. . . . However, through the Constitutional Educational League and the patriotic organizations cooperating with it, an energetic campaign is now under way.
>
> Yours for American ideals,
> (signed) Joseph P. Kamp

Leaving Dennis, Jung, Kelly and other fascist collaborators in the background, Kamp adopted the slogan "Our Constitutional Republic must be preserved" and set out to "smash Communism"—nothing else. He had not been functioning long



Left: Friendly letter written by the chief of the Spanish Ministry of Propaganda to Merwin K. Hart expressing desire to receive his friend, Miss Jane Anderson, whom he had recommended. An Atlanta woman known as the "Georgia Peach," Miss Anderson accepted the Falangist offer and became a Franco agent. She is now doing short wave broadcasting in English from Nazi Germany three nights a week, and has been adjudged a traitor to her country by our Department of Justice. *Right:* Proof that Kamp (who had served on one of Hart's Nationalist Spain committees) was intimately associated with American Nazi, Lawrence Dennis. Proof, also, that Kamp's organization has had close relations with Martin Dies and his Committee.

when the League was investigated by the Senate Civil Liberties Committee, headed by Senator Robert M. LaFollette. Kamp called the Committee "disloyal and un-American" and after the fashion of Mrs. Washburn, Hornby and Spencer, suggested "a new Declaration of Independence in self-defense." He screamed:

> We have not attempted to organize or dis-organize labor. We have taken no part in industrial conflicts. We have not engaged in strike-breaking. We have no spies in the labor movement. We have not organized vigilante groups. . . . WE serve only OUR COUNTRY.

In a long-winded statement Kamp branded the investigation as "the culmination of a conspiracy between John L. Lewis, representative of Communist and other Red organizations." A Communist was one who opposed Kamp's ideology and dared publicize his collaboration with a native Nazi like Dennis. Unappreciated at home, Kamp's self-styled "bona-fide, law-abiding, patriotic organization" was held in greater esteem by *World Service*. In 1938, three years after its original plug of a Kamp product, it again urged Nazi sympathizers "to obtain and read" the booklet *Join the C.I.O. and Help Build a Soviet America.*

Kamp claimed he distributed 2,200,000 copies of it from 1937 through 1940 alone and that in that same period more than "10,000,000 pieces of literature" were published by his organization. Fellow member of the *World Service* honor roll, the Reverend Winrod continually advertised and promoted Kamp's literature with especially printed appeals sent to *Defender* subscribers. Also among Kamp's closest associates was Martin Dies. In 1938 Dies was selected by Kamp to receive the League's "Americanism Award" and Kamp wrote:

> The Dies Committee expressed its appreciation and, at a later date, Congressman Hoffman at a public meeting in New York, openly declared that but for the League's effective work the Dies Committee would not have been continued.

In a folder entitled *The Fifth Column Conspiracy*, Kamp urged "patriots" to *withhold information* "regarding Communist activities" from J. Edgar Hoover's F.B.I. and submit it, instead, either to Martin Dies or to him. "If you are fearful of becoming involved, your information will be treated in confidence if sent to the Investigation Department" of the League, Kamp suggested coyly. It is natural that this apparent collusion between an associate of Lawrence Dennis and the Honorable Martin Dies should lead to suspicion, particularly when it followed on the heels of a Kuhn-approved luncheon tendered Mr. Dies by the Franco-ite Mr. Hart.

Equally odd is the extreme cordiality which exists between the League and many fanatic labor-baiting Congressmen. Reports have long been rife that the "research" for many of Hoffman's speeches and even some of the speeches themselves were written by Joseph P. Kamp. Kamp does not explain how he financed his extensive propaganda broadsides; maintained offices in Alabama, Wisconsin and Connecticut; sponsored Representative Hoffman and others on speaking tours in Alabama, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Michigan and New England, and trained League speakers and leaders throughout the country.

The indications are that Kamp is financed by those ultra-reactionary and fascist-minded business men who have never forgiven the President's reform measures and continue to derive their greatest satisfaction from badgering him at every turn, even though the distrust and dissension created during war-time aid Hitler's cause. Kamp's Constitutional Educational League was named as a factor in the mass indictment for sedition on July 22.

I decided to visit Kamp under a different alias because I felt sure that he had already discovered Pagnanelli was not on his side. I found him one of the most disagreeable men I had met in my four years as investigator. His was the face of a man steeped in volatile, soul-consuming hate. It was pallid, with a solid jawbone, irregular features, flesh-colored moles and piercing gray eyes bathed in suspicion, distrust and venom. A conspicuous yellow-white stripe ran from the middle of his forehead up into the crown.

There were many questions I wanted to ask the arrogant Joseph P. Kamp as I sat in his large, untidy office. Kamp was reading a letter he had received from Charles Hudson. He

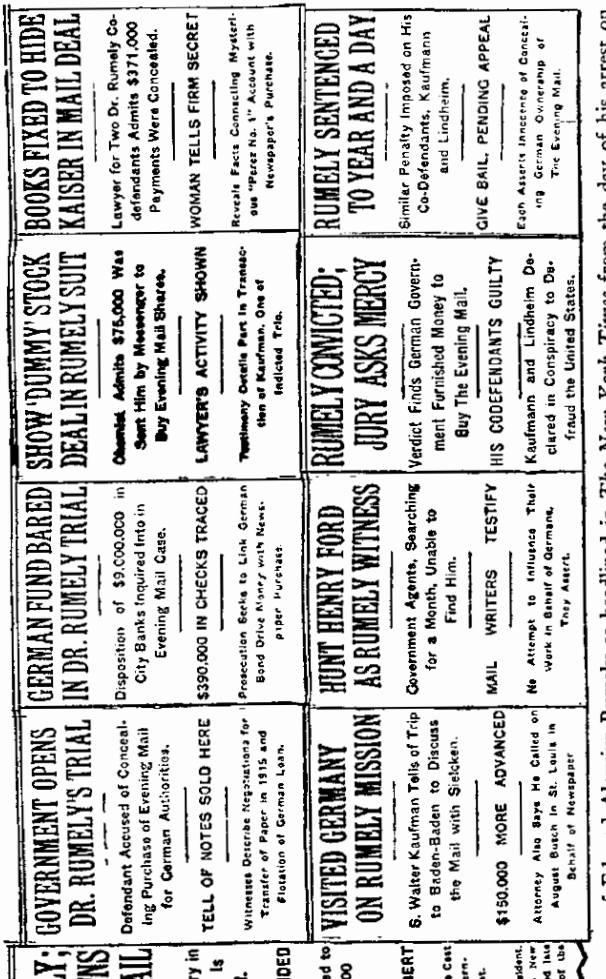
read it attentively then put it away before turning to me. Unfortunately our conversation proved unsatisfactory to me. Too suspicious a person to talk freely to a stranger, Kamp spent half-an-hour in quizzing me intently instead of giving me a real opportunity to quiz him. I answered his questions easily, posing as a Wall Street office worker, and expected him to open up after I had finished. But he didn't.

As I sat there he tossed over a copy of his latest effort—one of many he had printed since Pearl Harbor. It was entitled: *We Must Win! We Will Win! But Why Win the War and Lose What We're Fighting For?* Both title and text followed *precisely* the line which Dennis had advocated during my interview with him. Kamp's formula to "win the war" and "preserve the Republic" was by "legislation to remove all Communists and fellow travellers from public payrolls" and by continuance of the Dies Committee. The only enemies of Kamp's "Republic" were the Communists, the "Communist" labor unions, the New Deal, the President and the Administration directing the nation's war effort. Nowhere was Hitler given equal prominence in Kamp's directory of national hate.

Through investigations too involved to narrate here, I traced the printer who did most of Kamp's work. He was John H. Mullen, printer also for John B. Snow, John Cecil and George Deatherage. Mullen confided that he had set up the type for *War, War, War,* by "Cincinnatus." As with Sullivan whom I interviewed in Washington, Mullen knew the identity of this mysterious author, but would not part with his secret. The mystery intrigued me. I determined to learn "Cincinnatus' " identity on my next trip to Washington.

As I continued my investigations among groups fronting for those "big business" interests who hated the President more than Hitler, I saw that they were often headed by men who had grudges that went as far back as the last war.

Take for example, the Committee for Constitutional Government which financed tremendous lobbying campaigns and collaborated with America First. In one instance alone it financed the printing and distribution of 16,000,000 pamphlets and conceded spending at least $209,859. Its program of "constructive Americanism" is directed by executive secretary Dr.


ARREST RUMELY; SAY GERMANY OWNS THE EVENING MAIL

Government Charges Perjury in Statement That Paper Is Under American Control.

$100,000 BAIL DEMANDED

Kaiser's Government Alleged to Have Invested $1,361,000 in the Paper.

PAID IT THROUGH DR. ALBERT

Whose Memorandum Shows the Cost Was Charged to His and Bernstorff's Joint Bank Account.

Edward A. Rumely, Vice President, Secretary and publisher of The New York Evening Mail, was arrested late yesterday afternoon by agents of the

GOVERNMENT OPENS DR. RUMELY'S TRIAL

Defendant Accused of Concealing Purchase of Evening Mail for German Authorities.

TELL OF NOTES SOLD HERE

Witnesses Describe Negotiations for Transfer of Paper in 1915 and Flotation of German Loan.

VISITED GERMANY ON RUMELY MISSION

S. Walter Kaufman Tells of Trip to Baden-Baden to Discuss the Mail with Sielcken.

$150,000 MORE ADVANCED

Attorney Also Says He Called on August Busch in St. Louis in Behalf of Newspaper

GERMAN FUND BARED IN DR. RUMELY TRIAL

Disposition of $3,000,000 in City Banks Inquired Into in Evening Mail Case.

$390,000 IN CHECKS TRACED

Prosecution Seeks to Link German Bond Drive Money with Newspaper Purchase.

HUNT HENRY FORD AS RUMELY WITNESS

Government Agents, Searching for a Month, Unable to Find Him.

MAIL WRITERS TESTIFY

No Attempt to Influence Their Work in Behalf of Germans, They Assert.

SHOW DUMMY STOCK DEAL IN RUMELY SUIT

Chemist Admits $75,000 Was Sent Him by Messenger to Buy Evening Mail Shares.

LAWYER'S ACTIVITY SHOWN

Testimony Details Part in Transaction of Kaufman, One of Indicted Trio.

BOOKS FIXED TO HIDE KAISER IN MAIL DEAL

Lawyer for Two Dr. Rumely Co-defendants Admits $371,000 Payments Were Concealed.

WOMAN TELLS FIRM SECRET

Reveals Facts Connecting Mysterious "Peter No. 1" Account with Newspaper's Purchase.

RUMELY CONVICTED; JURY ASKS MERCY

Verdict Finds German Government Furnished Money to Buy The Evening Mail.

HIS CODEFENDANTS GUILTY

Kaufmann and Lindheim Declared in Conspiracy to Defraud the United States.

RUMELY SENTENCED TO YEAR AND A DAY

Similar Penalty Imposed on His Co-Defendants, Kaufmann and Lindheim.

GIVE BAIL, PENDING APPEAL

Each Asserts Innocence of Concealing German Ownership of The Evening Mail.

The sensational story of Edward Aloysius Rumely as headlined in *The New York Times* from the day of his arrest on July 8, 1918, to his conviction on December 18, 1920, as an agent of Imperial Germany on whose behalf he bought the New York *Evening Mail* and operated it from 1915 to 1918.

Rumely's links with Count von Bernstorff, German ambassador; Dr. Heinrich Albert, the Kaiser's paymaster; and Bernhard Dernberg, chief of German propagandists in America during the World War, were shown in court. George Sylvester Viereck's name was also involved. It was further testified that Rumely founded the S. S. McClure Newspaper Corporation as a holding company and turned over $748,000 as an initial fund which he subsequently used to purchase the *Evening Mail.*

Rumely served a term in the Atlanta Penitentiary. Tried in November and December, 1920, Rumely *was not* a "victim of war hysteria" as tearfully alleged by the executive secretary of the Committee for Constitutional Government. S. S. McClure is still associated with Rumely.

Edward A. Rumely who served a sentence in the Atlanta Penitentiary as an agent of Imperial Germany.

Testifying before the Senatorial Committee to Investigate Lobbying Activities in 1938, Dr. Edward A. Rumely retold the sensational story of how he bought the New York *Evening Mail* in the early years of the war, with money supplied jointly by Herman Sielcken, a "great international merchant" residing in Baden-Baden, Germany, and the rabid Germanophile, Mrs. Adolphus Busch of St. Louis.

He told how Heinrich Albert, German agent, gave $200,000 for advertising in foreign-language papers urging "neutrality." And when Senator Lewis B. Schwellenbach read from the record of the Circuit Court of Appeals charging that Rumely refused to report to the Alien Property Custodian an indebtedness of $1,451,000 to the Kaiser's government, Rumely demanded furiously, "Is that relevant?"

Senator Schwellenbach: Yes; very relevant. When a man comes in and represents himself as a patriotic American it is relevant to see if it is the same campaign being conducted by you as was conducted by the German Government in 1915.

Mr. Rumely (interposing): There was not or is not one scintilla of evidence. . . . I thought we were here to discuss—

Senator Schwellenbach (interposing): When we find the same man, who, when trouble in Europe was going on between the German Government and other governments, is engaged in propaganda activity, trying to educate the American people today, we are interested in what he was doing the last time a similar situation was existing.

And when his treasurer, Sumner Gerard, was called to testify he duplicated Rumely's evasive tactics, pretending to be so "dumb" as to be unable to state where the account books were kept, how much had been received, who were the contributors and how the funds had been distributed. And when, in exasperation, Senator Theodore F. Green asked Gerard if he were a mere "figurehead," Rumely's treasurer replied: "Only so far as the actual expenditure of the money is concerned." In afterthought he added brightly: "I can't add up a golf score even."

Rumely is boss of the Committee for Constitutional Government and second in command to Frank E. Gannett, publisher of a string of newspapers and founder of the Committee in 1937. As soon as the Senatorial investigation was over, Rumely literally went underground and erased his name from the Committee stationery. But he continued to run it by appointing a docile Protestant clergyman as "acting chairman and secretary" who visited the office only occasionally. He was the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale, once a joint speaker with Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling and the Reverend Edward Lodge Curran at a "pro-American mass meeting sponsored by more than 50 patriotic organizations" at the Hotel Commodore in New York.

Rumely's other appointees also have interesting backgrounds. His vice-chairman, Louis J. Taber, an official of the National Grange, was also on the national board of the America First Committee. Amos Pinchot, a veteran with Rumely and on the board of America First, served in a liaison capacity. Rumely assigned Mrs. Morrison's American Women Against Communism to distribute Pinchot's defeatist propaganda bearing the imprint of the Committee for Constitutional Government—a variation of his work during the World War.

Rumely's friendship with Henry Ford dated prior to the summer of 1918 when Ford rushed to Washington in an unsuccessful attempt to save Rumely from being indicted. George Harvey, our ambassador to England, charged in his magazine, *War Weekly:* "Edward A. Rumely was for years

Sunday, Oct. 30, 1938

3 P.M.

INVOCATION:

Rev. Norman Vincent Peale, Pastor Marble Collegiate Church

SPEAKERS:

Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, Author "The Red Network"

Rev. Fr. Edward Lodge Curran, Ph.D., President International Catholic Truth Society

The acting secretary of the Committee for Constitutional Government was listed as speaker with Mrs. Dilling, under indictment, and the Reverend Curran, Father Coughlin's agent, at a "pro-American rally" at the Hotel Commodore, New York.

the secret paid agent of the German Government. Rumely's close, if not closest, friend during the past six years has been Henry Ford."

I tried to arrange an appointment by phone to see Rumely personally in order to ask him about Ford. When I failed in this, I decided to pose as a German-American from Detroit who was ostensibly travelling to New York and "upon the suggestion of interested patriotic circles" there who "recommended that I be sure to see you." I signed the letter "Rudolph Eibers" and had it mailed from Detroit. With the Germanic alias and an America First button on the lapel of my coat, I called at Rumely's offices.

The Committee was located at 205 East 42nd Street, Room 600—in the same building where Lawrence Dennis has his offices—occupying premises with S. S. McClure, formerly of McClure's Newspaper Syndicate; with Leaders and Events Syndicate, Inc.; with America's Future, Inc.; and also with the Committee for the Nation whose chairman was J. H. Rand, Jr.

I found myself in a large and businesslike office. Rumely kept me waiting half-an-hour and when he finally emerged he began to protest without a word from me. "We have no connection with any other organization. Just as a matter of policy we work alone." He acted like a man who had a guilty conscience and wanted to avoid meeting strangers. "You can have all our literature," he said, "but we don't work with any other organization."

He turned to the switchboard and asked the operator to get a "Mr. Becker of Chicago," and before disappearing into one of the many side offices, he ordered me to "just sit down and wait." When he emerged another half-hour later, he said gruffly: "Mr. Glen Hancock will tell you about our organization."

The assistant secretary was a tall, clean-cut man, with a small and extremely alert face. He was quiet-mannered in contrast to the blustery and energetic Rumely who conveyed the impression of being a dynamic and bossy super-promoter. At first Hancock was suspicious and tight-lipped, but after my "patriotic" spiel and a recitation of "patriotic" events in "Detroit, my home town," we met on common ground.

I asked Hancock if he knew Kamp. "You mean Joe," he said. "I know him very well. He is doing good work with his literature."

I asked him if he knew Merwin K. Hart. "I've known him for many years. Dr. Rumely knows him very well, too," Hancock volunteered and went on to tell me how Hart's organization functioned.

When I asked Hancock if he knew Cathrine Curtis, he laughed: "Of course I do. I've known her for a long time. She's been to this office many times."

When I asked if he knew Mrs. Dilling, Hancock nodded, but did not elaborate. It never occurred to me to ask him about Father Coughlin and the Christian Front. Hancock himself volunteered the information and I quote him verbatim:

"Back in 1937 when we first started, we solicited Father Coughlin's support in the fight against the 'Court Packing Bill.' He worked with us nicely. We supplied Father Coughlin with all the statistics and he published them in *Social Justice*."

When I asked if the Committee still maintained contact, he answered: "Not any more. He has too many enemies. But at one time the boys from Brooklyn used to come to our offices and get a lot of our literature." At about the same time, too, Christian Front-ers flocked to Hart's office for a like purpose.

While in Chicago, I had called on one of Rumely's close friends, George Washington Robnett, executive secretary of the Church League of America, the National Layman's Council and editor of *News and Views*.

A tall, graying man, meticulously dressed, he began at once a tirade of bitter invective against the Jews. "It will be very bad for them after the war," he said in summation. He then asked whether it was true that in New York *The Daily Worker* was sold only by "Jewish salesmen." Robnett's mental processes seemed identical with those of Elizabeth Dilling.

I do not know what possessed Robnett to start on anti-Semitism. My letter to him merely said that I had "been active in the patriotic movement for almost four years, and [was] acquainted with almost everyone here of any consequence." I did not enclose a copy of *The Christian Defender*. Clinging to anti-Semitism throughout our conversation, Robnett told

me that his Church League had 200,000 names on its mailing list and that his Layman's Council was composed of "many notable business and professional men." Although he seemed intelligent, he was victimized by the Nazi lie that Judaism was synonymous with Communism.

He told me of informants throughout the country who kept him posted on the "Communist plot to Sovietize America" and specifically mentioned a Mr. Mulligan in New York. Upon showing me pamphlets which Mulligan had procured from the Reverend L. M. Birkhead's Friends of Democracy, Robnett urged me to "get its Jewish connections, if Birkhead's got any" as soon as I returned home and offered to pay incidental expenses from a fund he maintained for such purposes.

I listened without surprise as Robnett told me of his friends: Snow, Kamp, Hart, Walter S. Steele, Colonel Sanctuary. He described Representative Stephen A. Day—whose book had been published by Viereck's Flanders Hall—as a "fine fellow" and said "I hope to do all I can for his re-election." Phillips quoted widely from Robnett's *News and Views*, while Hudson urged his fascist readers to obtain from it their data on "significant trends." Among Robnett's closest friends were Harry A. Jung and Mrs. Dilling.

"Why don't you go up and see Mrs. Dilling now?" he asked, as he reached for the phone. "I'll call and tell her you're coming."

I had no intention of seeing Mrs. Dilling at this time, however. I left Robnett's office after he prompted me again to spy on the Reverend Birkhead. In the quiet of my hotel room, I read issues of *News and Views* he had given me.

Dreadfully upset at the "menace of organized radicalism," about the "Red cells in our schools," Robnett even called down the monthly *American Magazine* for publishing an article which "paints a gilded picture of Stalin." But while Robnett was denouncing "the Red Menace in America," he made no comment against American Nazis. In fact, Robnett's *News and Views* seemed to be merely another outpost of reactionary "big business" interests, mixed with a brand of hysterical Red-baiting and flag-waving paralleling those of Mrs. Dilling. Robnett was backed by important industrialists. General Robert E. Wood once sent him a personal check, followed by another substantial check by R. Douglas Stuart, Jr., youthful founder and a director of the America First Committee, according to reports which were then in circulation.

After I returned to New York Robnett sent me Mulligan's address with the suggestion that I plan my investigations with him. Robnett cautiously excluded Mulligan's name from the letter, with the comment: "I mentioned to you the name of an educator who sends me material from time to time. His name and address are on the slip of paper attached." He then outlined his requirements for spying on the Reverend Birkhead:

> With whom does this fellow associate particularly? By that I mean whether or not he makes a habit of collaborating with Leftist groups of the extremist type—Communists, etc. How large an organization does he have? Where does he live? Anything at all that has a bearing on identifying his role. . . .

I showed the letter to the Reverend Birkhead and he suggested that I "play along with him." He gave me several mimeographed releases and a crumpled letterhead of the Friends of Democracy. I also sent Robnett Birkhead's home address. To cover up my work I invented a "girl friend" who had "wormed her way into the Friends of Democracy." In return, I asked Robnett to arrange a meeting for me with Rumely. There were a great many things I wanted to ask Rumely. Robnett wrote back:

> I hope that you and Dr. Mulligan are able, through cooperation, to develop some of the information he seeks. I would suggest that you drop in to see Mr. E. A. Rumely of the Committee for Constitutional Government. I will drop him a note telling him that you have indicated a desire to talk over some things. . . . I hope your girl will be able to dig up more stuff out of the waste basket. That is always a mighty good place to get material.

When I met Dr. Arthur G. Mulligan (a teacher of speech correction with the New York League for Speech Improvement) mysteriously in a corner of the Hotel McAlpin lobby, he urged me to visit a man who had a personal grudge against Birkhead and who might "talk for us."

I had no stomach for such intrigues against a reputable minister of the gospel who had undertaken the thankless job

of fighting Democracy's enemies, both Communist and Nazi and was damned by both camps, even though it might result in important information as to other operatives apparently engaged by Robnett to pry into the affairs of democratic organizations. I dropped Mulligan and Robnett.

On January 5, 1943, Rumely wrote me in response to Robnett's letter to him and asked why I wanted to see him. I did not answer and let the entire matter drop. I was finishing my book and several guarded queries about "Pagnanelli's real name and home address" had been reported to me. I determined to work at my book in my hide-out until the manuscript and documents were safely in the hands of the publishers.

Chapter XIV

LIBERTY'S HANGMEN

> "Our only hope from now on is Congress. I've been needling them in Congress and I intend to keep on needling them."
>
> Lawrence Dennis

Late in the fall of 1942, I interviewed Edward Atwell, an important official of the America First Committee who was "on the inside" at the New York offices. He answered the question which had been repeatedly put to me: "Is the America First movement dead?"

Atwell was having supper with his wife and daughter when I visited him. A powerfully built man, with pink and white complexion, Atwell impressed me as sincere even though he had spoken four times with Nazi agent Laura Ingalls, written numerous speeches, worked sixteen hours a day for the America First cause and shared the innermost secrets of the A.F.C. Atwell impressed me as a sincere, anti-fascist isolationist.

"We were all ready to enter politics when Pearl Harbor came along," Atwell said. "Our plan was to have every city block catalogued by names of families and the number in each family. We were already selecting our block captains."

"What did cataloguing have to do with politics?" I asked.

"Just this, each family was to be given a card and told that if it needed anything—clothing, food, advice—all it had to do was to visit the nearest America First office. Nobody had to join it, but at election time our idea was to ask them to vote for our candidates."

"They couldn't refuse to do that," I observed.

"Of course not. That's the way Tammany Hall worked it, and that's the way we intended to get into power."

I asked the blunt and outspoken Atwell whether leadership by America First would have been a good thing for the nation.

"I'm not sure. It may have turned out okay, then again it may have become a Frankenstein of our own creation. That

office I worked in was a madhouse. There were Bundists and Silver Shirters and Christian Mobilizers. . . ."

"Don't forget the German secret service men," Mrs. Atwell put in. She had worked in the A.F.C. office with her husband, and I turned to her for information when Atwell seemed hesitant.

"To tell you the truth," she said, "I never thought that Laura Ingalls was the only German agent we had. You can call Germany anything you want, but you can't call her dumb. If she had one agent in such a big organization, she might have had a hundred. There was a fellow named Riepel whose brother was arrested by the F.B.I. as a spy. We always thought Riepel was a Nazi agent."

"There were also the White Russians," Atwell put in.

"Yes, that Czarist woman, the Countess. She told me she supported the Committee and wanted to keep America out of war in order to give Hitler a chance to clean up Russia so she could get back her property," Mrs. Atwell said.

"The office was full of men and women with selfish motives," Atwell resumed. "The Committee grew too fast. It took in everybody. It had no time to check up. It could have got out of control easily. There were many sincere ones, but there were a lot of people who had an axe to grind. Like the Bund fellows."

"What interest could the Bund have?" I asked naïvely.

"Plenty!" Atwell burst out. "It was to Germany's advantage to have us stay out of war. It was perfectly possible that in due time German agents might have got control of the whole thing by working in the background and using other people to front for them! A strong, well-knit minority can always put it over on the unorganized majority. And I wouldn't be surprised," Atwell said softly, "if some of the money we got in was German money."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"I know that a lot of money came in anonymously. You just opened the sealed envelope and the money dropped out. I wouldn't be surprised if some of that money was German money. Yep, the Committee might have become a very dangerous thing."

Atwell looked me over speculatively.

"I did a lot of talking for the Committee. A tour of eleven states was mapped out for me, and I was all set to go when I got the notion to look at the Bundists and Christian Front-ers about me. I asked myself 'Where am I going! Where is this Committee going with all these guys on board?' " Atwell resumed, "I'm loyal to my country and I didn't go on that speaking tour."

My initial impression that Atwell was sincere seemed borne out. My respect for him grew.

"Did Lindbergh write that Des Moines speech?" I asked, referring to Lindbergh's sensational "anti-Semitic" speech.

"I can tell you the inside story on that," Atwell answered. "Lindbergh himself wrote that speech, but never showed it to anyone on the Committee. We were just as surprised as anybody else."

"Do you think Lindbergh is through as a leader?" I asked.

"Far from it," Atwell answered. "To a lot of people he is still the hero who flew the Atlantic. That toothy smile of his still gets the women. But he has no political mind and knows little about politics. He is a good man to get the people to come out, and he can be used by other men."

"How?"

"He can be used as a front, surrounded by such men as Wheeler and Nye on the board of strategy. This may happen in the future," Atwell said thoughtfully.

"Then you don't think America First is through forever?"

"Hell, no!" Atwell said spiritedly. "Lindbergh will come back and America First will come back whenever the time is ripe. All you have to do is to call a meeting, bring the old faces together again, give them a hero they can look up to, and they'll start all over.

"There are a lot of neurotics and frustrated people in the world. Old maids, missionary types, people who have to get a release for their hates, neglected people," Atwell continued, "they all want to become somebody by joining a movement. They'll all come back as soon as they get the signal."

My talk with Atwell late in 1942 was one of the most enlightening I had had. I quizzed Atwell on his personal anti-Semitism and found that the little he had was of the "harmless" type; social, rather than the sinister political anti-Semitism

—the spearhead against Democracy. Atwell feared mass anti-Semitism as a revolutionary device. He feared the "mob element" and he dreaded the consequences.

"I've seen the mob in action. Back in 1939 it was the Christian Front that went around beating up people. First it's the fist, then clubs, then knives, then firearms, then . . . I don't want to see innocent people killed. Mass anti-Semitism is bad business. It can end up in revolution as sure as you're sitting there."

Then, on January 4, 1943, the Department of Justice added the names of five men and women to the list of twenty-eight already charged with sedition. The five were Mrs. Lois de Lafayette Washburn, Frank W. Clark, Mrs. Leslie Fry (alias Shishmarova), George Deatherage and F. K. Ferenz, a Los Angeles Nazi operative. It also indicted the New York Evening Enquirer, Inc., whose publisher, William Griffin, had been named originally. The new indictment raised to thirty-three the number of those charged with sedition, and to thirteen those whom I knew personally. In addition, it named Lieutenant-Colonel Ulrich Fleischhauer of *World Service* as a factor and traced the beginning of the alleged conspiracy to 1933.

Mr. Maloney's determined attacks on saboteurs of our morale aroused the enmity of America First Congressmen and Senators, some of whom were involved with the defendants and did not relish the airing their record received. They defended America's alleged Quislings. The Department of Justice was smeared as a "Jewish Gestapo" despite the fact that Americans of the Jewish faith were *completely* absent from the handling of this particular case. The indictments were prepared and signed by these members of the Department of Justice: Edward M. Curran, Wendell Berge, William Power Maloney, John T. M. Reddan and Miss Jean R. Meyer, a Catholic who spent eight years in a convent. None the less, the cry of "Jewish Gestapo" against the mainly Irish attorneys continued to be raised by the "patriots."

"They are no more guilty than I am," Senator Nye told reporters, and proceeded to falsify the indictment as being based only upon pre-Pearl Harbor "isolationist activity." Falling in line, Senator Robert A. Taft asserted that the "indictments present a real danger to the continuance of freedom," and according to newspaper accounts he suggested the "disbarment of the Government attorneys." Senator Wheeler echoed Nye and Taft and spoke of the need of a "new leadership" and a new political party. Ham Fish joined the chorus. And when Congressman Hoffman, was charged with having sent 2000 copies of his "Judas" speech to Hudson, 1000 copies to Winrod, and 500 copies to American Nazi David Baxter, he absented himself from the chambers and made no reply to the scathing charges other than to join in the clamor in blanket defense of the alleged "persecuted Christians." Colonel McCormick raised a howl in the *Chicago Tribune* and termed it a "Moscow propaganda trial," while the "vermin press" of native fascists set up its own specialized squeal of protest.

Under these difficult conditions, Attorney General Biddle suddenly removed Maloney as chief prosecutor by elevating him to the post of Chief of the Trial Section. Maloney was then replaced by O. John Rogge, special counsel for the Securities and Exchange Commission, with an excellent record of convictions against the Huey Long machine. In the absence of an explanation by Mr. Biddle, ugly rumors of "appeasement" were voiced by the more emotional sector of the democratic press, while the fascist elements and America First Senators and Congressmen crowed over their "victory" at the "kicking upstairs" of Maloney.

Under these circumstances I visited Lawrence Dennis on February 8, 1943, and he gave me what I regard as my most sensational interview during my four years as investigator. I tell that story here without dramatics. As I opened his office door, I had no idea of the influence which this American Nazi wielded among our Senators and Congressmen. My motive in seeing Dennis was merely to ascertain whether he knew Gerald L. K. Smith, for I had seen a startling resemblance between the January issue of Smith's magazine and some of Dennis' writings.

"Of course I know Smith; I know him very well; I had lunch with him when he was in New York last," Dennis said. "Smith is a good fellow, he listens to me."

And when I called his attention to Smith's America First

Party, he added: "I wish him well with it. I hope he succeeds. He has the right idea."

Then I asked Dennis if he personally knew Charles Lindbergh. His eyes settled on me before he answered: "I used to talk to him often before he went to Detroit. Goodness, yes, of course I know him," Dennis emphasized.

Dennis talked so easily and seemed to trust me so fully that I asked if he knew Ham Fish. "Very well, very well," he answered. "But Fish has no brains. His sympathies are all right, but he is dumb. His influence is in proportion to his brains."

"How about Reynolds?" I asked.

Dennis brushed Reynolds down with a gesture of the hand. "Dumb. No brains. Reynolds is just a rabble-rouser. He is chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, of course, but he has no brains."

To say that I was startled at Dennis' bold statements is to understate my feelings. In a nervous mood, Dennis fingered objects on his desk as he talked, but his manner toward me was cordial. Regarding me as a co-fascist, he spoke with a frankness which I knew he'd never display before the F.B.I. Our conversation turned to the attacks of Nye and Wheeler against the Department of Justice.

"You can give me credit for that," Dennis said suddenly. "I've been talking to them all along."

"Talking to whom?" I asked, wanting to make sure I had heard right.

"To Nye and Wheeler," Dennis said. "I told them that after they got the patriots, they'd jump on them. I got a long letter from Nye just the other day."

I was bursting with questions. Exactly when and where had Dennis met the Senators, who else was present? What else had they talked about? But all I dared ask was how he had met Wheeler and Nye.

"Oh, I have many friends in Washington. They invited the Senators to dinner and asked me to be there. I impressed upon Nye that the indicted people were just crackpots. No serious leader would ever follow them. They were just shooting their mouths off."

"But they're nationalists," I said.

"Oh, yes," Dennis agreed. "These nativist movements are

to the good. They keep things going. They've all been needled, but they are not leaders."

"What do you think of Wheeler and Nye personally?" I asked.

Dennis' answer was direct: "Nye is the best of them all in Washington. And he is nearest to knowing what it's all about. Wheeler is a good fellow, but he can't stand up to Nye. Taft is coming along, but he is still old-fashioned. Nye is a good man."

"We patriots are certainly thankful that a man like you can reach those distinguished Senators," I said, tongue-in-cheek, "and influence them in their actions."

"I don't mean to say I've done everything," Dennis said. "I've talked to them and they've listened. They're intelligent men, and they've used their own judgments. The scales are dropping from the eyes of some of our Congressmen, as the *Scriptures* would say," Dennis observed. "They are beginning to learn what it's all about."

The telephone rang. "I'm expecting an important call," Dennis said, and jumped to answer the phone. He spoke guardedly. "Very well. I'll be over in ten minutes," he said.

I arose to leave: "Wait, I'll go down with you," Dennis suggested. On the way down I asked if he knew William R. Castle.

"Oh yes. He's reactionary, but he is a good fellow."

I asked him what he thought of Colonel McCormick.

"Dumb. No brains," Dennis said. "I know a lot of the men in his office. I look them up when I'm in Chicago."

I decided to test Dennis' veracity and determine to what extent he knew Wheeler, Nye and Fish. I had repeatedly postponed a trip to Washington because of my book, but the rumors circulating against the Department of Justice, Dennis' allegations and the presence of several of the defendants in Washington, prompted me to drop my editorial revisions on *Under Cover* and undertake the trip.

I wrote Fish, Nye and Wheeler, establishing my America First connections, and professing friendship with the "patriotic L. D. who has spoken well of you." To James M. Curley, the Boston politician elected to Congress, I wrote saying I was a good friend of Francis P. Moran, the Christian Front leader.

Intending to make a roundup of America First Congressmen, I also wrote Representatives Hoffman and Dewey Short; Senators Taft and Walsh, Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee.

Upon arriving in Washington, I decided first to look up Edmondson and Leon De Aryan, editor of *The Broom*, both indicted. Living at the Plaza Hotel, Edmondson avoided me for two days until I finally collared him with his attorney John S. Wise, Broenstrupp's friend. His face harsh and wrinkle-lined, neither bright nor friendly, Edmondson gave me no opportunity to ask him about Edwin Flaig, or about Lusenberg, Elmhurst's Nazi pal who allegedly fed Edmondson "factual" data for his *Vigilante Bulletins*.

Leon De Aryan—the fifteenth defendant I knew personally—proved to be more friendly. Born of Greek and Polish parents, he had changed his name from an unpronounceable Greek surname. The extremely crafty and tight-lipped De Aryan and I talked for more than an hour. I could not penetrate his protective armor other than to obtain the admission that he had been friendly and had worked, with Herman Max Schwinn, the West Coast Bund leader; Hans Diebel, Los Angeles Nazi worker, and Mrs. Leslie Fry. De Aryan told me that his religious preference was Zoroastrianism—a cult confined to only a few score adherents in America, which made use of fire in the course of its secret and mysterious rituals.

I looked up Dr. Maude S. DeLand and found her surrounded by her Nazi books and typewriter. "These are all I need," she said. She had met De Aryan. She told me she admired the Japanese because they always returned borrowed books. She then posed the syllogism: "They condemn Hitler because of his racist ideas. But the Jews also think themselves a superior people so they must be worse than Hitler. It was Jehovah who made the Jews a "chosen race" so God must be even worse than Hitler. Now what's wrong with that logic?"

I visited Mrs. Mabel Dennett, wrinkled mother of Prescott. "Viereck came to our home many times," she said, "and I always thought he was a perfect gentleman."

I had no difficulty in seeing Hamilton Fish. As I waited in the outer room, I speculated on those who had been there before me: Viereck, Dennett, Dennis, America First-ers, Christian Front-ers and Steuben Society members who had idolized him. On the wall hung a plaque: "The U. S. A. First, Last and all the Time." Underneath it were five framed pictures of horses. Over the doorway to Ham Fish's office hung a stuffed fish. Fish shook my hand cordially, and kept on signing letters, as I studied his face, spiked with crude and crass fanaticism.

"Do you know Lawrence Dennis?" was the first question I asked.

"Oh yes," Fish answered without looking up. "I saw him only a month ago. His ideas are not my ideas, but they are all right. Oh yes, Dennis is an able man. He is all right. He looks me up every time he comes to Washington. I expect him to come down again soon."

That is what I had come to find out.

Fish was in a talkative mood. The magic of my friendship with Dennis was potent. Having told me he knew Joseph P. Kamp personally, and having aired his plans to help found an American Party to function mainly in the Southern states to encroach on the Democratic Party vote, and to obstruct the forthcoming sedition trials by introducing a new bill, he continued:

"That trial against those indicted men and women is shameful. Why, they have nothing on them. Those men and women are just anti-Communist, anti-Jewish, anti-British, anti-New Deal. That's all. Nothing wrong with that."

Fish deliberately evaded the more ominous issue of how these slogans were used as the smokescreen to hide their fundamental objective of subverting Democracy, by impairing morale and promoting distrust and dissension preparatory to an American *der tag*.

"A few weeks before the trial starts I intend to go on the air. Even if we can't do anything, we can certainly make a lot of noise and put it up to them. We're not through yet. There are twenty or thirty of us—Hoffman, Nye, Wheeler, men who haven't done an evil thing in their lives. We're not through, not by a long shot."

Fish expressed great interest in Dennis' appearance before the Army Exclusion Board and seemed eager to help him.

"Why are they hounding him?" he asked. "I see no reason.

He hasn't done anything. He'll tell me all about it when he comes down," Fish said, shaking my hand cordially. "Remember me to Lawrence when you get back."

The week end of February 20 was gone before I realized it, with Ham Fish the only Congressman I had found time to interview.

On my return to New York I called on Lawrence Dennis and was warmly received. It was obvious that my Washington trip had boosted my stock as a fellow "fascist." I informed him of Fish's anxiety about his appearance before the Army Exclusion Board—which had the power to remove Dennis from seventeen states of the Eastern Defense Command—and his eagerness to be of help.

"I didn't tell Fish about it," Dennis said, "but I told Nye and Wheeler as soon as I was called. Wheeler saw the Assistant Secretary of War about it."

I no longer doubted Dennis' statements. He was not the boastful sort.

"Who else have you approached in Congress?" I asked boldly.

"Several others. These men, of course, know others. It's not necessary to know everybody. Our only hope from now on is Congress," Dennis asserted. "I've been needling them in Congress and I intend to keep on needling them. Congress is our only hope. . . . Nye is the best man in there now."

Dennis was uncommonly frank with me and believed my story that my trips to Washington were made in order to find "a civil service job in the Office of Price Administration." In the course of our conversation he phoned Ralph Beaver Strassburger, wealthy newspaper publisher of *The Norristown Times-Herald,* who had also helped finance the publication of *Germany's White Paper.*

"Do you know Strassburger?" I asked Dennis.

"Oh yes," he answered. "He is my friend. The F.B.I. has been investigating him for a year. That dumb F.B.I. They've been investigating me, too. . . ."

I had timed my visit so that if Dennis went out for a luncheon engagement, I'd accompany him again. It worked out as planned. Dennis left the office in charge of a red-haired man named John Howland Snow (not related to John B. Snow)

who had commented: "Benedict Arnold saved his country three times. If he was a traitor, he was a good enough traitor for me." Snow proved to be an ardent American Fascist.

Dennis was bound for the Harvard Club. While walking together, it occurred to me to ask him for a letter of introduction to Senator Nye. I knew it was a bold request, but I determined on this as the ultimate test of his friendship with and influence upon this important Senator. To my amazement, Dennis said without hesitation:

"Sure, I'll give you a letter of introduction. Come around tomorrow morning and I'll write it on my stationery."

I called at his office with a pounding heart fearful that he might, in the meanwhile, have learned of my investigations and warned Nye. But there was no need for apprehension.

"Sit down, Pagnanelli," Dennis said smiling, as he took out a sheet of engraved stationery and envelope. He seemed to bend over the paper for a long while, and when he finally finished writing he handed me the letter. It read:

Lawrence Dennis
420 Warwick Avenue
West Englewood, N. J.

Dear Gerald:

This is to introduce a friend of mine, Mr. Pagnanelli, who is down in Washington looking for a job with the Government. He is a great admirer of yours and wants to shake your hand.

With best regards
(signed) Lawrence Dennis

Two days later, I faced Senator Nye in his spacious office. Although I had met him at the America First offices in the summer of 1941, I don't think he remembered me. Though he was extremely difficult to see, I gained immediate entree on the strength of my introductory letter from America's leading intellectual fascist.

Nye laid his work aside, placed Dennis' letter in front of him, lit a cigarette and leaned back in his swivel chair in cordial welcome to what he regarded as the envoy of his Ameri-

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS

February 16, 1943

Mr. Geo. Pagnanelli
100 West 86th Street
New York, N. Y.,

Dear Mr. Pagnanelli:

Thanks for your letter of the 10th.

It will be pleasurable to see you if you come this way.

Sincerely yours, Gerald P. Nye

FROM NYE TO "PATRIOT" PAGNANELLI

can Nazi friend. I had been highly nervous while waiting to see him, but my nervousness vanished as I sat opposite Nye; it was like talking to Lawrence Dennis or Joe McWilliams, and I felt perfectly at ease. One of the first questions I put to the Senator was to ask his opinion of Dennis. I quote him verbatim:

"I respect Lawrence very much. He is fine stuff. I see him frequently. He always calls me up when he comes to Washington."

The tone of reverence in Nye's voice toward Dennis was distinct and unmistakable.

I succeeded in gaining the Senator's confidence during the half-hour of my interview.

"Do you think the America First spirit has died down?" I asked.

"Far from it," Nye answered. "I have it very deeply and I want to see the inner circle of the America First Committee come out in the open again."

Looking at me speculatively, he added: "I am going to Chicago to see General Wood and talk this whole thing over with him. A Third Party is the only solution."

Nye admitted receiving Douglas Gregory, America First leader, at his offices in recent weeks; and he confessed knowing Joseph P. Kamp personally. He then paraphrased Dennis in "explaining" why the thirty-three men and women had been indicted:

"The greater majority is just crackpot—nobody would follow them. It was really a move to get Wheeler, Lindbergh, me and others like us. But we made a few speeches on the floor and beat them to it." Senator Nye's hard, grim features broke into a smile: "The America First spirit is much stronger now. But there is a right time for everything. You can ruin a good thing by coming out with it at the wrong time. When the time is right we'll be out in front again, fighting. All of us who fought on the America First Committee will be together again. Tell that to the boys back home."

Senator Nye rose up from his swivel chair and leaned his powerfully molded body over the desk; his features were defiant and resolute. The impression I carried away was that Nye would be extremely difficult to down. The similarity of his

LAWRENCE DENNIS
480 WARWICK AVENUE
WEST ENGLEWOOD, N.J.

Feb 25, 1943

Dear Gerald:

This is to introduce a friend of mine Mr Pagnanelli who is down in Washington looking for a job with the Government. He is a great admirer of yours and wants to shake your hand

With best regards

Lawrence Dennis

Letter from an American Nazi to an American Senator introducing "patriot" Pagnanelli.

features to those of the late Kemal Ataturk haunted me. His admiration for Dennis and the probable influence of Dennis' American Nazi views on Senator Nye's own utterances on the floor of the United States Senate worried me. His anti-Semitic remarks about the "Jewish crowd" which he uttered during the first minute of our interview frightened me!

Senator Burton Kendall Wheeler was too busy to see me, his secretary said. That is, he was too busy until I uttered the magic words: "I am a friend of Lawrence Dennis." The secretary smiled and typed it on a slip of paper, along with my name and address. Senator Wheeler kept another caller waiting while he received me briefly. When I asked his opinion of the indicted men and women, he dismissed the query with:

"All these men are guilty of is anti-Semitism."

Wheeler impressed me as an extremely shrewd, frostbitten politician, capable of putting up a stiff and bullish fight. A bulwark of the America First Committee, Wheeler's "patriotism" may be gathered by his declarations in the *Congressional Record:* "Japan is one of our best customers. I see no reason why we cannot live at peace with her." And only three weeks before Pearl Harbor he was quoted in *The New York Times:* "If we go to war with Japan, the only reason will be to help England." Of eleven national defense measures, Wheeler's voting record was eleven times "Nay."

On leaving I told Wheeler that Dennis expected to be in Washington soon.

"Fine. That is fine," he said, chewing a long cigar.

As I entered Congressman Hoffman's office, Room 1204, the memory of Mrs. Dilling's thundering herd came to mind and I recalled how that wild mob had packed his office, then stampeded down to Roy Woodruff's office, Hoffman's colleague from Michigan. I called Hoffman's attention to the episode.

"I recall it very well," he said between tightened lips.

His florid face deeply burrowed with wrinkles, Hoffman was virtually impossible to interview. Dillard Stokes' phrase, "scowling isolationist," described him perfectly. Hoffman was suspicious—so much so that he received me in the presence of two secretaries. I asked if he intended to protest again when the conspiracy trial came on.

"It all depends on what they do," he said. "I'll have more to say on Maloney later on." His jaws clamped down tight.

Hoffman had good reason to be tight-lipped. He voted "Nay" against twelve major national defense measures. His "Judas" speech—of which 145,000 copies were printed—had proved to be the most popular item of American fascist consumption after Pearl Harbor. An article under his name appeared as early as May, 1938 in Allen Zoll's *American Patriot.* Winrod published a long article of his in a pamphlet called *The Constitutionalist.* George Deatherage sold his speeches in specially prepared booklets. William Kullgren sold them. Hoffman, however, was the special darling of Joseph P. Kamp who sponsored Hoffman on an anti-labor speaking tour which took in more than eight states. On Hoffman, too, was heaped the honor of "Secretary of Public Health and Morals" in a nationalist cabinet selected by Edward James Smythe, liaison man between the Bund and the Klan, in which Father Coughlin was listed as Secretary of the Treasury, Jacob Thorkelson as Secretary of the Navy, and appeasist Senator Wheeler as Secretary of State.

A large man, with a huge head, hanging jowls and prominent mouth, Senator David I. Walsh made a queer statement in the course of my interview with him when he asked:

"Don't you find that the more people you ask the more you hear that we should not have gone into this war. . . ."

Coming from the chairman of the important Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, the query struck me as indicating an ominous state of mind toward winning of the war. A staunch America First-er, he voted against every major defense measure, and when I asked him if he thought the America First spirit was still alive, he answered:

"It is very much alive, and is getting more so every day. You can't win the peace with this man in the White House."

The impression I carried away of Senator Walsh was completely negative.

James M. Curley proved to be a huge man, with silver hair, sharp features and formless mouth. His slogan was "What can I do for you?" and he seemed to be the perfect "boss" type. Although in Congress only a few months, Curley had already found a seat on the important Appropriations Committee and

had made good Francis P. Moran's boast that Curley knew his way around Capitol Hill.

My object in visiting him was to ascertain the extent to which he deserved the praise heaped on him by the Christian Front leader. I couldn't probe into this during my short interview, but my impression was that this affable and shrewd personality whose regime in his native Massachusetts was marked by public scandal, was on the road to becoming a power in the House. Curley was not the type of man who would remain buried, or remain ungenerous to the pleas of friends. His office was already cluttered with a steady stream of callers and he greeted most of them with "What can I do for you?"

Curley's intense anti-British sentiments may some day be voiced openly.

On the table of Dewey Short's reception desk were copies of Kullgren's *America Speaks* and the Reverend Harvey H. Springer's (who was a staunch Winrod-Fundamentalist) *Western Voice*. Both publications shrieked the "Jewish Gestapo" theme used in smearing the Department of Justice. Short, whom I had already heard at a Brooklyn America First meeting, proved to be a chubby fellow with twinkling blue eyes and a disarming smile. But he was an America First nationalist to the core.

"The America First spirit is not dead," he said. "Lindbergh is still the hero. Every once in a while," Short confessed, "some of us with the America First viewpoint still meet to talk things over—Congressmen, Senators, and men like William R. Castle and Samuel Pettengill," who was spokesman for Rumely's Committee for Constitutional Government.

When I asked for the names of specific Congressmen, Short named Wheeler, Nye and Fish.

"I don't think we had to get into this war," Short continued, "and we wouldn't have if we had not called everybody dirty names and insulted them, if we had built our home defenses and minded our own business."

Short summed up all the deceptive arguments advanced by the ignorant sector of the so-called isolationists. In the first place, Short had voted against all twelve national defense measures introduced in the House by the Administration, including the bill to arm the Guam Naval Base, and he also voted "Nay" on the Military Appropriation Act and Conscription Bill.

Short denounced the President for suggesting a peace-time defense army. He denounced the Administration for its expenditures for national defense. His total ignorance of the world-revolutionary nature of National-Socialism matched his apparent ignorance of the motives of the baseball-loving, gadget-loving, bath-loving Japanese, as the editorial from the Washington *Times-Herald* he inserted in the *Congressional Record* on November 17, 1941 stated. That editorial, endorsed by Short, went on:

> Of all the oriental people, the Japanese are the most nearly like us. . . . It is against these people that our war hawks are proposing that we fight a war. Again why? The Japs don't want to fight us. They have gone to the length of clippering a special envoy over here to make another bid for peace.

Short impressed me as the symbol of the willful and short-sighted politician whose Roosevelt-hatred had blinded him to the failings even of his own record to arm America against enemy attack. Unfortunately, his simplification of the causes leading to our entry into war and his abysmal ignorance of the global revolution initiated by the Nazis was shared by others of the Congress.

Those I visited urged neither a vigorous and two-fisted stand against America's Nazi enemies without nor against the enemies within our country. While the rest of the nation toiled and sacrificed, the impression I got was that these former America First-ers (with the exception of Curley who ran for Boston Mayor at the time of Pearl Harbor) were still America First Committeemen at heart, and were working behind the scenes to revive the defeatist and appeasist dogma of the America First Committee.

Far from giving up *The American Vindicator* for the duration, Senator Reynolds, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, had sought to popularize it even more by changing the name to *The National Record* and by cutting the subscription price in half. The Stahrenberg slogan "America for Americans" remained on the masthead. I felt, some-

how, that the America First Senator, like the rest of those I had met was merely marking time. Nye's remark raced through my mind:

"When the time is right we'll be out in front again fighting. All of us who fought on the America First Committee will be together again. Tell that to the boys back home."

Doubtless the Congressmen and Senators I interviewed were sincere in their hearts. One cannot doubt their fervor and one cannot justly impugn their patriotism. But the impression I carried away was that these men would disrupt our Democracy rather than permit "this gang in the White House," as one of them termed it, to win a just, enduring and universal peace.

So subtle was the needling these Congressmen had received that they saw nothing wrong with the phrases "America First" and "Nationalist America." The patriotic connotation of these slogans would be difficult to attack were it not for the fact that "nationalism" is a trend toward an international "new order"—the grouping of reactionary forces against the individual freedom of Democracy.

Just as old notions of anti-Semitism have been altered to become a revolutionary Trojan Horse device, by the same token, the old notion of healthful nationalism has been warped by Nazi strategists to subvert Democracy and serve as prelude to revolutionary fascism. David Baxter, the California Nazi, proved the point by declaring in his *Tactics:* "In America the revolution will no doubt be staged by American Fascistic forces—patriotic American nationalists."

Mussolini's fascist system was first described as "nationalist." The French fascist organization *Croix de Feu* which developed into a Vichy instrument was called "nationalist." The Nazi party is the *National*-Socialist Party. The Japanese War Party is a "nationalist" party and Franco's Falange was first known as a "nationalist" party. All these countries had their "Germany First," "France First" and "Spain First" parties. Recall that the motto of Sir Oswald Mosley's Blackshirts was "Britain First" and Stahrenberg's slogan of the American National-Socialist Party was "America First, Last and Always."

"America First" can be no different in its connotation and ultimate outcome despite the sincere intents of some of those who mouth it. "America First" is a cry unwittingly used by Liberty's hangmen.

As to Lawrence Dennis who relentlessly promoted the America First cry and carried on the needling of Congressional members while his friend and collaborator, Viereck, was in jail, I regard him as one of the most dangerous men to our war-time unity. He towers above Viereck in every way. His circle of influential Americans is infinitely greater. He is smart enough to work underground and avoid publicity. Because of his native background and training in our consular service, Dennis is an adroit diplomat and makes expert use of well-meaning clergymen and a high official of the Civil Liberties Union to stand by him whenever he is brought before an investigating body. It enraged me to hear him boast how well-meaning and democratic groups had defended him, while in the next breath and in the name of freedom of speech he denounced Democracy and plotted to multiply its tensions. Goebbels' statement fitted Dennis' role perfectly:

> We National Socialists have never maintained that we were representatives of a democratic viewpoint, but we have openly declared that we only made use of democratic means in order to gain power, and that after the seizure of power we would ruthlessly deny to our opponents all those means which they had granted to us during the time of our opposition.

Throughout this book I have refrained from commenting on the lack of action of our Federal agencies against those native-born saboteurs of Democracy-at-war who were still at large and who, I believed, did not deserve to be. But I have fully appraised Dennis' underhanded work. I am convinced he does not want Democracy to emerge the victor. I am convinced that he is a distinct liability rather than an asset to the prosecution of our war for survival.

Why is Lawrence Dennis given liberty to disrupt national morale? Why should he be exempted because he is a friend of important Senators, Representatives, businessmen, newspaper publishers? Is Liberty's chief hangman privileged any more than the lesser, and less influential promoters of American Fascism? Is the pretext of freedom of speech under whose protective folds he is plotting the slow strangulation of Democ-

racy, of greater import than the welfare and unity of a nation? Why must America *at war* continue to be the victim of Goebbels' taunt:

It will always remain the best joke made by the democratic system that it provided its deadly enemies with the means of destroying it.

CHAPTER XV

DEMOCRACY MUST WIN THE PEACE!

"It is necessary, first in time, to win the war. But, first in importance, it is necessary to win the peace which follows the war. To win the war and lose the peace would be a worse defeat for us [Coughlinites] than if we fought the war to a draw."

REVEREND CHARLES E. COUGHLIN

Now, IN APRIL 1943, as I work on the last chapter of my story, I pause to look back over those stirring years since October, 1938, when I hesitantly knocked on the door behind the barber shop on East 116th Street. I suppose young men all over the world today find it difficult to realize they are the same persons they were a short time ago. I know it is difficult for me, for when I first stepped into Stahrenberg's filthy little shop I had no idea of the magnitude of Hitler's world propaganda network and the world-shaking events which have followed in the wake of his revolutionary *weltanschauung.*

I have learned a great many things during more than four years of life in the Nazi underworld, and I want to sum up my impressions. In order to do this it is necessary to check and see what happened to some of the people who travelled with me through the revolutionary byways of American fascism. What are my "friends" doing now? How about Stahrenberg, Mrs. Schuyler, Boris Brasol and all the others?

As Hans von Stahrenberg, his real name, Pete worked for the New York Park Department while at night he did printing for Colonel Sanctuary and Japanese interests until the F.B.I. raided his shop. Since then he has disappeared completely.

James McGee is back to "respectable" printing of memorial cards. Father Coughlin's picture which greeted you on entering his shop has been replaced by a calendar. His son,

Arthur, was detained by the F.B.I. because of his friendship with the Nazi spy, Josef Klein.

Mrs. Schuyler's latest "patriotic" quirk is the "discovery" that the Episcopal Church is loaded with Communist and Socialist doctrine. Her Church Layman's Association is now fighting the pesky Reds on all fronts.

In his last letter to me Kurt Mertig wrote: "We hold our weekly meetings since two weeks in the homes of the trustees of our group, rotating weekly. Our motto is contained in the Pledge to the Flag." Since then Mertig has been ordered removed 300 miles inland by the Army Exclusion Board.

Allen Zoll is reported as being in the Canadian Army.

Merwin K. Hart's friend, John Eoghan Kelly, has been indicted by a Washington grand jury on charges of being an unregistered Franco agent. *He was convicted late in May!*

Bernard D'Arcy, distributor of *Social Justice*, was discharged from the United States Army. Back in civilian life, he asserted he had "no apologies to make for knowing Father Coughlin or being a friend of his."

Jack Cassidy of the Christian Front is a private in the United States Army, and was last stationed near Seattle, Washington.

While in Chicago, Joe McWilliams borrowed a large sum from one of the mothers of We, the Mothers Mobilize for America and at this writing hasn't paid it back. Joe published a book, *The Serviceman's Reconstruction Plan* "explaining what America must do for our servicemen when Johnny comes marching home." With the help of one Alice Rand, Barrington, Illinois, he is issuing the *Post-War Bulletin* promoting his ham-and-egg plan "for those now sacrificially serving in our armed forces." He is intent on winning the peace the McWilliams way. This American Nazi hoodwinked Chicagoans and spoke before the North Central Kiwanis Club. On March 3, 1943 he addressed a group of navy mothers.

I have learned that Joe plans to run for Congress in 1944, and is being sponsored by powerful native fascist interests. I have also learned that the former Alice Rand is Mrs. Alexis de Tarnowsky, wife of an officer in the United States Army.

Father Coughlin still keeps in touch with his former collaborators and is far from being "through." Appealing for

funds for religious purposes in August, 1942, he injected politics by praising "authoritarianism" and denouncing "Democracy with its majoritarianism."

In the April 10 issue of *The X-Ray* Court Asher announced that according to "very reliable sources Father Coughlin will soon be on the air, broadcasting from a station in Mexico." Mexico is a stronghold of the National Union of Sinarchists, a species of clerical fascism describing itself as "hierarchically organized as soldiers in a spiritual militia" and dedicated to a "counter-revolution" to hasten "the end of the capitalist and liberal regime." The Mexican Chamber of Deputies has charged it as being "a shock brigade prepared by Nazi agents." Its members take an oath of "unquestioning obedience to the Sinarchist *Führer* and to the Church." Father Coughlin repeatedly praised sinarchism in *Social Justice*. Sinarchism is being lauded in other surviving American clerical fascist organs.

It grieves me to report that the flame of the Christian Front is being rekindled in New York by its former promoters in the *same* Church locale, under ingenious and secretive tactics. For the present it is known simply as The Committee, but the patrons and promoters represent the same old fascist crowd. Prominent as organizer is James O'Kelly, former chairman of the Paul Revere Sentinels, clerk in a New York district court, an anti-Semite and a Coughlin-worshipper.

General Moseley has been retired on a pension and since Pearl Harbor has kept out of politics.

Phalanx fuehrer James Banahan is working as a carpenter.

When I visited Siegfried Hauck I found him working at a gas station near Scotch Plains. Talking about the war, he observed that America might win the war, "but if America loses the peace . . ." Hauck laughed.

With the help of the *Chicago Tribune* Congressman Day was re-elected by voters who forgot all about Flanders Hall.

Prescott Dennett, under indictment for sedition along with Edmondson and Hudson and Baxter sent me a plaintive letter appealing for funds. I sent each a letter.

In a letter dated December 7, 1942 Kullgren, also indicted, offered to send (and later did send) one hundred free copies of the January, 1941 issue of *The Beacon Light*, which hinted at the need for assassinating the President.

Mrs. Dilling settled a divorce case with her husband and upon her indictment for sedition, screamed: "I am guilty only of pro-Americanism." Under the auspices of "Friends of George Washington Principles" and "Truth and Liberty Meeting" she has been touring the Midwest selling *The Octopus*, issuing her bulletins and recommending George Edward Sullivan's defeatist book. The *Chicago Tribune* has defended her staunchly, as has the Reverend C. O. Stadsklev of Minneapolis. Her monthly bulletins continue to heap unparalleled abuse on our Department of Justice.

Charles B. Hudson, indicted, has continued to call our war for survival "that fake war" and has carried on "patriotic" business as before. He still sells Mrs. Fry's book, *Planned Economy* for $1 and those by Mrs. Dilling and Sullivan.

As for Mrs. Fry, alias Paquita de Shishmareff, the Immigration Bureau caught her when she tried to re-enter the United States on the S.S. *Drottningholm*, which arrived in the summer of 1942 with members of the diplomatic corps and correspondents. She's now a guest of our vigilant Department of Justice and under indictment for sedition.

Robert Leonard Obidiah Jordan, the "black fuehrer," was convicted of sedition and received ten years in Federal prison, along with Lester Eugen Holness, the "Reverend" Ralph Green Best and an accomplice, James Henry Thornhill, who got lesser terms. The "Little Napoleon," Joe Hartery, met his Waterloo with six years. The Civil Rights Bureau of the Department of Justice under Assistant Attorney-General Victor W. Rotnem traced Japanese propaganda to the Black Dragon Society and cracked down on seditious cells in nine states.

The Reverend Gerald B. Winrod, under indictment, has resumed publication of *The Defender* and in his appeal for funds used Senator Robert A. Taft's letter to Attorney General Biddle urging that the indictments be withdrawn.

The Ku Klux Klan is resurgent and in January, 1943, advertised in the Maryville, Tennessee *Enterprise:* "WANTED —5000 or more of the 10,000 Klansmen in the following counties answer this ad: Knox, Blount, Monroe, and Loudon—there is work to do—Write Klansmen, Box No. 30."

The Reverend Joe Jeffers made the following statements against the Catholic Church in November 1942:

And here in the United States where does the Catholic Church have its capitol? It has it in Washington, D. C. And we sent an Ambassador to the Vatican. That was a disgrace to every American in a nation which our Supreme Court has stated is Christian.

In December Jeffers wrote me: "We have started a special fund for a coast to coast broadcast which we feel is divine order." I informed *America* (magazine) of his bigotry (previously I had sent in a full report of the Bund-Klan meeting at Camp Nordland). On February 3, 1943 I heard from Harold C. Gardiner, S.J.: "We are pleased to keep in touch with this activity in case an opportunity arises of doing some definitely constructive work against it."

Commander Edward Elwell Spafford is dead.

The citizenship of many Bund leaders has been revoked. Severin Winterscheidt, former editor of the *Deutscher Weckruf*, testified under oath that he was instructed by Berlin to smear "everything that was inimical to National Socialistic ideas" as "Communist."

As to Edward Holton James, he has become bolder with every *Grapevine Letter*. Calling the United Nations "United Hypocrites," and our leaders "madmen" who have made themselves the "blood-stained assassins of our soldiers and sailors," he defended Tojo's cause on January 14, 1943.

Grapevine Letter Number 88 was mailed on March 31:

> He who resists the draft today, in the name of liberty, gains a place of honor by the side of the immortal heroes who founded this country. . . . They who resist the draft today are the heroes who will guard the Constitution, and build that army which is "necessary for the security of a free people. . . ." The Supreme Court has become not only a useless institution, but a subversive institution as far as the interests of a free government are concerned.

Edward Holton James was still at large as this book went to press and still in intimate touch with fellow "patriots" throughout the country. The *Boise Valley Herald* was publishing his writings. James is an example of how a so-called crackpot may continue to engage in coercing native Americans against the war effort.

After being ousted as an official of the United Service Organizations, John B. Snow retired to his home near Suffern, New York, where he now lives in self-seclusion.

Mrs. A. Cressy Morrison still permits Edwin Perry Banta, speaker for the Bund, to work in her office. Banta has turned into confidential trouble-shooter for native fascists throughout the country, receiving their mail at his home, assisting them with advice and doing contact work.

Seward Collins has closed the American Review Bookshop, rented the building and retired to his country home at New Canaan, Connecticut. Conrad Grieb is in the army.

John T. Flynn, chairman of America First, has returned to his writing work. William R. Castle, at this writing, is nursing himself in Florida. Lindbergh and Ford are together: Lindbergh is working for Ford. Chortled Gerald L. K. Smith:

> The presence of Lindbergh in Detroit is one of the most inspiring events to take place since Pearl Harbor. The youthfulness of America's hero, alongside the wisdom of America's industrial sage, serves notice on the world that real Americanism still is, and real Americans are, still alive.

Parker Sage and Russell M. Roberts wrote me regularly until the indictment of the "ambassador of ill will," Lyman, for sedition. Alderman continued to write with unabated *Protocol* "patriotism." He was last working for Pontiac Motors in Pontiac getting $1.20 an hour plus overtime.

Ernest Elmhurst is carrying on quietly on Staten Island trains and ferries. Drew's invitations to his home became so insistent that I became suspicious and have avoided him completely. I still have the copy of Hudson's bulletin which he gave me. Both Elmhurst and Drew are under investigation.

Thomas Quinlan kept his promise. He became a draft-dodger and tried to hide out in the Midwest. But army authorities caught up with him. Quinlan was tried, convicted and is now serving three years for draft evasion.

Horace Haase, friend of Kurt Mertig, Lawrence Dennis, and staunch America First-er, surrendered as a conscientious objector and is now in prison.

On April 21, 1943, Major Alexander Cloyd Gill visited Birkhead's New York offices. He told Birkhead that Kamp

was in constant touch with and frequently visited Martin Dies in Washington . . . Five days later Gill was found dead in the office of the Constitutional Educational League. Newspapers reported that Kamp had visited his office at 6:25 A.M. and found Gill dead at his desk. The cause was given as heart-attack.

From his luxurious apartment on Morningside Heights, Sanctuary (under indictment for sedition) has moved to a drab, walk-up brownstone tenement, taking with him his library of hate books.

The Reverend John Jefferson Davis Hall had been publicized so widely in newspapers and magazines as a devout preacher that on April 16 I called on him again. I found that he now had two assistants to help him in giving "blessings" over the 'phone. Placing my face against his beard Mr. Hall hugged me several times, then pronounced a special blessing. But he spent the next two hours in a violent tirade against the Catholic Church and the Jews.

Olov E. Tietzow legally changed his name to Anderson. At this writing he is in Chicago operating quietly, and will publish his book under his new name. I've written Edwin Flaig four times without receiving an answer.

George Hornby continues to be active as propagandist, although no longer with the W.P.A. whose equipment he used secretly to publish his poison writings. Collaborating with the "Reverend" H. R. Sickle, on January 27th he sent me a four-page leaflet "proving" that "the United States attacked first," not the Japs. His letter to me was on Disabled Veterans stationery.

I corresponded with James H. McKnight and he urged me to settle in Salt Lake City: "Work is plentiful here now, and big wages." He also apologized for the "war-mongering" speech of David O. McKay, a high dignitary of the Mormon Church. "I suppose our long friendship [with McKay] has terminated forever," McKnight wrote. "I will not follow a war-monger even tho he be my twin brother."

Charles W. Phillips has resumed publication of *The Individualist* after a lapse of some months. Mrs. Mabel J. Willard carried on her "patriotic" work in Oklahoma for a while; she has now resumed operations from her Chicago base.

Court Asher still lifts stories from other newspapers and continues to publish *The X-Ray*.

Carl Mote is spreading his "patriotism" among farmers by writing for the *Farmer's Guild News*. He sent me the announcement of his new magazine *America Preferred*. Mote intends to play a prominent part in Indiana politics and the formation of a Third Party following Gerald L. K. Smith's pattern of "patriotism."

The April issue of *The Cross and the Flag* referred to Senator Lundeen—some of whose speeches were written by Viereck—as the "late and much-beloved, fearless patriot" and divulged that Mrs. Lundeen is "speaking under the auspices of the America First Party" in the Midwest.

I lost my contact with Boris Brasol through the oversight of a fellow investigator, who, in order to cover himself, told Brasol I had been trailed to his office. It placed Brasol on guard against me. Brasol moved to a super-secret hide-out. It's located at 1841 Broadway, Room 901; telephone: Columbus 5-5934. He doesn't like to be disturbed.

As to the Mothers groups, Mrs. Beatrice M. Knowles wrote me late in December, 1942, from Detroit:

> Your air-mail letter was awaiting my return from a trip through the state. . . . We have been meeting as always and much good is derived from this. The meetings also serve to help them keep their chins up . . . so they look forward to the meetings with much comfort.

Mrs. Rosa M. Farber refused to answer my letters, and I have wondered whether she was still engaged in promoting her peculiar "patriotism"—the whispering campaign.

The Chicago We, the Mothers Mobilize for America have completely changed their tune. They have gone in for "social reform," "slum clearance" and "old age assistance." Members are instructed in "The Mechanics of Voting" and "Why Parliamentary Law." Their organ is the *Women's Voice*, a chummy four-page monthly which carries its poison between the lines. Mrs. Lyrl Clark Van Hyning helps run it. Her sister, Mrs. Genevieve Campbell, laid down the policy of the sheet:

> Rather than attempting to storm forts by brute strength, this paper is beginning as a mental gadfly, buzzing about to prick here and there, never revealing its plans. . . . By means of wit, satire, understatements and hints—lightning flashes rather than long diatribes—implant your sting, then buzz away. . . . Let your mailed fist be most often sheathed in the velvet glove.

The Mothers of America, under Mrs. David Stanley, have carried on a vicious rumor-mongering campaign in Cleveland, while the Minnesota Mothers act as sponsors for Mrs. Dilling. From Darby, Pennsylvania, Mrs. John Browne, of the Crusading Mothers of Pennsylvania, mailed me vicious defeatist leaflets and in one of her typical letters wrote:

> You know, Mr. Pagnanelli, I have never given up the fight for our Republic. . . . We have a great work to do, and do it right away. In the near future you will hear from me on some concerted action. I have great hopes for the future, our torch will burn brightly again.

Mrs. Agnes Waters, professional Washington mother, still rampages at meetings. She suggested I send her $300, then urged: "Any time you are in Washington just barge in on us. If I am not at home my children will be." I've kept away from her and her children.

A particularly vicious Coughlinite Mothers unit still doing business as usual is the Mothers of Sons Forum, Cincinnati, headed by Mrs. Ethel Groen. Venomously anti-Semitic and anti-British the Mothers have asserted that "National-Socialism stands for positive Christianity" and propagated other choice lies originated by the German Library of Information. Cathrine Curtis addressed them and was quoted in newspapers as stating: "I don't blame Hitler for what he is doing. He wants to conquer for the German people."

Under the stimulus of mysterious financial backing the Anglo-Saxon Federation plans to broadcast "Kingdom Messages" over a national network of thirty-seven stations.

Walter Steele's *National Republic* continues to appear, and Mrs. Flora A. Walker continues to send out Steele's magazine and an assortment of "anti-alien" literature. Business as usual. As for Miss Cathrine Curtis, when I wrote asking if she were

still active after Pearl Harbor, she answered: "I find many people just beginning to awaken to the real cause of our Republic and more interested than ever in preserving its traditions, institutions—and Constitution."

Recent issues of Robnett's *News and Views* are blazing, demagogic displays of star-spangled Americanism, dedicated to answering "What is the American System?" They emit fire against the Reds, make no comment whatever against native fascists.

Merwin K. Hart and Archibald Ewing Stevenson continue to work together. Hart has expanded the scope of the New York State Economic Council and changed the name to National Economic Council, Inc. My belief is that Hart, like Reverend Curran, is being groomed for more festive fascist days.

Rumely's mailing activities continue side by side with his campaign to "Keep America American." Rumely took a hand in the 1942 elections by issuing an unprecedented volume of literature and according to lavish full-page advertisements had established many "cells" of "100 members per congressional district." Rumely wanted to increase the number in each "cell" in order that the Committee might be a "continuing and decisive influence in national affairs." And while Rumely directs the promotion, Frank E. Gannett—esteemed by *Social Justice*—works backstage in Washington in welding farmers' lobbies into a powerful organization hostile to the Administration. Rumely continues scrupulously to avoid publicity while managing the affairs of the Committee.

While in Washington I tried desperately to learn the identity of the mysterious "Cincinnatus," author of the most virulent anti-Semitic book published in America. I tried to see the Washington attorney, George Edward Sullivan who had the answer, but he avoided me. I remembered his description of "Cincinnatus. . . . He is in the vicinity. He is a pretty old man and has a brilliant mind."

B. H. Roberts of Washington was reputed to be the author, but he did not fit the description, and I was convinced that he merely was a distributor of the seditious book, having sold me two copies before Pearl Harbor. Whoever the author, he was well-read for *War, War, War* quoted from Shakespeare,

Anatole France as well as from *The Eighth Crusade* distributed by the *Deutscher Fichte-Bund.*

Whoever the author, I knew he was extremely friendly with Sullivan, for on page 116, he referred to Sullivan as "an eminent and patriotic Washington lawyer." Before going to Washington I obtained from John H. Mullen, Kamp's printer and typesetter of *War, War, War* (Mullen knew but would not tell me the author) the address of another Washington attorney, Arthur Peter. I ascertained through *Who's Who* that Arthur Peter was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and by calling on B. H. Roberts a second time I established that he was friendly with Peter.

I traced Arthur Peter to his office in the Washington Loan and Trust Building, not far from Sullivan's law offices. I found him to be an elderly man, in his late sixties, limping on one foot. But his mind was extremely alert and a half-dozen current books lay about in his office. Peter proved to be extremely tight-lipped about himself, but he admitted his friendship with Roberts and Sullivan and professed considerable interest whenever I mentioned *War, War, War.*

I tried to join the Vigilantes founded by Governor Eugene Talmadge after Georgia voters ousted him from office. As I did not know Talmadge, I wrote the Ku Klux Klan with which I had corresponded and on October 27, 1942, I received a letter from F. Lee Evans, Imperial Kligrapp:

> . . . You inquired about Vigilantes, Inc. Would suggest that you write Major John Goodman, c/o State Highway Patrol, Atlanta, Georgia. You may tell him you obtained his address through this office.

The Major—who signed his name "John E. Goodwin"—informed me that membership and annual dues were $7.50 and the Vigilantes were "secret Fraternal . . . Benevolent, Social, and Patriotic." I filled out the application blank he sent me and on November 18 I sent $5 in money order. Goodwin then remitted two insistent letters asking for the dues. I mailed him $2.50 on January 6, 1943 and expected to receive my membership card and literature "promptly," as Goodwin indicated. On January 27 I received a letter from Goodwin in

which he stated that the Vigilantes were "pretty well organized" in 100 Georgia counties:

> . . . and within the next few weeks we will go into Alabama, Florida, Tennessee and Louisiana, as all of these States are interested and have started negotiations. We had a meeting today of the Executive Committee and the entire Committee expressed a desire to get things lined up in New York.

But Goodwin produced no literature and no membership card as he had promised. This, plus his insistent demands for fees had made me restive about my investment of $7.50. I also became suspicious at Goodwin's use of plain paper, instead of the official Vigilante stationery. I did not hesitate to air my suspicions in a letter I wrote Goodwin on February 6. He did not answer it, nor did he answer my follow-up. I wrote Eugene Talmadge and on February 8 Talmadge wrote back:

> I am glad you joined the Vigilantes. I have turned your letter over to the President of the Club and he will forward you the membership card in a few days. You should also be receiving *The Statesman*, a weekly paper I am publishing. If you are ever in Atlanta, come around to see us.

I waited patiently, but in the face of complete silence on Goodwin's part I decided to force a showdown and wrote Goodwin a strong letter. A carbon copy went to Talmadge. On February 20 Goodwin refunded the $7.50 I had paid. "It appears you do not have confidence in our organization," he said. Though I did not become a member, I established the collaboration between the Klan, the Vigilantes, Goodwin and Talmadge—symbols of bigotry and hate, tyranny and nativist fascism in-the-making, the next-of-kin to the international brand.

Talmadge's newspaper advertised *The Struggle of the Ages* published by the American Rangers at Atlanta. I obtained a copy and found it to be the most violent anti-Catholic book I had ever seen. A typical passage read: "The Papal Government being bound by Oath to Murder, violates the Constitution, *is illegal* and should *not* be allowed to operate within the United States Government." It called priests "sleek, dog-collared vultures." I reported this new anti-Catholic source to Father Gardiner.

As to Ham Fish's friend, Dennis, he circulated on the anniversary of Pearl Harbor a 16,000-word blueprint for American Fascism entitled *Grand Strategy of the Republican Party Until 1944*. I am sure that no respectable Republican urged Dennis to circulate the blueprint—an ambitious attempt to inoculate gullible Republican leaders with methods for winning the peace the Dennis way. With consummate hypocrisy, the champion of American National-Socialism regarded as "dangerous to Democracy" the present "truce on political opposition" to the war efforts and demanded the return to the "foreign policies of Washington's Farewell Address."

Slyly Dennis hinted at the need for "change in principles, of policy and national objectives," and urged Republican leaders that "win the war" be retained as slogan until the war is won —after which the knifing and the strict withdrawal to the cave of isolationism. Propagating all the typical Goebbels' lies to the effect that the New Deal is Communist and bent on crushing capitalism, Dennis tried to entice Republicans by maintaining that "opposition of principle was always maintained" during other American wars.

So you see, fascism in America is not dead. It has been pretending sleep. And I wish I could say that the America First spirit, and the threat of an American Fascist Third Party movement were over. I recall the evening I spent with James Banahan at the German-American Athletic Club. Hunched over a glass of beer he finished telling me how the Nazi consulate had helped finance the Phalanx, and added:

"Y'know, George, there aren't many of us right now, but we can sure raise plenty of hell. A pinch of salt isn't much, but throw it in your coffee and regardless of how much sugar you put in you'll still taste the salt. We are that salt and we're here to sour up this Democracy. We are the salt of American nationalism!"

I have indicated the salts which threaten to overflow at the "right time" at the peace table after we have won the military war. For if America's fascists who are psychologically courting America's defeat and fear most a democratic victory,

cannot "win the war" their way—the fascist way—they are determined to "win the peace" at any cost.

At the same time they are determined to *prolong* the conflict in order to intensify their work of dissension and distrust and justify their proposed leadership at the peace conference. I am convinced that American Fascists do not want to see, and are sabotaging with every means at their command, a quick Allied victory. Such a decisive victory would completely shatter their time table and give Democracy a permanent victory. The keynote of the fascist strategy was set by Father Coughlin only a few weeks after Pearl Harbor in *Social Justice:*

> First things come first. It is necessary, first in time, to win the war. But, first in importance, it is necessary to win the peace which follows the war. . . . To win the war and lose the peace would be a worse defeat for us [Coughlinites] than if we fought the war to a draw. . . . Americans, *Social Justice* advises you to get into every patriotic organization in America. Join up. Be neither a slacker for war nor a slacker for peace.

The prototype of extreme isolationists caused Germany to win the peace after the last war. That the same symptoms are recurrent is indicated by brilliant columnist Raymond Clapper:

> . . . The Axis can still win the peace as Germany won it the last time. The Axis can get a chance to fight again if the United Nations split up, and if the United States again returns to the cave. . . . The Axis can win its second-best victory if the United States Senate takes the United States back into isolation.

It is conceivable how officials, industrialists and other interests who have championed the nationalist cause may conspire to lose the democratic peace for America and surrender our hard-won victory to those who are hostile to the idea of working together with other nations and planning a post-war program of a durable peace based on international accord. Thus our "victory" would then be tantamount to having stopped Hitler in Europe, but permitted a species of nativist nationalism to enter America by the back door to plague us again in the next generation. That was Father Coughlin's vision when

he urged his henchmen to join up all "patriotic organizations" and "win the peace the Father Coughlin way."

And that is the party line being championed by the promoter of reactionary politics, Gerald L. K. Smith. His candidates for President in 1944 include such prophets of appeasement as Lindbergh; Senators Nye, Wheeler, Taft; Congressmen Hoffman, Fish, and Dewey Short. Simultaneously with Smith's efforts and Dennis' attempts to influence extreme right wing Republicans, the America First Committee is being revived. Douglas Gregory, a New York official of the A.F.C., has met with Senator Nye and Lindbergh is reported to have visited Senator Wheeler. In the January, 1943, issue of *The Cross and the Flag* Gerald L. K. Smith wrote:

> Some of us have taken steps to organize an America First Party . . . with which and through which to express our independence and our determination to put America First during the war, at the peace table and in time of peace.

In the next issue he announced that he had opened America First Party units in key cities and was "in the midst of a nationwide speaking tour." In Chicago he spoke under the auspices of Earl Southard, secretary of the Citizens Keep America Out of War Committee who, in March, 1941, wrote William Kullgren the following revealing letter:

> Our Committee held a mass meeting in Chicago last night addressed by William Griffin, editor of the New York *Enquirer*, and Mr. Lawrence Dennis, editor of the *Weekly Foreign Letter*. The several thousand at this meeting were inspired by the speakers to continue their effort to keep America out of war. . . .
>
> . . . Beg to advise that we received one hundred copies of the March number of *The Beacon Light* and thank you sincerely for your kindness. We have distributed these magazines. . . . I read your paper with considerable interest and feel that it would be a great contribution to the cause of real Americanism.

With Griffin under indictment for sedition and Dennis "too hot to handle," Smith turned to a mutual Dennis friend, Earl Southard, to promote plans for a so-called isolationist victory at the peace table. This is the picture America is facing. And

along with Dennis, other henchmen of American Fascism who are not in jail or under indictment are engaged in "winning the peace"—in their usual way: by rumor-mongering, by spreading defeatism, by agitating against unity and by disrupting morale.

At Germantown, Illinois, Edward A. Koch continues to publish a fascist organ even more outspoken than was *Social Justice*. Issued under lay auspices, it declares itself "devoted to the Cause of a Corporate Order" in America, brands Democracy a plague and adulates Hitler for cleaning out the "liberalistic" heresy; and in October, 1942, Koch wrote:

> Whatever our country's proper and legitimate objectives in the war may be, we believe that the destruction of Nazism (and "Fascism" generally) should not be among them. . . . Concealing or distorting the good things in Fascism will be detrimental to our country's future.

After his investigation by the F.B.I. in December, 1942, Koch insisted that his "activities are decidedly pro-American" and that the Department of Justice was in the wrong. It is this American Nazi mentality which, while sabotaging Democracy proclaims itself "serving our country's welfare," that is the *insidious enemy-mind* within our country.

Nazi agents will miss no trick to foment discord. The current cries and agitation of the Drys to bring back Prohibition —and with it poison "hootch" and its effect on war morale—is highly pleasing to the Nazis. Their agent in Switzerland, "Dr." Robert Hercod, is secretary of the Nazi-subsidized International Bureau Against Alcoholism. Hercod wormed his way into the confidence of Americans and became correspondent for *The Voice*, organ of the Board of Temperance Union of the Methodist Church; as well as *The American Issue* and *The Union Signal*, official organs of the Anti-Saloon League, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Hercod's Nazi propaganda crept into numerous articles he wrote for American consumption.

Quick to take advantage of the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, Nazi agents spread about the lie that the surprise attack was due to the "fact" that our men were in a drunken stupor —a lie which was believed in and disseminated by some Prohibitionist factions. And bootleg "Americanism" on behalf of Prohibition has been propagated consistently by Kullgren's *Beacon Light*, Garner's *Publicity* and Winrod's *Defender*.

Captain Edward Page Gaston, reserve officer and director of the World Prohibition Federation, helped promote the Dry cause in Washington. I first interviewed Gaston, founder of the Patriot Guard of America in 1940, in New York, and after I had told of my membership in the Mobilizers and the Nationalist Party, he commended me as an "upstanding young American who loves his country." He then offered to speak for the Mobilizers, gratis, or any other "patriotic" group I named. I interviewed him again in Washington in February, 1943, and learned that he was a personal friend of Hercod, whom he had met in Paris, and that among his Congressional supporters were Senator Reynolds (who, according to Gaston, was personally a "wet" but voted Dry) and Senator Wilbert Lee O'Daniel.

Food-hoarding and rumor-mongering about the "shortage of food" are devices urged by Nazis to help disrupt our morale. A member of the Women's Auxiliary of the Christian Front told me: "I put away canned goods not because I have to, my cellar is full right now, but because I want to make some of these women suffer for the things they can't get. It's the only way they'll learn." And I know of an instance of a former official of the Hamburg-American Line who began hoarding immediately before Pearl Harbor, and whose closets, cabinets and cellar bulge with hoarded food.

Wily Nazi propagandists will stop at nothing to sabotage the war and sabotage the peace. If they do not succeed with one method they are determined to succeed with any of a hundred other methods they have devised and tested on the conquered countries. But there are ways loyal Americans can stop them and help Democracy emerge as victor at the peace table.

After more than four years in the Nazi underworld, I've summarized Hitler's program for the subversion of our Democracy and the overthrow of our capitalist order. It includes:

1) Anti-Semitism to serve as a social dissolvent; 2) Red-baiting to serve as a screen for Nazi propaganda; 3) lies or half-truths to gain the support of the politically ignorant;

4) super-patriotism to arouse his disciples emotionally; 5) a perverted brand of nationalism which most frequently utilizes the slogans "America First" and "America for the Americans"; 6) anti-British propaganda to rally German, Irish, Italian, Spanish and nativist sentiment; 7) an attempt to undermine confidence in the Administration in order to facilitate the acceptance of revolutionary doctrines; 8) defamation of Democracy by exaggerating its failings as a device to "soften up" resistance; 10) the systematic cultivation of mass hatred as a means of blinding reason; 11) the pitting of group against group, race against race, religion against religion to break down national unity; 12) encouraging an attitude of ridicule toward the operation of Nazi propaganda in an effort to draw a red herring across its trail; 13) the adulation of Hitler as the deliverer from, and of Nazism as the panacea for, the evils of Communism, Judaism, unemployment, the national debt and anything else you choose to name; finally, 14) agitation for a "Third Party" or a "new leadership," native fascist in sentiment, to set up the American New Order by "Constitutional methods" and ostensibly in order to "preserve the Constitution," but which at the same time would be friendly to, collaborate with, or appease Hitler's New Order.

If and when fascism—by whatever name it may be called—is foisted on America, it may bear little resemblance to the original product conceived by Mussolini and propagated methodically in America under the guise of "patriotism" by a horde of Nazi agents. Of those agents some are in jail, some in hiding, others in disrepute. The Kuhns and Schmuederrichs are through. Their more refined bedfellows, the Vierecks and Auhagens, are (possibly) also through. Their American-born collaborators—the Trues and Edmondsons, having laid their poison eggs—are on the threshold of the political beyond. But they have trained heirs to carry the torch in Park Avenue circles as well as in the side streets. Therein lies the greatest danger to American Democracy, and the winning of the peace.

Ignorance of the true nature of Nazism and the multiple nativist forms it takes; the prejudices and hates it feeds on; the reason-blinding power of its sugary appeals, which to capital promises the suppression of labor, and to labor the suppression of capital; ignorance of its drug-like strategy which works best while Americans suspect it the least (Boston is a tragic example)—against all these manifestations of political ignorance, *truth* is our most potent weapon.

Those who look upon the slightest variance from the status quo as "revolutionary" are ideal fodder of Nazi propagandists who look to yesterday for their future. And those who like Father Coughlin and Seward Collins regard the Middle Ages—the dark period of corruption and feudalism—as the ideal on which to found our future society are organically hostile to institutional Democracy. Fascist-mindedness today is the most dangerous trend in America's political thinking.

I look back upon my years in the Nazi underworld without regrets. It was a dirty job, but I felt that someone had to do it and live to tell about it. They have been gruelling and abnormal years. I operated literally in a sunless world, under conditions which have impaired my health, but I hope that my mission of exposing dangerous undercurrents will help awaken democratic Americans to vigilance on the home front.

This book is a warning to those Americans who respect Democracy and want to preserve it. It is to warn that any political group which adopts the slogan "America First" may go the way of "Germany First" and "France First," for those countries, too, had their nativist Quislings and a smug section of the populace which insisted that it could not happen to *their* country. I wish to remind America that before he took power Hitler had always asserted: "Neither I nor anybody else in the National-Socialist Party advocates proceeding by anything but Constitutional methods."

I am going back to the world I left behind four and a half years ago to renew friendships and live in the sunshine again—if the countless "friends" I met in the Nazi underworld permit me to live. I have written this book in order to help preserve those values which I learned were synonymous with America when I first came here: freedom, individual initiative and enterprise. I believe in these "old-fashioned" precepts.

In case I may be asked why in my reports of investigations, I have said nothing about Communist subversive elements, I can only state that in my opinion Communist propaganda is

as undesirable as Nazi propaganda. I tried hard to investigate the Communists along with my work among the Nazis. I failed for two reasons: first, I was geared to the Nazi pattern of "patriotism" and adopted the gestures and language acceptable among fascists, but conspicuous among Communists; the second, and more important cause of my failure was the infinite shrewdness of Communist Party liners who, at the time I tried to bore within, never allowed anyone to enter their ranks without thoroughly investigating him first.

I attended Communist-front meetings. I enrolled in the Worker's School for one semester under the alias John Correa. I went to social affairs and advertised in *The Daily Worker*. I associated with both their male and female members. I tried every means short of Mata Hari tactics to worm my way into their confidence. But inevitably at the crucial point, I'd be questioned, be commanded to produce identification, and provide a list of persons who would vouch for me. I believe it must be easier to join the F.B.I. than the Communist Party.

I agree somewhat with Rex Stout, chairman of the Writer's War Board: "The political ethics of American Communists still are about as low as anything ever observed in these parts, including the Ku Klux Klan." Neither am I a member of any Socialist, Social-Democrat or Trotskyite faction. Never a joiner—except when I went overboard as a "fascist" and became a member of many organizations—I have tried to be an American without any outside trimmings. I would dread to see in America the victory of a force either from the extreme Left or extreme Right. I hope Americans will remain middle-of-the-road Democrats and Republicans, and that these two parties will keep on fighting bitterly at election time and becoming firm friends after the battle.

It so happens that I believe in our democratic-capitalist order. I have no property and no money to speak of, but it is the system under which I have found the greatest measure of happiness and self-expression. And I have written this book as an exposé of those forces which look upon capitalist Democracy as the only remaining obstacle to their international authoritarian schemes, and are determined to crush it at any cost.

It was the spirit of fair play which first struck me when I

came to America twenty-two years ago. I came from a land of oppression, of fear and age-long hatreds. I dread seeing this country, my adopted homeland, swept by those same ancient winds of bitterness and prejudice. I felt the first cold gusts of those winds as I drifted through the shadowy alleys of America's fascist underworld and determined to do my part to check it.

I feel that my debt to America is an eternal debt, a debt timeless, transmittable from father to son to grandson—a debt payable on demand, instantly during national emergency as well as during peacetime, payable so long as this country remains what it started out to be: a haven for the oppressed, granting equality and opportunity, liberty and justice for all who seek it and deserve to have it. May this blessed nation of ours never degenerate to a system of government by some, for some. May it forever remain a government by all, for all. There is no greater privilege at this moment, no greater honor as we look upon skies free of raining death, to a land free from the barbarisms of war, to a future more promising than any on this strife-torn earth, than to serve this, our home, our country.

This is my faith.

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